February 10, 1960

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Our cover

● Queen Elizabeth's delight in children is a heart-warming memory for the people of every country she has visited. The picture shows the Queen stooping to talk to small patients when she visited Montreal Children's Hospital during her 1959 Canadian tour. Picture by Robert Feldman, of our New York staff.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Handsome bachelor Hugh O'Brian, one of Hollywood's most ambitious cowboys (story, page 49), arrived in Australia last week — a week earlier than he was expected.

HUGH started to show his money-making ability when he was five.

His father found him on a street corner selling week-old newspapers for 25 cents.

Hugh's early plan for a career was to be a lawyer—like Wyatt Earp, the Dodge City lawman he now plays in the TV series "Life and Legend of Wyatt Earp."

However, in 1943, while studying at the University of Cincinnati, he enlisted in the Marine Corps. At 18 he became the youngest drill instructor in the corps' history.

When he later decided to break into show business, he again showed his determination to get to the top.

An all-round athlete, he even studied dancing to improve his grace of movement on stage. Ironically, his first screen role was a cripple in "Young Lovers."

★ ★ ★

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA again justified her selection by the New York Couture Group as one of the world's 12 best-dressed women (opposite page) at the wedding of Lady Pamela Mountbatten and Mr. David Hicks.

Anne Matheson, of our London staff, told us:

"With almost every other woman guest dripping mink, Princess Alexandra set a new fashion in a white beaver coat.

"The coat was such a sensation that it has been copied in every kind of material."

★ ★ ★

TWO short stories in this issue are by Australian authors.

Twenty-two-year-old Marilyn Longmuir, author of "What You Need" (page 23), works in a bank at Bowraville, N.S.W.

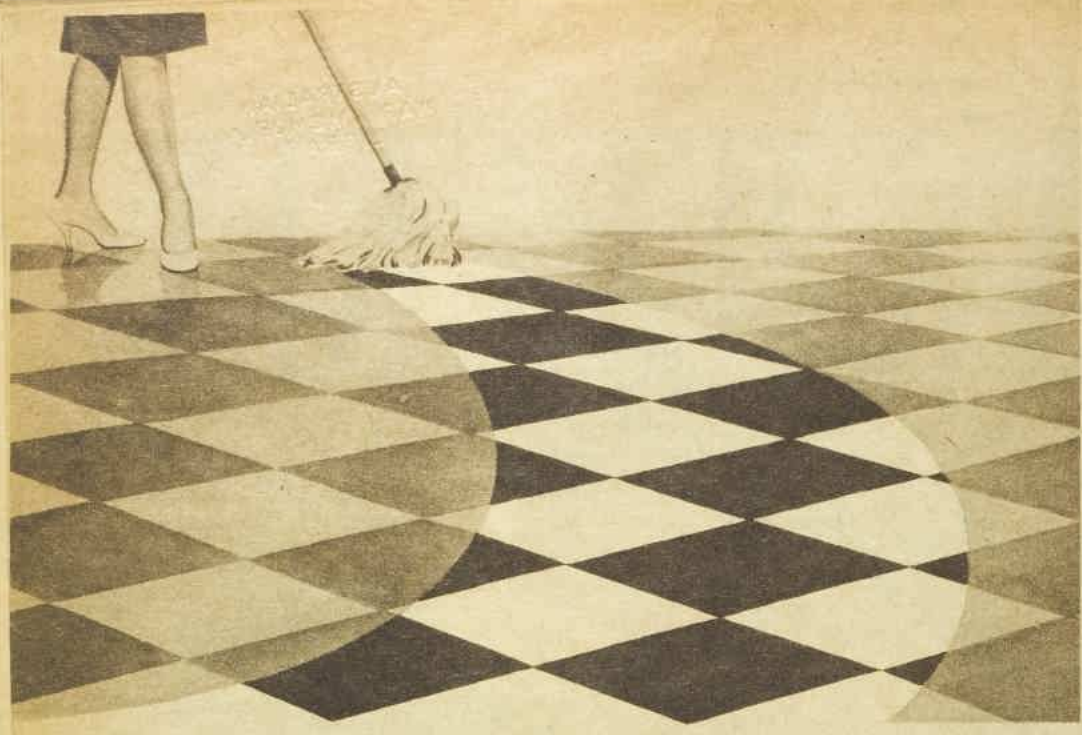
Marilyn has been sending short stories to us since she was a teenager.

"The Mountain and the Valley" (pages 24, 25) was written by Irena Dickman, in real life Mrs. Rena Cross.

After living in Sydney for some years, Mrs. Cross went to South Australia, where she tells us she has been moving into a new beachside cottage.

NEXT WEEK

● "Rich Relatives" is the unusual title of a four-page color-illustrated cookbook in our next issue. Food and Cookery Expert Leila C. Howard gives a wonderful variety of basic family dishes that can be turned into luxury meals with a few extra ingredients.



THE ONE AND ONLY ONCE-OVER CLEANER!

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All you do with Flash . . . dip your mop, or cloth, into the Flash solution. Wring out till nearly dry—then, *with one wipe*, dirt disappears. Flash cleans twice as easy . . . twice as fast!

REMEMBER, FLASH IS CONCENTRATED!

Only two spoonsful of Flash in half a bucket of hot water will clean all the lino in most kitchens . . . with enough left over for cupboards and spots on painted walls and woodwork. *One packet of Flash lasts months!*

F30 14a

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Fashion award for Alexandra

● *Last month the New York Couture Group named Princess Alexandra in their list of best-dressed women.*

A PLACE on that Top Twelve best-dressed list is coveted by elegant women everywhere—women who spend a small fortune at famous couturiers like Balenciaga and Dior.

So Alexandra, who buys a lot of dresses off the peg, earned her place with her unerring fashion sense.

Ever since she toured Australia last year she has been spotlighted as the Royal family's glamor girl.

British newspapers have praised the charm, naturalness, and clothes of the "Pin-Money Princess."

When the Princess appears in a new dress, it's quickly copied by manufacturers and is on sale in London shops within a few weeks.

That, for Alexandra, is probably the main drawback with her new fashion accolade. She buys her clothes on a strict budget, and is usually extravagant only with evening gowns.

The one pictured below is slender and exotic, like a sari. All the ensembles are from her Australian wardrobe.



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA: One of the world's best-dressed women.



CHIC—in a Chanel-style suit.



RELAXED—but smart, in casual separates.



REGAL—in an elegant evening gown.

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WHEN YOURE FEELING

"HEAT-BEAT"

(TENSE, IRRITABLE, HEADACHY)





How the "BAYER BREAK"

makes you feel better fast!

1. First take two Bayer's Aspirin for your headache.
2. Then relax. Sit down . . . put your feet up and rest for a while.
3. This brief rest plus Bayer's Aspirin will have you feeling better so fast you'll be on the go again in practically no time. Try it!

Take a "Bayer Break" next time you feel headachy, worn down, tense and irritable from the hot sun and high humidity. See for yourself, how, in just a few minutes, you can feel like a new person!

BAYER TRADE MARK

BAYER'S ASPIRIN BRINGS FASTER RELIEF

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FREE OF RHEUMATIC PAINS
I FEEL REALLY WELL
thanks to MENTHOIDS

—says Mrs. W.M. of Kensington.

"Severe rheumatic pains made life a misery. I cried with pain as it was agony to move. I was advised to take Menthoids. After the first flask I felt so much better I continued treatment. I'm happy to say I'm now really well. Aches and pains have left me. I can do my housework and go about as I used to. My bad health has gone, and I feel really alive and well, thanks to Menthoids."

(Original letter on file, Head Office)

SEE WHAT MENTHOIDS WILL DO FOR YOU!

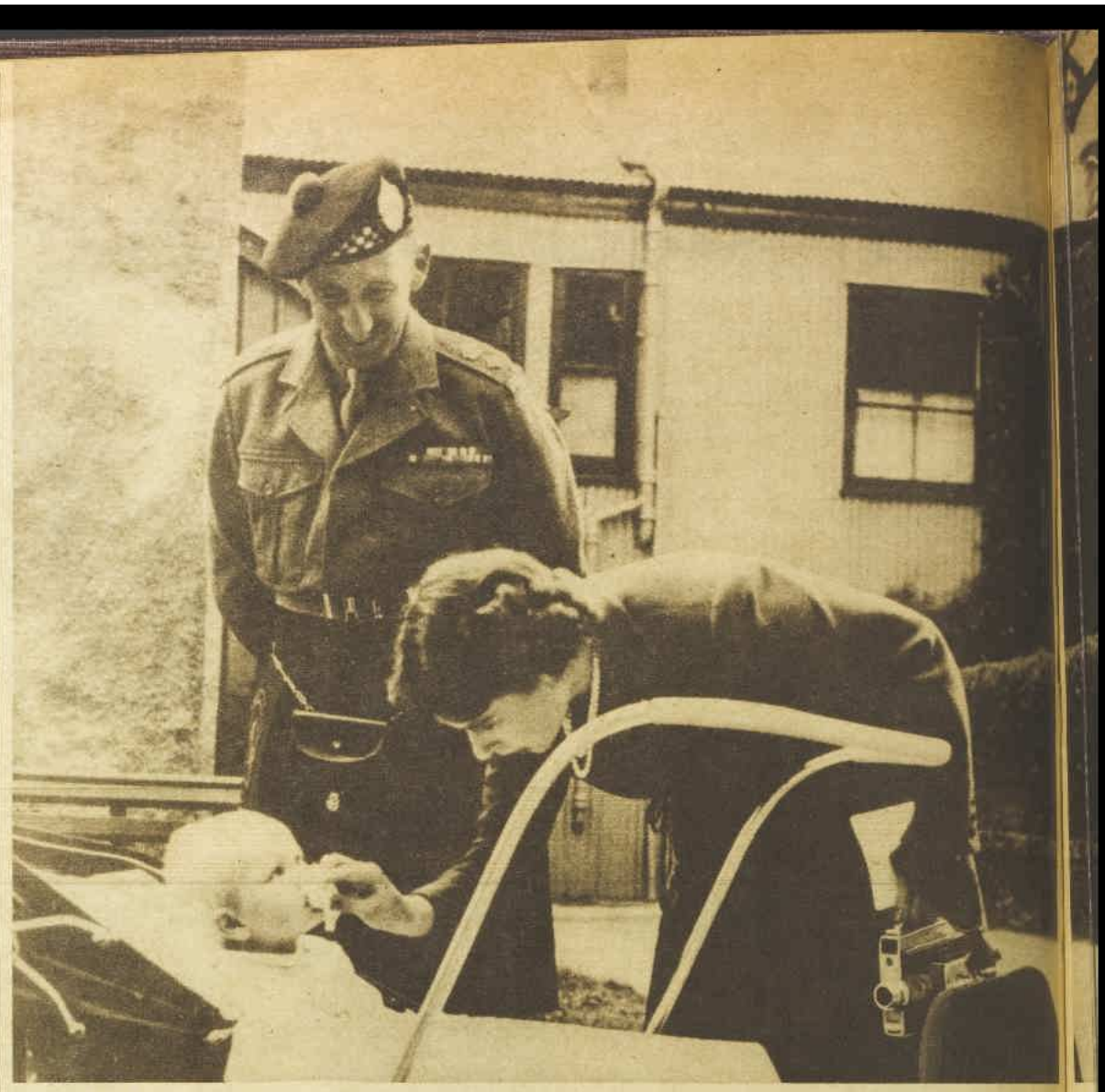
The remarkable double action of Mackenzie's Menthoids stimulates your system to throw off uric acid deposits, often the main cause of rheumatic aches and pains, sciatica, lumbago, kidney and bladder weaknesses, aches and pains in limbs and muscles. Menthoids therapeutic action also helps you to recapture youthful energy, buoyant health and a real zest for living. Say goodbye to aches and pains that sap your strength and make life a misery. For yourself and your family — start Menthoid treatment TO-DAY and start feeling years younger in mind and body.



MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

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THE QUEEN, then Princess Elizabeth and already a keen photographer, wipes Anne's nose before the baby Princess "met" two officers of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

For the new baby

THE first photographs of the new Royal baby will be taken by professional cameramen for release to the world when the baby is about ten days old. But the Queen will have already started her "new baby album" from her own snapshots.

The Queen is a keen amateur photographer and is an expert with a cine-camera. She has been using some of her "in-waiting" leisure experimenting with outdoor and indoor color photography.

Many of her photographs must be like the pictures on these pages—a camera record of a happy family.

Most of the Royal nursery furniture has appeared in Royal family snapshots over and over again.

The Moses basket used by three generations of Royal babies will appear in the new baby snapshot album exactly as it has been photographed since Queen Mary used it for her children.

It has been prinked up, but the satin linings, net frills, and satin rosettes are exactly the same as when it was photographed last.

It was refurbished nearly 30 years ago for Princess Margaret, repeating the upholstery and trims in which her father, the late King George VI, had rested.

During the happy time of the Queen's in-waiting, nothing more demanding than the Royal despatch boxes had disturbed the serenity of Buckingham Palace, which, despite its grandeur, has more the atmosphere of a happy family home than a sovereign's residence.

"Heaven-sent"

One of the Royal Household described this enforced leisure as "heaven-sent."

Not since the Queen came to the throne, in 1952, has she had any respite from official duties. At times these have been so arduous that her doctors have been frankly worried.

Before her father's death she had to shoulder many Royal responsibilities—and often at short notice.

"It's been ten years without a break," said a Buckingham Palace official, "and the baby has done what none of the doctors could make her do—take time off for herself."

The slightly strained look that at times has haunted the Queen's face has gone completely. She looks radiant and young.

Joy and enforced leisure account for much of this. But the Queen has taken a great deal of care of herself, has stepped-up beauty treatments, has eaten sensibly.

"No big meals, but many light small ones," said one of her doctors.

In April the serenity of these tranquil days will be disturbed by official duties. But even then the Queen's arduous official life will be tempered by the demands of the nursery.

Telling the children

Preparing Prince Charles and Princess Anne for the new baby was most cleverly handled by the Queen, said a friend.

"She has made them feel that the new baby was as much theirs as anyone's."

Discovering what they themselves were like when babies was part of the fun they shared with her. Their own baby things recalled many happy memories.

Princess Anne, fingering the dresses she and Charles had worn, was absorbed by stories of her own babyhood that were unfolded with each delicate, lace-trimmed piece.

With a nine-year gap between Princess Anne and the new baby the Royal couple hope it won't suffer by being so much younger.

Prince Philip was seven years younger than the youngest of his four sisters, and before he was in his teens they were all married. He was little better off than an only child.

It's an open secret that the Royal couple are hoping for at least four children.

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BIG BROTHER Charles leans from his carriage to hold the hand of his sister Anne. The picture was taken in 1951 when Anne was about a year old and the protective Prince nearly three.



BAREFOOT baby Princess Anne makes for the flowers in the garden of Clarence House, London home of her parents. They were then Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh.



GRANDPARENTS King George VI and the Queen Mother with Charles and Anne on November 14, 1951, Charles' third birthday. The King had just recovered from serious illness.

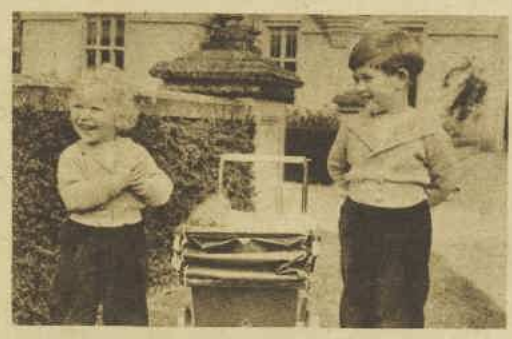


AT MALTA in 1954, Prince Charles and Princess Anne with their great-uncle, Lord Mountbatten, and Lady Mountbatten after the children had arrived for a visit in the Royal yacht.

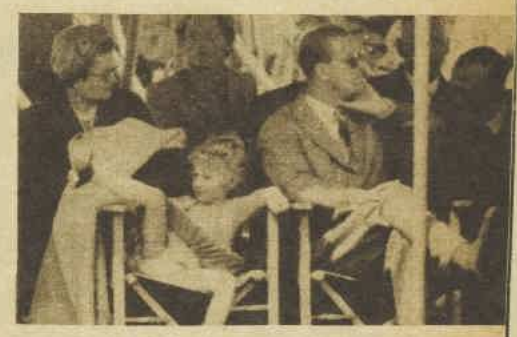
. . . a Royal photo album



LIKE HIS MOTHER, Prince Charles was taking photographs years ago. This one of him was taken at Balmoral Castle.



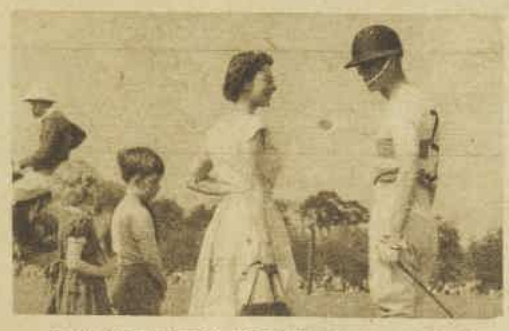
IN 1952 Prince Charles and Princess Anne with Anne's pram and her doll. The picture was taken on his fourth birthday.



IN 1955. Princess Anne and her father. The Royal family were watching a horse show, and both Charles and Anne fidgeted.



AT BALMORAL, Scotland, on holiday in 1955, the children are swung high by their father; the Queen holds corgi Candy.



HAPPY FAMILY GROUP. In June, 1956, the Queen and the Royal children went to see Prince Philip play polo at Windsor.



"IT'S COLD." Prince Charles shuts the car door leaving the Mountbatten wedding last month with the Queen Mother.

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With every purchase of giant-size SUPER WHITE Kolynos



Cleans your teeth like no other toothpaste does, because it contains three cleansing ingredients instead of the usual two. There's no better toothpaste to clean teeth, sweeten breath, stop decay.

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NEW SUPER WHITE KOLYNOS!

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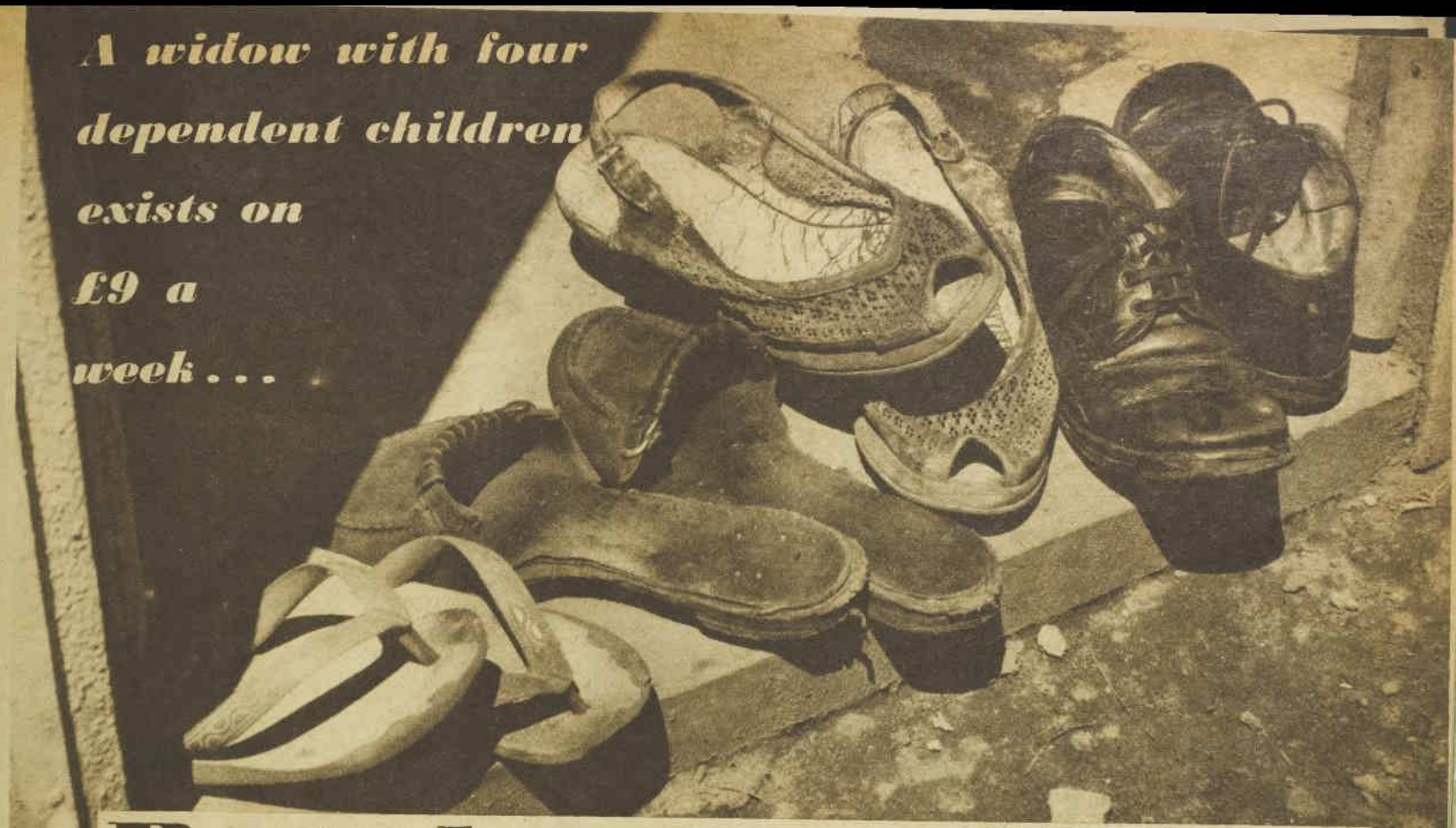


Look for this special Kolynos offer—NOW available from your regular retailer for a limited period only.

KY328

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A widow with four dependent children exists on £9 a week . . .



But do they LIVE?

● "We all had chook last Christmas dinner," Mrs. Jones explained. Nothing new in that, you'll say. Thousands had chook. But wait: "We started saving for it in June." Six months saving for one "special" meal!

● A shoe wardrobe in 1960, th Australian year of plenty. The "Mr Jones" of the story below can affo only cheap shoes, and must ma them last for more than two yea

By RONALD McKIE, staff reporter

MRS. JONES—it's not her name — is a widow with four school-age children who lives in a cottage on Sydney's outskirts.

Seven years ago her husband, who was a french-polisher, dropped dead while on holiday, and she was left —her eldest child only eight —penniless.

She had to leave her small North Sydney flat and go to emergency accommodation at Herne Bay, where she set up house with furniture bought with £200 from her husband's lodge and a refrigerator given by his employer. But 18 months later she moved to her present address.

Mrs. Jones is a small, neat woman with dark hair beginning to grey, and humorous eyes.

Her eyes smile despite her long, lonely, and courageous battle to bring up four good Australians, and to bring them up with a better education than she had—on much less than the basic wage.

"It's true we're not hungry," she says, "and we have beds to sleep in, but we lack everything that gives life comfort and enjoyment.

"It's also true that I'm not miserable or bitter. I miss my husband, but I have four fine kiddies. Bitterness would be foolish.

"I have been left, and it's now my responsibility to try to rear the children in the way I know he would want me to.

"But the life we lead can't be called living. We cope. We exist."

Now you'll see why:

Mrs. Jones gets a pension of £7 a week, £1/12/6 child-welfare allowance (it drops if the pension rises, so that a pension rise is almost meaningless), and £1/15/- child endowment — a total of £10/7/6 a week.

She pays £1/7/6 a week rent, for a home for which the Housing Commission would normally charge £3/14/6. This leaves her £9 a week.

Nine pounds to run a home and feed and clothe one adult and four growing-up children!

They have simple, monotonous food — except for once-a-year chook.

They never taste butter, bacon, ham, prepared meats, biscuits, coffee, ice-cream, cordials, or a dozen other things average people take for granted.

Mrs. Jones makes all their clothes, but shoes cost so much — £3/17/6 a pair for the eldest girl — that the only way she can buy them is on the long-term cash-order system.

She has not bought herself a new dress or outfit for seven years. She makes one pair of cheap shoes last two years and longer. The lipstick she wears and the scatter of face powder are Christmas presents—luxuries too expensive to come from her weekly £9.

She has not been inside a cinema for four years. She has not had a holiday for seven.

And the children: A few pence spending money now and then, a rare picture matinee in the cheapest seats.

"As the children have learnt to do without, they value the little extras so much more. In one way I think it has been good for them.

"I don't mind going without for myself. For them? Of course I mind. But I've given up worrying about what I haven't got.

"I seldom go out because of the children, my home-made clothes, and the fares.

"Fares are such a serious drain. We're over a mile from the station and no bus, and the train fare into town is about 6/-, better spent on food or clothes.

"Twice in seven years — because I believe children should see something different from a backblocks street — I've saved enough to take the kiddies to a Christmas pantomime. But the fares are about 10/- and the cheapest seats are 2/-, which is really much more than we can afford.

"Occasionally I pack a lunch and take the kidd into the city to the Garde Every time I look at the ca and think how wonderful would be just to sit down a nice meal that didn't co in a heavy bag all the v from home."

Mrs. Jones and her child would not starve if she not get casual work, but t would go without many the small things that l make life a little less mo tonous.

Like those rare visits to pictures, a few pence to sp on sweets, even sport for elder girls.

To add vital shillings to £9 a week, Mrs. Jones t odd cleaning jobs, somet makes sandwiches or wa up at the races.

"It's not much, but it m all the difference. I cou bear to see the kiddies g without everything.

"A widow like myself four children needs at £15 a week to start to l

"I once worked out j few of the things it w mean: Eggs for brea more clothes, inclu winter clothes, for the ren, more blankets, spreads, new curtains, a more kerosene to heat house in winter, new repairs to all the things go wrong in a house."

Not once, you'll notice Mrs. Jones think of thin herself. She's that s woman.

Pag

BUTTER IS AN UNHEARD-OF LUXURY



THE N.S.W. Council for Social Service believes that many widows, like the one interviewed here, are having a desperate struggle to survive.

The Council has therefore decided to make a survey, for the Australian headquarters of this voluntary social organisation, of the living and social conditions of widows with dependent children.

The survey, to cover the Sydney metropolitan area, will begin on February 3, when 15 social workers will call at 10,000 homes to find 500 widows with children under 16 years.

The 500 widows will be given a document explaining the purpose of the survey. This will be followed by a letter from Miss Jean Aitken-Swan, an experienced English social worker, who will be in charge of the investigation.

Miss Aitken-Swan will personally interview the 500 widows, and hopes to complete the survey, which will cost about £6000, in about two years.

All information and names will be highly confidential.

The Services Canteens Trust Fund has paid £2500 towards the total cost, and many other organisations have contributed.

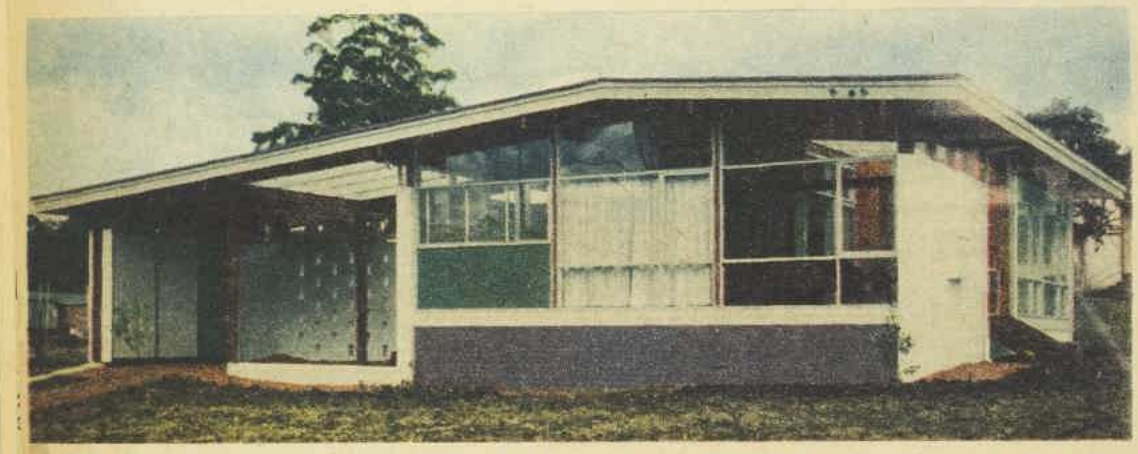
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AUSTRALIAN

HOMES



LIVING-ROOM and patio of Lot 55 house show effective use of N.Z. Radiata Pine for floors and ceiling. Strip lighting is concealed in beam-like panels near the ceiling.



● These are the two Australian Women's Weekly houses in the Parade of Homes at Cherrybrook Gardens Estate, West Pennant Hills, N.S.W.

The New Zealand Radiata Pine Home (this page), on Lot 55 in brick and N.Z. Radi-

FRONT VIEW of the New Zealand Radiata Pine Home showing carport with its storage cupboards and area for outdoor living. The house is on a triangular lot with 146ft. frontage.

MAIN BEDROOM has been attractively decorated to catch the general feeling of light and spaciousness. There is a well-fitted built-in wardrobe and an air-conditioning unit here.



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LIVING-ROOM at Lot 16 has been decorated in greens to emphasise the outdoor feeling of this house. Leading off to the right, through the picture windows, is the patio.



ata Pine timber, is designed to give a feeling of spaciousness and light, and to provide the utmost in attractive modern living. Builder of the house was Mr. A. L. Clarke.

The All-Electric Home on Lot 16 (this page) has been designed to take advantage of the beautiful gum-trees on the site. It is constructed of brick and Australian hardwood. Builder was Mr. J. B. Cordukes. Architects for both houses were Samuel Lipson and Kaad, of Sydney.



THREE STEPS link the two levels dividing the entrance area and dining-room from the living-room. Bedrooms lead off to the left. Drawers in counter open both sides.

FRONT VIEW of the All-Electric Home set among beautiful gum-trees. Carport with brick-and-timber screens is shown at right. The house has been designed for outdoor living.

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Scented with rare, costly French perfumes

. . . rich with beauty-giving creams



lavish, luxurious

Cashmere Bouquet

the gentlest Beauty Soap in the world



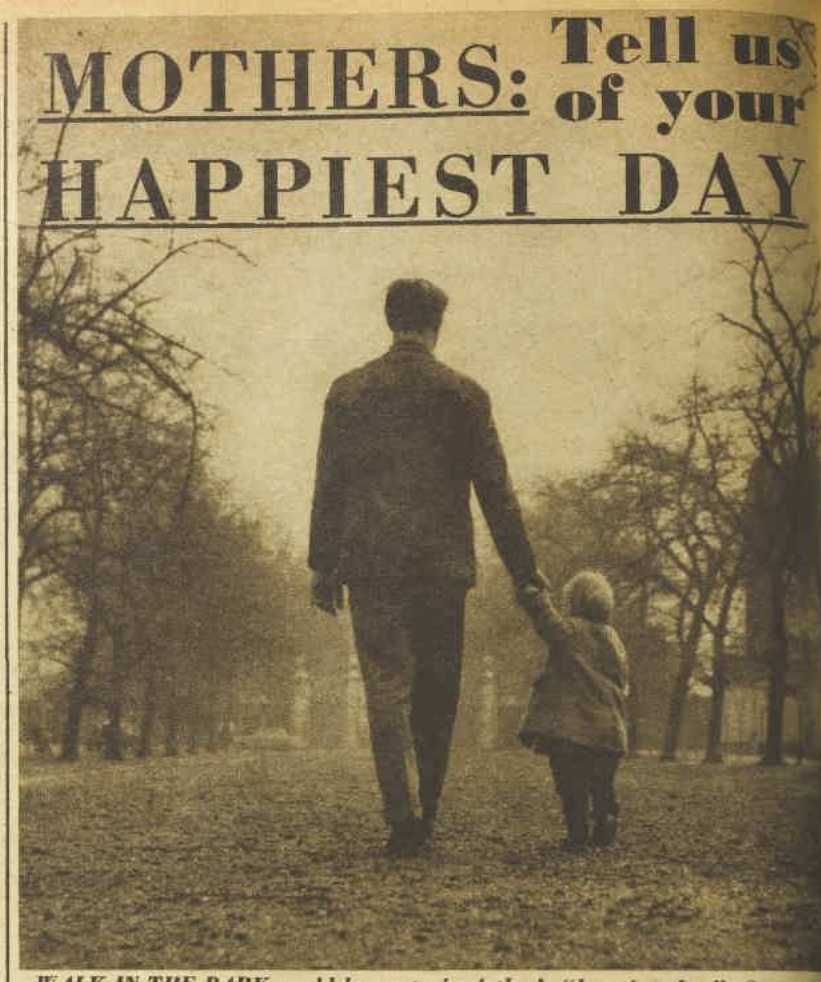
The unique creamy formula with its exquisite fragrance pampers your skin with a gentle beauty treatment every time you use Cashmere Bouquet soap. The rich deep cleansing lather brings to your skin a youthful glow, a satin smoothness that lasts all day. Fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap is so long-lasting, so economical. Let your whole family enjoy it — now in the colours you love . . .
PINK · SKY BLUE
PRIMROSE · WHITE

Kept fresh and fragrant in gleaming foil



So lavish, luxurious, yet it costs no more than ordinary soaps!

MOTHERS: Tell us of your HAPPIEST DAY



WALK IN THE PARK could be part of a father's "happiest day." On such a simple occasion a father may realise the extent of his daughter's love and her trust in him.

Fathers, too, can win big prizes in £2000 contest

● Our new £2000 contest to mark the birth of the third Royal baby can be entered by both mothers and fathers. Mothers have a chance of winning up to £500, fathers £250.

TO enter, write and tell us, in no more than 500 words, about your happiest day as a mother or father.

The contest has caused great argument about when this day occurs in a mother's life. Is it during children's pre-school days, when they are school-children, or after they grow up?

One mother, mourning the fact that her whole family had started school, said she thought pre-school age was the time of the "happiest days."

Other mothers say they can't bear this age, that very young children make too many demands on a mother's love and patience.

They say the happiest days come when children are grown up and settled and can be real companions.

What was your happiest day as a mother? Write and tell us.

Progress prizes of £10 will be awarded each week. The entries which win the progress prizes will also be eligible for the grand £500 prize.

Address your entries "Mother's Happiest Day," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney. Entries close March 7.

Special for Dad

There's a special prize for Dad of £250 for 500 words about his happiest day as a father. Send it endorsed "Father's Happiest Day" to the same address.

● Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and allied companies and members of their families are not eligible to enter the contest.

● Competitors shall accept the decision of the judges. No correspondence will be entered into about the decision.

● All entries become the property of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd.

The Prizes

FOR MOTHERS

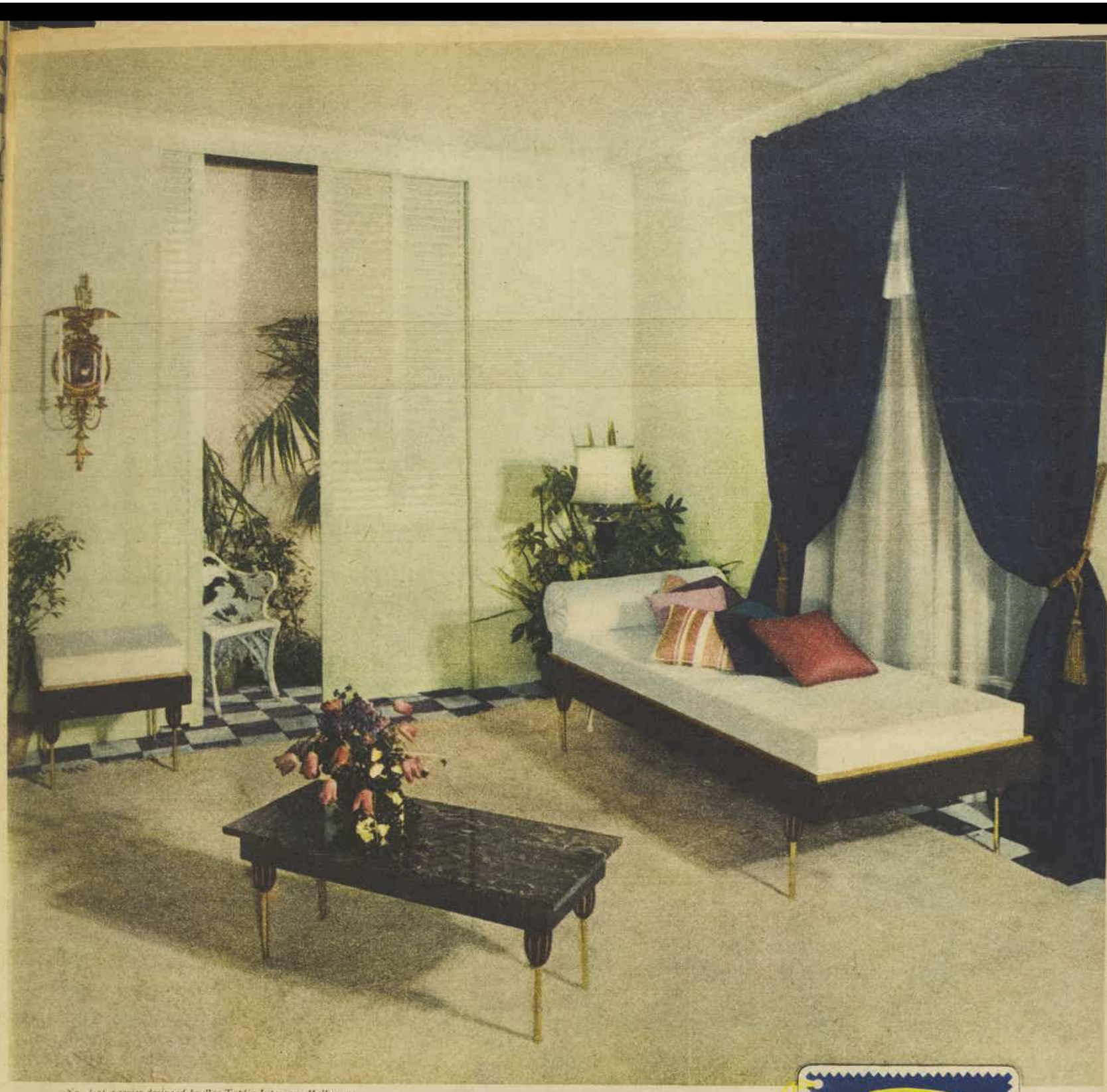
First Prize	*£500*
Second Prize	*£250*
Six prizes of £100	*£600*
Five prizes of £50	*£250*
10 progress prizes of £10	*£100*

FOR FATHERS

First Prize	*£250*
Five progress prizes of £10	*£50*
GRAND TOTAL	*£2000*

£5 will be paid for any other entry published.

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No. 4 of a series designed by Bee Taplin Interiors, Melbourne.

'Vynex' and the French look . . .

Combining the graceful beauty of the Empire period
with the contemporary, this setting is richly elegant.
The divan is upholstered in white 'Vynex';
scatter cushions in royal colours make an opulent contrast.
Against the wall is a matching ottoman.
The coffee table topped with veined black marble . . .
gilt mirror and candle bracket with Napoleonic eagle . . .
velvet curtains with heavy gold be-tasselled cords,
all recall the Empire period.
White 'Vynex' is the highlight of this delightful room.
See durable, washable 'Vynex' in white
and a great variety of beautiful colours and patterns
at your favourite furniture store.

"Vynex"
VINYL COATED FABRIC

Only 'Vynex' covered furniture is distinguished by this swing tag.

'Vynex' distinguishes the best . . . from the rest!

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ONE LATHER is all you need

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Give your hair
that shining look-again look
with **HALO** shampoo

Small bottle 3/3 Regular 5/6 • Bubbles 1/3

R074

FATHER



"You may have seen these pictures before."

MOTHER



ELISABETH MACINTYRE.

"All right . . . I'm coming . . . just as soon as I have finished this book."

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drain

THIS mother of three used to be a violinist in a symphony orchestra.

Her husband has attended concerts since he was a boy.

(It was at a concert that he first noticed the girl who became his wife. He was so entranced with her profile and long, fair hair that he didn't hear a note of the programme and, indeed, left the Town Hall with the impression that the conductor was Sir Thomas Beecham, whereas it turned out to be Sir Malcolm Sargent. However, I am wandering from the point.)

A lot of years have passed since those days. Their eldest is now 17 and the youngest 13.

Last weekend the youngest was putting on a fearful turn because she wasn't allowed to go to a rock-'n-roll show, and the eldest was sitting near the radio (going full blast with one of the less attractive of the Top Forty) and shrieking down the phone "But isn't he fab?"

"I cannot think," said the mother, in a gentle, surprised voice, "what I have done that I should be rewarded with children who are so aggressively NON-MU."

★ ★ ★

A GIRL I know, soon to take delivery of a new car, is unable to talk longer than five minutes about anything else.

Offended by the suggestion of friends that her choice was governed by the design of the glove-box, she is trying to curb her chat.

However, she finds that in taxis it is uncontrollable. She sits silent for 100 yards, then leans forward and asks the driver, "What do you think of the new Middeley-Bentwhistles?"

Used to this sort of thing, common among new-car buyers, the drivers mainly humor her, saying, "Nice little job."

The other day she encountered a cruel fellow.

"Don't tell me you're buying one of those," he said. "Last week I saw a few drops of rain fall on one. Do you know, that poor little car just crumpled up."

Studying her expression in the mirror, he went on with relish, "And a few yards further on there was another. Ran over a matchstick. Front suspension gave way. Thank you, Miss, that'll be three bob."

★ ★ ★

A CUSTOMER of a city store was puzzled by an account she received. One item read, "To nature goods."

It took her some time to work out that this referred to a purchase of a portable barbecue.

★ ★ ★

THOSE Americans bound for the Galapagos Islands, where they hope to found a Utopia, may be successful, but the history of such projects isn't very encouraging.

Inevitably the members of such a colony try to establish some of the comfort and order they left behind. That means rules, which means that some people are irked, which means that in time all the old arguments and conflicts arise.

PLASTIC flowers get more and more lifelike. The best ones are expensive, but they have invaded some of the best homes.

Not long ago I saw some in an elegant room. At first I believed them to be real. Like the rest of the company, I exclaimed with astonishment when told that one vase contained flowers from the garden, the others were artificial.

Curiously, as the evening went on, I found myself regarding the real ones as far superior to the others, although I had not originally spotted the difference.

This is like the respect people have for real pearls, even though these may be simulated so cleverly than only an expert can tell which are which.

I often think that wool interests should band together with the cotton and silk industries and take advantage of this human trait.

Instead of proclaiming the advantages they believe those fabrics to have over the synthetics, they should sit pat on the slogan "Be REAL."

The use of the word "real" might not stand up to close examination in such a context, but the effect could be powerful.

★ ★ ★

"SYDNEY STOCK EXCHANGE" states a newspaper report, "will open a new post soon. This will be known as 'Post No. 4' and only the more quiet-stocks will be traded there." (Post No. 1 will be reserved for leading industrials, Post No. 2 for banks, breweries, and hire purchase, Post No. 3 for "other active stocks.")

I know I should be more aware
Of finer points of stock and share.
I tiptoe through financial news
As one who holds but half the clues,
Like those who in a foreign land
Hear tongues they partly understand.
Such dramas as I dimly sense
Of what betides pounds, shillings, pence
Are mostly wrapped in fog and mist
Which swirls, obscuring half the gist.
And so I picture "quiet stocks"
Inured to fate's unkindly knocks
All huddled round Post Number Four,
And sighing, "Life is such a bore"
While envying their active friends
Responding to the market trends.
Like wallflowers sitting out a dance
They yearn for wild, undreamed romance,
When some Prince Charming begs a date,
Announcing, "I shall speculate."

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LORD CASEY

His news was a winner for the farmhand

● Lord Casey — proud holder of the first life peerage granted a member of the British Commonwealth outside Great Britain – has been deluged with world-wide congratulations. But he thinks that the "most truly delighted person" was one of his farmhands.



LORD CASEY relaxes at "Edrington," his country home in Berwick, Victoria, on the skin of a tiger he shot when he was Governor of Bengal. Above right is his coat-of-arms, designed by Lady Casey.

By FREDA IRVING

ACCORDING to Lord Casey, the farmhand backed the racehorse Lord at Caulfield the day the announcement was made, simply because of the name association.

Later he told Lord Casey with a cheerful grin: ". . . And, do you know, the b— thing won."

The farmhand works at "Edrington," Berwick, the Caseys' lovely old country home in Victoria.

A perfect picture of Lord Casey and his wife and of their approach to life is drawn by "Vis et Unitas," the motto on his coat-of-arms.

Translated, it means "effort and unity." And the effort Lord and Lady Casey put into anything they do is remarkable, while their unity makes them as one in thought and deed.

They think alike, they have the same interests, and they never rest.

Even when away from Lord Casey's political duties and allegedly relaxing at "Edrington" or at their 100-year-old house in East Melbourne, they are still working—writing, painting, farming, or throwing themselves into a myriad of interests of service both to Australia and the world.

And if they're not working, they're flying off from their private airstrip at "Edrington" on some mission.

One of Lord Casey's most recent self-imposed flying tasks has been to scout for sharks along the Port Philip Bay shoreline, calling warnings to bathers through an electric megaphone.

Born in Brisbane in 1890, Richard Gardiner Casey enlisted at the outbreak of World War I, saw service on Gallipoli and in France, was awarded the D.S.O. and the M.C., and was twice Mentioned in Despatches.

Before the war he'd been at Melbourne Grammar, which is fast becoming known as the "School of Peers," as Australia's other two living Barons, Lord Bruce and Lord Baillieu, were educated there, too.

Later "R.G.", who'd graduated with honors in mechanical science at Melbourne University, went to Cambridge.

And the Cambridge accent which marks his speech to this day will certainly put him in tune with the atmosphere of the House of Lords when he takes his seat there in three or four months.

It's in keeping with "Dick" Casey's political career that he should be the first Australian resident in his own country to receive a life peerage—the first granted outside Great Britain under a 1958 Act.

For his career of 46 years of solid service to Australia has been pin-pointed with "first" achievements.

In 1924 he was sent to London as the Australian Government's first political liaison officer—an appointment which virtually began the External Affairs Department.

His next "first" was his appointment in 1940 as Australia's first Minister to the United States.

Two years later his acceptance of a place in the British Government brought him two more firsts—the first Australian to become a member of the British War Cabinet and the first Australian to become a Minister of State.

Then, continuing his "firsts," he was appointed Governor of Bengal—the first Australian to hold such a post in the British Commonwealth.

Australia will remain "home" for the Caseys, though they'll make occasional flights to England when debates listed for the House of Lords have a bearing on Lord Casey's special interests of Australia, Asia, the Pacific and Indian Oceans, and Antarctica.

Flipping off to England for a debate will be nothing to them.

Every year for the past nine years they have spent at least three months flying round the world for his attendance at United Nations, ANZUS, and SEATO meetings, and for tours of Asia, which have given him an insight on Asian problems and their effect on Australia's future.

Already Lord Casey has flown a million miles and has 500 hours' flying on his private log. And Lady Casey is not far behind him in her flying mileage and flying time as a pilot.

Which again emphasises the oneness of this outstanding Australian couple—tall, handsome Dick Casey, of the smoothly urbane manner, and petite, genial Maie Casey, of the darting effervescence.

This "oneness" is again shown in their separate assertions that they don't in any way regret that the Casey title is for life only.

"People should earn their distinctions, not inherit them," says Lady Casey firmly.

"Inheritance of titles would be inappropriate to the Australian way of life," says Lord Casey, with equal firmness.

Both are looking forward to pursuing their mutual love of writing with the greater leisure they hope will follow Lord Casey's retirement from the field of active politics.

Lord and Lady Casey, who both have pioneer Australian ancestry, have made "Edrington," Berwick, their main home for the past 20 years.

They have two grown-up children. Jane, now Mrs. Murray Macgowan, has three young daughters. Donn, an agricultural scientist, has been with the Family Planning Division of the Ministry of Health in India for the past two years.

The whole district around "Edrington" is thrilled and delighted at the honor that has come to "The Caseys," as they'll without doubt always be affectionately known in Berwick.

And all the "locals" are hoping that the Garter King of Arms will thrill and delight them still further by granting their Baron his wish to take the title "Lord Casey of Berwick."



LADY CASEY (above) with the still life of eggs she is painting for the UNICEF Exhibition in New York during May.





KEEN FLYERS, Lord and Lady Casey (above) get ready to take off in their American Cessna 18, which they use as most people would a taxi. They also fly an English Miles Messenger from their private airstrip at "Edrington," Berwick. They are seen (left) strolling through a paddock on the 1000-acre property.

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Only Mortein could kill this fly . . .







Mortein Plus can be sprayed without risk in sick-rooms, around children's toys, in the vicinity of milk or food. It is the SAFEST insect spray in Australia as well as the most EFFECTIVE.

THIS FLY was tough. Like billions of other flies, he was completely immune to D.D.T. To deal with the disease-carrying flies of to-day you need a spray that will slay the tough-guy flies . . . you need one that will kill the flies that laugh at ordinary sprays. *You need MORTEIN PLUS.*

Mortein Plus will kill ALL the flies that invade your home: and that is essential, because **every** fly, without exception, is a dangerous carrier of dirt and disease. You can't afford to use a spray which kills some flies and lets the "tough" ones go scot-free.

Mortein Plus is double-strength. It's the most effective insect spray money can buy. It kills insect pests stone dead. And they **stay** dead. Yet the insect-killing ingredients of Mortein Plus are guaranteed to be **100 times safer than those of commonplace D.D.T. sprays.**

Mortein *plus*

Swiftly and SAFELY kills Flies, Mosquitoes and all Insect Pests

. . . and IT DOES NOT STAIN.

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MEDICAL GRADUATE Dr. Robert L. Stephen with his wife and young baby, Melanie Anne, who was dressed to beat the heat, after the graduation ceremonies in the Great Hall of Sydney University.



SOCIAL JOTTINGS

LUCKIEST girl I know is Jenny Purser, of Darling Point, who will be having two honeymoons after her marriage to Ted Parsonage early in May. The first will be a cruise to the New Hebrides, the second will be a ski-ing honeymoon in August.

Jenny, who recently returned after her second trip abroad, is an old girl of Ascham and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Normand Purser. Ted is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Parsonage, of Lawson.

First party celebrating the engagement was given last week at the Royal Sydney Golf Club, Rose Bay, by Jenny's brother, Dr. Brian Purser, and his wife.

• • •

LOOKING forward to the yachting barbecue to Forty Baskets beach being organised for February 13 by the Sydney Hospital Younger Set in aid of the Cancer Research Fund.

PRETTY Julia Redshaw looked watermelon cool in a pink cotton skirtmaker when she attended the exhibition of Roy Fluke's paintings at the Macquarie Galleries with her mother, Mrs. E. M. Redshaw.

• • •

HOME at The Hague for June and John Hayes, who were married in All Hallows Church in the shadow of Tower Bridge, London. June is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Scribner, of Tamworth, and John is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hayes, of Melbourne. They expect to be back in Australia in 1961.

LUCKY travellers on board the Arcadia are Mrs. Geoffrey Lowe and her daughter Janelle. They'll be away nine months, taking in London, the States, and Honolulu. They plan to come home on the Monterey.

• • •

DIARY date . . . March 12 on board the liner Patris for cocktails and a formal dinner-dance arranged by the United Nations Auxiliary in aid of the World Refugee Fund.

• • •

THEY were married . . . Audrey Wilkins, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Wilkins, of Mosman, to John Yuncken, only son of Mrs. O. A. Yuncken, of Balwyn, Victoria, and the late Mr. Yuncken, at St. Mark's, Darling Point Robyn Baskin, younger daughter of the Rev. J. E. D'A. Baskin and Mrs. Baskin, of Goulburn, to Ronald Mackenzie, of "Carinya," Dalton, at St. Nicholas', Goulburn.

• • •

NICE to have Mavis and Dorothea Dowling, of Vaucluse, back in our midst again after an extended stay abroad. Mavis spent her last birthday in Switzerland, where it coincided with the annual fireworks carnival on Lake Lucerne.

HOUSE guest for the Gregory Maddens and daughter Bettina, of Bellevue Hill, is Bill Henty, of Launceston, Tasmania, who has just finished his final year law exams. Bettina has just completed her nursing course at Karitane at Woollahra.

• • •

DECORATIVE note at Avalon . . . Margaret McCaffrey, of Darling Point, teamed a pink faille swimsuit with a raspberry-red straw hat — the largest on the coast.

• • •

LOVELY party at her home, "Cooringoora," Bingara, celebrated Jenny Bull's 21st birthday. The party, given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson J. Bull, was attended by about 150 guests from north and north-western districts and from as far south as Young and Temora.

• • •

FAMILY party at Tattersall's Club celebrated the engagement of Julie Anne Williams and Dick Small. Julie Anne is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Francis Williams, of Darling Point, and Dick is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarrie Small, of Bellevue Hill. Julie Anne and Dick are planning to marry later this year.

Anne



WEDDING on September 24 for nursing sister Marie Wallace and her fiance, Gordon Moller. Marie is the only daughter of Mrs. H. M. Wallace, of Casino, and the late Mr. Wallace, and Gordon is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Moller, of Condobolin.



LEFT: Attractive Queenslander Jane Persse, of "Eskdale West," Esk, with her fiance, David ("Beau") Robinson, photographed when Jane was holidaying with Beau's mother, Mrs. H. R. Robinson, of "Cumalong," Brocklehurst.

SIGNING THE REGISTER at All Saints', Woollahra, are Mr. and Mrs. Brian Barton. The bride was formerly Elizabeth Chandler, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Chandler, of St. Mary's. The groom is the second son of Dr. and Mrs. N. D. Barton, of "Nanima," Wellington. The young couple will live at "Baragonumbel," Wellington.



AUSTRALIAN international golf star Peter Toogood, of Launceston, with his bride after their wedding at St. Mary's Cathedral, Hobart. The bride was formerly Berenice Cockayne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Cockayne, of Tocumwal.

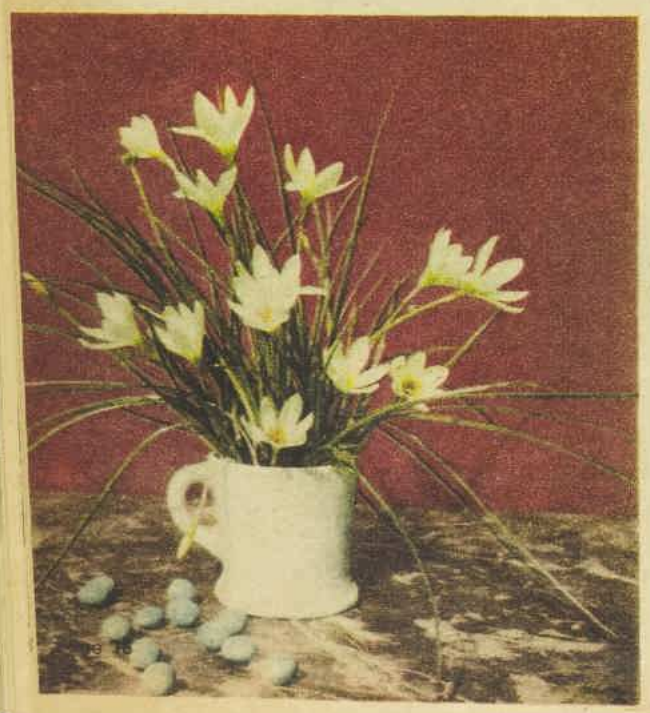
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CHOOSE BULBS FOR INDOOR PLANTING



● *Narcissus bulbocodium (above) are also called "hoop petticoats." They are brilliantly colored and flower profusely; here in a flat, black earthenware bowl.*



● *Zephyranthus candidum, growing in a cheap shaving mug (left), is so hardy it can be dug up in a clump (even when in flower) and easily transferred indoors.*



● *Bromeliads are not really bulbs, but mostly epiphytes, or air-feeders. They will grow in a basket, a saucerful of moss, or (right) a cane - jacketed flower-pot.*

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● *The range of flowering bulbs and bulbous plants is wide enough to be colorful all year round. Most bulbs grow successfully in small containers, and the pictures on these pages show some of the varieties. There are more pictures and details of how to grow indoor plants on page 19.*





● *White ginger blossom (Hedychium coronarium) needs a certain amount of room to spread, because it is not a bulb but a spreading rhizome. The ginger should be grown outdoors, and the container brought in when the plant is in bud.*

● *Bluebells, or scillas (above), are better grown outside and brought indoors when flowering Otherwise, they are inclined to grow straggly. and the flowers will fade.*

● *Freesias and tulips (right) can brighten a whole room from a window-shelf. But tulips should be kept out of strong sunlight when budding, because the young buds will burn very easily.*



● ALL THESE PLANTS WERE GROWN AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY STIRLING MACOBOY, OF NEUTRAL BAY, N.S.W.

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SHALLOW SHAMPOOING IS NOT ENOUGH



MEDICATED
LOXENE
GETS RIGHT DOWN TO DANDRUFF

It's no use expecting dandruff and other worrying hair and scalp disorders to respond to the kind of shampooing that skims over the surface of the problem. You have to get right down to the *root* of the trouble . . . with Loxene *medicated* shampoo. Loxene removes the greasy scalp and hair deposits of dust and dirt that dim the hair's natural healthy liveliness. It gets your hair clinically clean —clears away dandruff and leaves the hair manageable, fresh and soft. Loxene gets results—just put it to the test!

Don't let fun in the sun cause dandruff!
Hair and scalp have a particularly hard time in our Australian summer. But Loxene counters the dandruff-forming effects of sand and salt-water—keeps your scalp clean, your hair attractive all summer long!



Economical hair health for all the family!
Loxene is amazingly economical . . . just one lathering gets your hair scrupulously clean. And every 4/6 bottle contains eight cleansing, medicated shampoos. Buy a bottle today—get the whole family started on the road to healthy, attractive hair!





LOXENE
MEDICATED
SHAMPOO and SCALP TREATMENT
clears dandruff, dry scalp and hair dullness.

8 SHAMPOOS IN EVERY BOTTLE 4'6
SINGLE TREATMENT BUBBLE 1'3
LLC.18



Legs every man admires...
every woman envies

The secret is Silkymit . . . the feminine way to lovely, hair-free legs. Silkymit is as necessary as a lipstick . . . as harmless as a powder puff.

Silkymit
Single pack, 1/3
Triple pack, 3/-

WORTH REPORTING

DESCRIBING herself in a B.B.C. broadcast recently, Englishwoman Lois Mitchison talked about her straight hair, her horn-rimmed spectacles, and the fact that she's rather overweight.

"Too overweight to attract American admiration," she said. "Any compliments paid to me by Englishmen normally refer to 'character' and 'intelligence.'

"But in West Africa and Russia I am a beauty, and in India I am definitely passable."

Miss Mitchison said she first noticed this change in point of view on the way from Peking to Moscow.

She'd been working in China as a reporter and photographer for a few months, and found her time there discouraging from the personal angle.

To Chinese eyes, accustomed to the thin, flat figures and elegantly neat hair of their own women, she appeared "hairy, gross, and generally a rather repulsive barbarian."

Russia was a great relief.

"The train journey to Moscow across North China and Siberia took eight days," she said. "As the compartments began to fill with Russians I found I had suddenly become exquisite, attractive, fragile, and delicate.'

"Russian men leant over the train dining tables and drank toasts to 'world peace' and 'world friendship' and 'your eyes, comrade'."

Miss M's morale was slightly deflated again in India. But she had a proposal of marriage—from a young man who had seen her bicycling down the street.

He thought that her spectacles and studious look might help his career by impressing business superiors.

Conclusion: Every woman, no matter what she looks like, is a beauty somewhere. If she can only find the right place.

G'bye, everyone. We're off to Bechuanaland . . .

They'll fly so chic

IN North America one airline company dresses its hostesses in Eskimo costumes. Another favors shorts. A third has hostesses in cowgirl outfits.

When Guinea Airways changed its name to Airlines of South Australia recently the management decided on new hostess uniforms.

So the company's general manager, Mr. P. D. Stedman, and chief hostess Pat Ralph chose a design.

No, no shorts or such.

The airline—which operates from Adelaide to South Australian country districts and Broken Hill—has a chic beige linen sheath dress and jacket with lemon piping.

Mother's job is efficiency

"THE chief thing in life is to have a job that interests you, so that you'll keep fit in order to do it," says Dr. Lillian Gilbreth.

Hard work is no novelty to 82-year-old Dr. Gilbreth. She will lecture at the International Congress of Scientific Management, which begins in Sydney on February 22.

After her husband's death Dr. Gilbreth became president of the American engineering firm he founded; for the past 35 years companies have taken her advice on management and production problems.

She is also famous as the mother in the book "Cheaper by the Dozen," written by two of her 12 children and made into a film starring Clifton Webb and Myrna Loy.

Efficiency was a way of life in the Gilbreth household.

A family council, presided over by Father, administered household affairs. Correspondence was carried on through a family newspaper — and all who were old enough to read and write had to contribute.

Each child had duties.

There was even an official "birthday gift buyer." He had to keep note of all birthdays and buy the presents.

But Dr. Lillian Gilbreth is not an efficiency expert for efficiency's sake. Her main purpose is to teach people to work with less physical effort.



DR. GILBRETH
Cheaper by the dozen.



MRS. DAISY HAY
1909 hairdo.



. . . Today's model, the same but different.

Styles don't change

NOW that's a fashionable hairstyle, that is . . . was . . . is.

Mrs. Daisy Hay, of Paddington, in Sydney, sent us this picture of herself (above, left). "The hairdo could have been dressed at any hairdresser's yesterday," she said.

"Actually, the photograph was taken in 1909.

"It shows that styles do not change much in the passing years."

And they don't, Mrs. Hay. We found another picture, taken recently in London, to prove it.

There is something different, though.

By modern standards, our blond model is elegant. But she has none of the gentle charm of 50 years ago.

How (not) to learn Chinese

THE day after British housewife Wendy Dewar-Durie arrived in Peking her Number One Boy presented her with a Chinese-English dictionary. On a silver salver.

Obviously the household staff wanted her to learn Chinese.

"I tried," said Mrs. Dewar-Durie, who is now back home in England. "Never before have I tried so hard to do anything, or failed more dismally."

The phrase book she brought with her wasn't much help.

It had been written for the American Army.

"I remember only two phrases," said Mrs. Dewar-Durie.

"The first was 'Halt! I am a Captain of the Artillery.' And the second, 'Sorry, I did not know the gun was loaded!' "

A FAMOUS manufacturer has introduced the first English translucent china to Australia.

There are seven different designs for dinner services. Two have delicate patterns of pure gold — marvellous for serving carats?

A man is not a mouse . . .

THE circle of Fijian women, dragging an enormous fishing net, strode out into the ocean . . . and a lone man stood in the shallows, directing them.

The commentator of the film, "Where Time Stands Still" (produced by an Australian motor company in Fiji), remarked that the man was merely there to superintend the work of women.

A little man sitting beside us nudged his wife.

"See," he squeaked bravely. He sounded as though he was never going to do the washing-up again.

YOUR BOOKSHELF

"Peel Me a Lotus."
Charmian Clift (Hutchinson).

The reality of life on a sunbaked Greek island emerges from this well-written book by an Australian, who with her husband, ex-Sydney journalist George Johnston, and their three children have settled there. They are "committed" to the island by a house they bought with most of their savings. Their children go to school with the Greek children; their third child was born on the island, and their son appeared in an American film made there. In this book there is poetry and strength, much humor in descriptions of the "foreign colony" and the islanders, and some descriptive passages which deserve a second reading.

"Living As I Do."
Henry Williams (Oldbourne).

This first novel, autobiographical in form, which won a literary award, is about a modern vagabond who works his passage from England to and around Australia. He takes a variety of jobs, including circus hand, miner, stockman, road-worker, and factory hand. His comments on Australian life are perceptive, and his criticism is amiable. Towards the end, though, the story runs into some rather boring, involved philosophising.

"Sheila in the Wind."
Adrian Hayter (Hodder and Stoughton).

Account of an 18,000-mile lone yacht voyage from England to Westport, N.Z., by a New Zealand ex-Army officer, who had never been out of sight of land in a small boat until August, 1950, when he sailed from a small English port. During the voyage he faced terrifying storms, such starvation that he was reduced to eating barnacles off the yacht, intense loneliness, and poverty when he reached port. The extraordinary solitude of one man alone in a small boat is vividly recorded.

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● *Freesias have small bulbs which are held in a decorative "pot" —a large seashell.*



● *Hyacinths are among the easiest bulbs to grow. Here they flourish in a Chinese chop suey bowl.*



● *Jonquils, in a brass pot with Chinese dragons on it, used to be known as the Chinese sacred lily.*



● *Lachenalias show off an old terracotta teapot. Bulb watering is easily done through the spout.*

BULBS INDOORS — CONTINUED

● Growing bulbs indoors is a satisfying, rewarding hobby — and half the fun is in planting them in decorative containers that will harmonise with your home.

THE varieties shown here and on previous pages may be planted from January to October. With the addition of Amaryllis, Lilium, and grape hyacinths, every month of the year could be covered.

Buy bulbs from a reliable nurseryman and look for the largest—they are most likely to flower in the first year.

These large bulbs contain the embryo flower. Nothing you can do will help under-sized bulbs to flower.

Many good-sized bulbs contain most of the nutriment they need to flower once, but, under artificial conditions, they will rarely flower a second year without some help.

When the flowering period is over, the plants should be transferred to the garden, where they will recover to flower another year.

Some bulbs will flower without any soil—others need a more elaborate mixture to do well.

With indoor plants there are a few elementary rules to keep in mind:

● The bigger the bulb, the better the flower.

● At least an inch of drainage material at the bottom of each container. (Broken pots, pebbles, or charcoal.)

● Use commercial bulb fibre or potting soil broken down with a little sand and peatmoss—use only bulb fibre in pots without drainage holes.

● Plant bulbs, water heavily, and store in the dark until the plants are well above the surface. This takes from days to months—depending on the variety. They won't need watering again until they are brought into the light.

● A little weak liquid manure or some tablets of plant food at flowering time will produce bigger flowers.

Here are more details about some of the plants photographed in this feature—

Narcissus Bulbocodium (page 16) does best in a balanced, commercially prepared bulb fibre.

Bromeliads (page 16) can be grown anywhere—even with the roots lightly tied in some damp moss on a branch of driftwood.

Tulips (page 17) grow well in bulb fibre, provided they have a dark and cool place while growing. Plant bulbs fairly deeply and do not bring into the light till they are well above the surface.

Bluebells (page 17) grow in any sort of container and will flourish in a mixture of sand, earth and peat moss in equal parts.

Freesias (above) should be grown outside in containers and brought indoors at flowering time. The freesias photographed in the seashell are in a mixture of bulb fibre and vermiculite. Vermiculite is a mineral which holds six times its own weight in moisture.

Jonquils (above) do well in bulb fibre or even in a jar full of pebbles. The pebbles serve no real purpose, but keep the bulbs from rotting in the water fed to them. Half fill the container with pebbles, place the bulbs on top, and fill in around them with more pebbles for support. Then add water; the bulbs will do the rest.

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DRESS SENSE

Fashions for those special occasions

ONE of the secrets of looking well dressed is to wear the correct clothes for the occasion. This week I have answered numerous queries on the theme "What to wear where"— or what I call special-occasion fashions.

Here are some readers' queries and my answers:

"SLACKS or shorts do not suit my type, and as I am going up north on a cruise I wondered what I could wear instead. A friend told me I would have to wear shorts for deck games. Is this correct?"

Deck games could be played, in perfect fashion taste, either in a sunfrock with a knee-length skirt or a shirt and matching shorts with the shorts concealed by a front-buttoned skirt.

"A FRIEND of my mother is having a luncheon party in honor of my engagement. The party is to be held in a restaurant. Would it be necessary for me to wear gloves and a hat?"

Certainly gloves, and my advice is play safe and wear a hat. It will be a compliment to your hostess, who is not in your age group and may have conventional ideas on this fashion point. Actually numbers of women do lunch in public minus a hat—and it is not considered incorrect.

"MY need is for a dressy frock to wear to my daughter's wedding. It's a 6 p.m. church wedding, and we have requested guests to wear



***DS393.** — Coat in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns are available from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.*

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by Betty Keep

formal clothes. Would lace be suitable for me, and what shade would be smart? I have a clear complexion and auburn hair with no sign of grey."

Lace would be an ideal choice for your dress. Brown lace over coffee satin would be a smart color idea, and one that should suit your own coloring extremely well. Have the bodice made with a scoop-neck decolletage, combined with below-elbow sleeves. Finish the neck and hemline with the scalloped edge of the lace, and at the waistline have a coffee satin rosette on a narrow satin belt.

"MY boy-friend is taking me to a theatre party, and as the boys are wearing tuxedos I wondered if it would be formal enough if I wore a black evening skirt and blouse. If so, please suggest a style for the blouse. I am 17 and my boy-friend is 18."

Evening separates, especially for your age group, would be a perfect fashion to wear to a theatre party.

For the blouse I suggest white organdie made with the following style details: A front-buttoned design finished with a shallow scoop neckline and three-quarter fitted sleeves opening into bell-shaped flounces.

"MY problem is a dress to wear to my twenty-first birthday celebration. The party, to be held at 8 p.m., will be semi-formal, with members of my family making brief speeches. I want my dress to be street-length, and I'm enclosing a sample of the material. I am dark and wear my hair on top of my head. I would very much like a pattern for the style you choose."

The dress illustrated at right, with its pretty portrait neckline, would be a perfect dress for the occasion you mention. The design is gala without being too formal. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.



DS390.—One-piece dress, with portrait neckline, in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4¾yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"I HAVE been invited to a Charleston party at which the guests have all been asked to wear above-knee frocks. Would you please suggest the correct style for me to wear?"

You will be correctly attired in a one-piece dress with a square neckline front and back and a beltless fitted torso finished with a frilled flounce or fringe. Above the flounce or fringe have a band of self material cut on the cross; the band should be approximately 4in. wide and finished with a bow at the centre front.

"I HAVE a fashion idea but am not sure if it is correct. I have been invited to a race meeting and want to look extra smart. I have in my wardrobe a white linen sleeveless sheath frock, and I'm wondering would it look nice if I made a plain coat in floral cotton to wear over it. If you like the idea, I will need a pattern for the coat design you suggest in size 34in. bust.

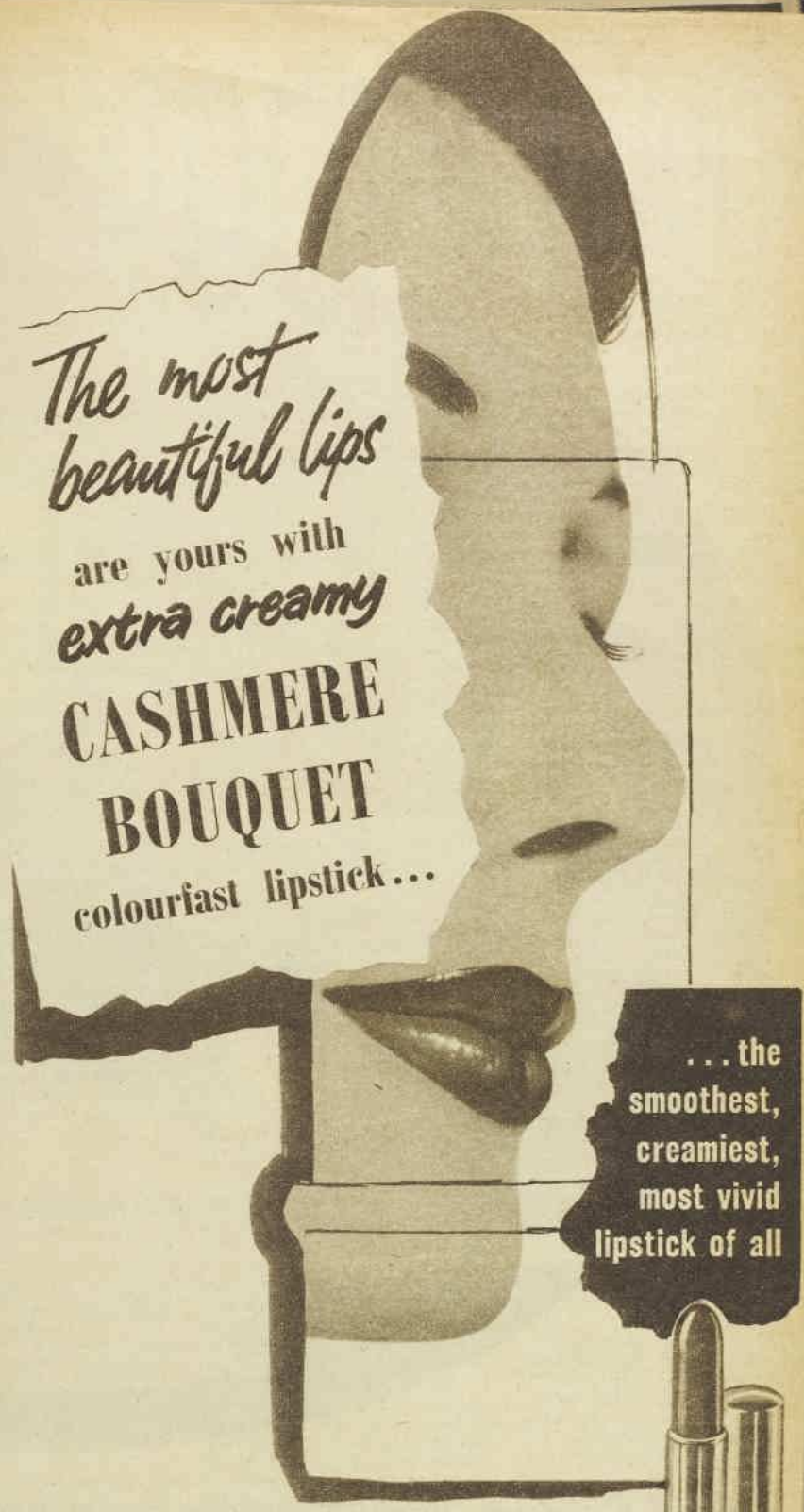
Yes, I do like the idea. A flower-printed coat worn over a white cotton sheath would not only be suitable for the occasion but eye-catching, too (see illustration at left). The coat is tunic-inspired, and that is a very new fashion. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"MY mother's recent birthday gift to me was a length of silk brocade. Would this do for a semi-formal evening outfit? I am nearly 40, and the few occasions I have to dress in formal clothes do not warrant anything too dressy. I would be be wearing the outfit mainly for dinner or to a concert or theatre."

Brocades are very new in autumn fashions, especially for a jacket dress. This type of fashion — sleeveless sheath dress plus a free-hanging self-bound box jacket — would make a perfect dinner costume or concert ensemble.

"I HAVE bought some very beautiful satin brocade for my wedding frock and now can't think of any way to have it made. I am tall and slim, and I want the gown to look formal."

Satin brocade made with long sleeves, a deep bertha collar, and a slim skirt would make a formal and attractive wedding gown. Finish the waistline of the dress with an obi-type sash with two streamer ends forming a panel-like train at the back.



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BY THOMAS GILLIES

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What you need

A short story complete on this page

By MARILYN LONGMUIR





THE morning performance began at approximately eight o'clock. There was just a slight scurrying noise to herald the star's entrance, and——

Amelia, looking up hastily from her breakfast, saw two beady eyes surveying her from the ledge over the sink. This time she wasn't going to scream. With an effort she managed to stifle the cry.

The mouse himself seemed quite contented where he was. Perhaps he enjoyed watching her eat her breakfast, Amelia decided, but that didn't mean she enjoyed being watched. For just over a week this had been going on.

There were mousetraps under the sink — in the pantry — and if you looked under her favorite chair in the lounge-room there was one to be found there, too. So far she had had no luck at all, and there was the menace becoming cheekier every day. The next stage would probably find him deciding to share her breakfast table with her.

Another person might have managed to live with a mouse — not Amelia. Oh! she knew it was ridiculous. Why a sane woman of twenty-two should want to become hysterical at the sight of a mouse was beyond her reasoning. For the past week she had been trying to convince herself that there was nothing really to get so excited about.

All to no avail, of course. At the first sight of those beady eyes she had an overwhelming urge to scream and to jump upon the nearest chair at the same time.

Until now she had always looked upon herself as the calm, dependable type, but lately, thanks to the mouse, she had begun to have some misgivings. Perhaps she was the sort of person who should live with a large family instead of trying to batch alone in an old house simply because it had been left to her.

She stood up, took a reluctant step forward, and the mouse disappeared.

This was Saturday morning. Was her weekend to be spoilt by one small grey mouse? No—she resolved firmly. She would get dressed and hurry down to the corner shop. Someone there might be able to offer some suggestions as to how to catch a mouse.

The young man behind the counter of the corner shop smiled as she explained her problem.

"Maybe I just don't know how to set mouse-traps."

"I don't think that's the trouble," the young man replied with a grin. "You're up against a shrewd customer in this mouse. He's too cunning for traps. What you need is a cat."

"You think so." Amelia looked interested.

"Positive," he declared. "Now right here on the premises we have such a feline. His name is Thomas, and my mother is devoted to him. Still I think I can persuade her to lend him to you for a few nights."

"Well, that would be very kind ——" Amelia began.

"Not at all. It's our job to please customers." Especially one as pretty as you, he thought. "Now I'll be around with Thomas tonight. You live in Miss Tweed's old house?"

Amelia nodded.

.

William (Amelia remembered his mother, who owned the shop, mentioning his name) arrived with Thomas about seven o'clock.

Thomas was an odd-looking cat. At the sight of him, Amelia decided, the mouse would probably pack up and leave immediately.

"How about coming to the pictures with me while we leave an expert on the job?" William suggested, after depositing Thomas at Amelia's feet.

For a moment Amelia was undecided. Still he had been rather helpful and obliging, and it would be a change from staying home and being entertained by a mouse.

By the end of the first evening Amelia knew that William had just left his job with an engineering firm up north to settle down in the city—liked a quiet home life, and was undoubtedly interested in her.

William, on the other hand, knew that Amelia was the secretary to the managing-director of a large firm — had been left the house by her great-aunt — was positively scared of mice, frogs, and spiders, but preferred living in an old house to life in a flat closer to the city.

For the first time in a week Amelia slept soundly. Thomas was already wandering around when she woke up, and Amelia was quite certain she could detect a contented look on his face.

Humming a merry song, she commenced to prepare her breakfast. Just by chance she happened to glance up. But it couldn't be, and yet there, as large as life, calmly surveying her from the ledge, was her mouse.

William was very apologetic about Thomas when she told him.

"Never mind," he said, "I'll keep dropping him in until he catches something. By the way, no use staying at home letting a mouse make you feel miserable, Amelia. Why don't we go for a beach picnic?"

Well, as everyone knows, there is nothing like a day at the beach to make one sleep at nights, so Amelia accepted.

A week went by—ten days—a fortnight. William left Thomas every night and promptly every morning collected him. Still the menace was around.

Then came the night when Amelia and William went dancing at the Blue Water Club. It was late when Amelia went to bed, and even then she couldn't sleep. It had been her first visit to the club, but William had assured her it wouldn't be her last. The music had been out of this world—the food delicious, and William simply wonderful. She smiled at the thought of him. It was then she heard the noise—just a very faint noise. She opened her eyes and there, dancing on the floor of her bedroom, was not one but two mice. At least, at her second look they weren't dancing, but they were still there. Where was Thomas? In the moonlight she espied him asleep on her bedroom chair.

Rescue was at hand. She could just reach across and nudge him.

"Thomas," Amelia whispered, desperately giving him a slight prod.

Thomas opened one eye and shut it again.

"Thomas," Amelia prodded him again, a little harder this time, but already he was back in the land of cat dreams.

She was quite certain she couldn't go back to sleep with the two mice there, and even if she did chase them away who was to say they wouldn't come back.

Thomas had fallen down on the job, but there was still William. She wasn't going to spend the night with one sleepy cat and two mice. Perhaps William would be able to get rid of them—the mice, that is.

Somehow she managed to get out of bed and reach for the phone.

"I'll be right there," William said. "Just sit tight."

Once he was there Amelia felt better and somewhat of a fool.

"I just don't know what comes over me when I see mice. I get all tensed up and then I want to scream," she said as she drank the tea that William had just brewed. "I'm going to sell this house and move back to a flat."

"You'll do no such thing," William said firmly. "What you need is a man about the house."

"I do?" she asked, a trifle taken back.

"That's right," returned William. "Somebody like Mrs. Payne's boy William—the quiet, homely type."

"I'm sold," said Amelia as he kissed her.

It was only a few minutes later that a vague suspicion crossed her mind. "Tell me, William," she asked, "has Thomas ever caught a mouse?"

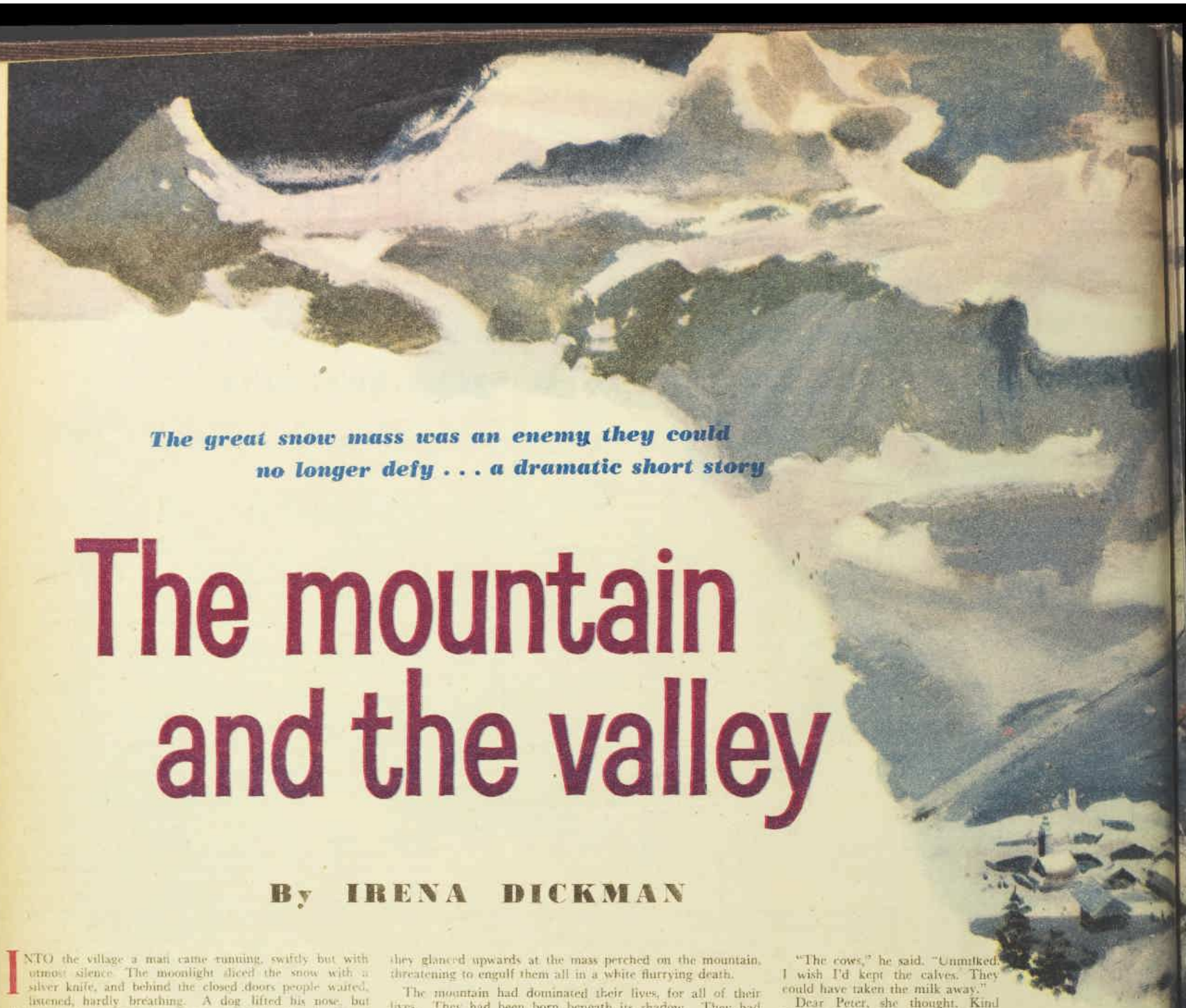
"Not to my knowledge," William said with a sheepish grin, "but I must say he did come in handy," and he kissed her again.

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When Amelia looked at the odd-looking cat which William had brought her she decided the mouse would leave immediately.



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The great snow mass was an enemy they could no longer defy . . . a dramatic short story

The mountain and the valley

By IRENA DICKMAN

INTO the village a man came running, swiftly but with utmost silence. The moonlight sliced the snow with a silver knife, and behind the closed doors people waited, listened, hardly breathing. A dog lifted his nose, but did not bark. Because his nose was tied so that he should not make a sound.

The runner stopped at a door and scratched very softly. Inside old Peter lay on the bed beside his wife, but neither of them slept. Peter rose instantly and opened the top half of the door with infinite caution for fear it creaked.

"Is it bad?" he whispered.

"Very bad," replied young Karl. "The snow mass hangs right above our heads. The slightest sound could bring it down and bury the lot of us."

"What's to do?" asked Peter.

"We must go to the next valley," said Karl. "They will have seen our plight. They will expect us."

"It will be a dangerous journey," said Peter. "The children and old people—"

"Dangerous, yes," said Karl. "But to stay would be certain death. Already the snow mass is slipping."

Karl passed silently down the street and scratched on the door of the next house. The door opened instantly. Peter went back into his own house and laid his hand on his wife's shoulder. "Come," he said. "We are going to the next valley. We must hurry."

She got up and fumbling for her boots beneath the bed she said, "What can I take?"

"Take?" Tension seemed to crackle in his whispering voice. "Ourselves. Our lives. What else could we take?"

But he turned his head so that he did not have to see the tears in the old woman's eyes.

They met in front of the church, the people of the village, because they were church-going people. The innkeeper's father, too old to ski or walk on snowshoes, was strapped to a sledge. His complaints were like the wind—high and keening.

"Leave me here," he begged. "I am too old to die among strangers."

"Hah!" said the innkeeper with rough affection. "Who's going to die. Poppa, you'll outlive us all."

"Quiet," warned Karl. "We must hurry."

Reminded of the great white ogre hanging above their heads, they glanced upwards at the mass perched on the mountain, threatening to engulf them all in a white flurrying death.

The mountain had dominated their lives, for all of their lives. They had been born beneath its shadow. They had learnt to climb its slopes. Now it was driving them from their homes. Now it was their enemy.

As they turned to move away, taking their last look at the homes they loved, a little boy broke from his father's hand. "I want my dog. I won't go without Bruno."

All the eyes of the group swung upwards to the top of the mountain, where the white mass, like a drunken deadly night-cap, started to slip. Quickly, desperately, the father swung his fist once. The boy cried out and his father caught him as he sagged. Silently, the party moved down the mountain-side. There was no time to look back, no time for tears.

Skis cut the virgin snow; breath smoked from their open moonlit mouths. The boy lay limp in his father's arms, his hands dangling, his white face upturned. On the little sledge the innkeeper's father moved his head fretfully.

Down the mountainside and into the next valley. They went so fast they felt that their hearts must surely burst, and yet it took them hours. As they approached the edge of the town they saw people waiting for them. The mayor, the priest, many others.

"We saw you coming," said the mayor. "We watched you. Come, we have hot soup and blankets waiting in the church."

It was warm in the church. The village people took the mugs of soup and drank gratefully. The soup was hot and savory. They looked at each other and grinned a little, not yet sure that it was safe to talk. Then they prayed a while, these good village people, and wrapped in the borrowed blankets they lay on the floor and some of them slept a little.

Towards morning old Peter's wife fell into a doze, and when she woke old Peter was standing over her with a mug of steaming coffee in his hand. As she closed her hand around the thick white cup she thought: In my home I have fine blue-and-white china. I do not live like a peasant. And then she was ashamed, sipping the steaming coffee gratefully.

"Why are you so worried?" she asked. It was many years since he had been able to hide any emotion from her.

He rubbed his sleeves fretfully across his wrinkled forehead.

"The cows," he said. "Unmilked. I wish I'd kept the calves. They could have taken the milk away."

Dear Peter, she thought. Kind Peter. His thought would naturally be for the animals, for the cows that were his special pride. She patted his hand awkwardly, because she had no words of comfort for him.

Karl came into the church, his boots clumping along the aisle. His fiancee, Maria, walked hand-in-hand with him. They brought the cold in with them, on their clothes and in their smoking breath. But they were young, and the cold did not matter to them, nipping their cheeks to apple-redness, making their eyes shine. Like healthy young animals.

"We have been looking at the mountain," said Maria. "There is a place across the bridge. You can see it clearly."

"How did it look?" asked the innkeeper. They crowded around the pair, willing them to say that the news was good.

"The snow has not moved," said Karl. "It is even, I think, a little smaller."

"I think so, too," agreed Maria.

"As like as not, it will melt away," said her father, the post-master. "I have seen it many times before. Perhaps we were fools to run."

"Perhaps we were not," said Karl, a little shortly. "I do not think it was so very much smaller."

Peter's wife went outside into the churchyard to the little trough, where the women had gathered to wash. Because there were several of them, and because she was late, she waited for the others to finish, patiently, because she was by nature a patient woman.

As she stood apart, a woman came past, a woman who lived in that town. She held the hand of a little girl, and Peter's wife heard the child ask: "Mother, who are those people?"

To page 36

Down the mountainside to the shelter of the valley below went the people from the doomed village.

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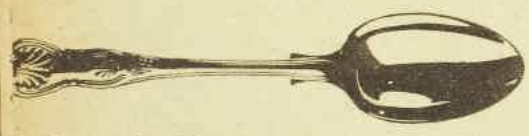


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LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

Is study wasted on women?

AFTER 16 years at school I obtained my Bachelor of Science degree. My engagement was announced at almost the same time as my degree. Now I am told that all my schooling will be wasted if I get married and give up my career. Surely, it follows that with my education I will be better equipped to help my children, and, to me, that is the most important career.

£1/1/- to Miss D. Neilson, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Decoy for bees

IN my flower garden the bees were like a swarm on the lavender bushes, yet a good crop of pumpkin vines in the vegetable garden did not attract them. So I picked large bunches of lavender flowers and placed them in jars of water amongst the pumpkin vines. Now a good crop of pumpkins is showing on the vines, pollinated by bees following the lavender.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Estelle MacRae, Prahran, Vic.

Bring your own

I WOULD like to whisper a word to "droppers-in" who think nothing of calling on their camping friends and eating them out of house and home. It would be greatly appreciated if they brought enough food for their own needs when visiting holiday-makers.

£1/1/- to "One Who Knows" (name supplied), Launceston, Tas.

U and Non-U again

MY wife and I differ on the subject of notepaper. She considers that plain paper is "U" and ruled paper definitely "non-U," while I, of course, am of the opposite opinion. It would be interesting to know what support I have on this subject.

£1/1/- to A. W. Parker, Avalon Beach, N.S.W.

No plain Janes

NATURE gives most plain women a smile that endows them with a rare charm, which explains why they are more popular than the majority of beautiful women, who hardly ever smile. As an old man, I often reflect that the discerning male has never met a plain woman.

£1/1/- to J. Howes, Caulfield North, Vic.

Practical idea

WOULDN'T it be more practical if the hundred or so friends who send congratulatory cards (costing an average of 1/- each) to young couples when they become engaged just wrote a personal message and enclosed 1/- in stamps? The stamps could then be pooled to buy a useful gift for the home-to-be.

£1/1/- to "Practical" (name supplied), Clare, S.A.

The case of the vanishing guinea

"Let us have the honest £—not the non-existent guinea," wrote Mrs. Ethel Brooker, of W.A. And here are extracts from the letters of readers, agreeing and disagreeing:

I DO not agree with Mrs. Brooker. The guinea is the last vestige of gracious living of the Victorian era. My husband and I have always given guineas when pounds have been solicited for worthy causes, and also for wedding and birthday gifts. The extra shilling in the £ helps to pay for any acknowledgment, bank exchange, postage, and other small overhead expenses which eat up donations.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Irene Smyth, Nunawading, Vic.

ABOLITION of guineas would not result in cheaper goods, as manufacturing costs would remain the same. But, owing to the community's gullibility, any article priced at 100 guineas sells more readily than if priced at £105. To avoid exploitation, do not be rushed into any transaction.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. Iverson, Maryborough, Qld.

SEEING the funny side, shouldn't Mrs. Brooker have been awarded £1/-/-, not £1/1/-? Incidentally, I agree with her. The guinea is as antiquated as the crown.

£1/1/- to Miss Irene Petzke, Dingley, Vic.

Not with beer!

IT was a hot day and I was asked by my boss to lay the linoleum in a nearby public house. I was busy laying the lino in the bar when the landlady leaned over and asked, "Would you like a drink?" I replied, "Yes, please," trying to conceal my eagerness. After a short pause came the query, "Do you take milk and sugar?"

£1/1/- to Mr. E. Foster, Towlaw, Co. Durham, England.

Insult to injury

HOSTESSING a morning tea recently at one of Melbourne's leading hotels, I was horrified when the waitress announced the cost to the table at large. To add insult to injury, she leaned across some of the guests to put the docket and change in front of me, although she could have easily got to my side. Surely the supervisor on duty could instruct staff on points of etiquette, and avoid embarrassment to clientele.

£1/1/- to Mary Bourke, Black Rock, Vic.

National dress

I OFTEN wonder why Australia has no national costume or national dance. National dress and dancing would add to the popularity of Australia Day processions. Our Rugby League footballers overseas recently gave an exhibition that could easily be recognised as a version of the Maori Haka. Surely we can do better than this.

£1/1/- to Mr. V. White, St. Marys, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

Love and Geography

EVERYONE agrees it has become hard to get from place to place in our big, sprawling cities.

But very little has been said on the special problems of lovers from different suburbs.

The matter was brought before me by the breakdown of Harry Donkling's courtship of Jacqueline Potz.

Harry lives on the north side of Sydney Harbor, while Jacqueline's habitat is Coogee, way down south.

When he took Jacqueline to the pictures, Harry naturally wanted to escort her home. There is not much point in a young man having a girl-friend if he can't escort her home.

But after he had arrived at Jacqueline's place, and dallied there a little while, he had great trouble in getting back to his own territory.

He would walk a mile or so and then, if he was lucky, pick up a cab that cost more than he could afford.

Once or twice he stayed at the Potz house for the night. But he had to sleep on a hard settee that was too short for him. Also he didn't much enjoy meeting Jacqueline's grumpy father in the morning.

After a few months of these difficulties, the flame of Harry's love for Jacqueline began to get smoky. He could not ignore the advantages of Yvonne McDill, who lived in the next street to his own.

In short, the deal fell through.



Jacqueline is now going unsteady with a local boy named Bob Someone.

Goodness knows how many suburban romances are blighted in this fashion.

Young men and girls, beaten by the transport problem, tend more and more to marry inside their own locality. Some of the outer suburbs of Melbourne and Sydney may be faced, in time, with the dangers of in-breeding.

I hope it does not reach a stage when districts become so self-contained that they put a taboo on marriage to strangers. That happens in New Guinea.

It is sad to think of people in Greensborough, Melbourne, throwing stones at young men who come courting from Williamstown; or the folk of Hunter's Hill, Sydney, putting the evil eye on a local girl because she went to a barbecue with a chap from Bondi.

To stop this trend, romantic mobility should be encouraged. Perhaps the Government could run a fleet of low-cost taxi-buses for lovers.

Let young men from Heidelberg woo girls in Mordialloc; beaus from Botany court belles in Pymble; cavaliers from North Perth win fair maids of South Perth.

That is, if they want to. I do not deny that the girl next door always has one advantage over other girls—she is handy.

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The Birthday Present

They couldn't have chosen a gift to please her more . . . an appealing story

By Dorothy Carter



"We wanted to give you a perfect day, darling," Rosemary said to her mother as Jean and herself stood beside the table. .

ONE sister, Jean, rang the other sister, Rosemary, and said, "You know what day it is next week?"

"Well, of course I do! It's mother's birthday."

It so happened that a few minutes before a boy-friend had telephoned Rosemary, so that now as she spoke the open page of her diary stared up at her. There was "Julian" scrawled in big letters on the Wednesday, and on the previous Tuesday in small, more careful writing, was Mother's Birthday.

"Don't sound so indignant," said Jean. "You don't usually remember so well. Have you decided what to give her?"

"No . . . Not yet. Have you?"

"Not really. I wanted to talk to you."

We talk every year, thought Rosemary. We say the same things. We say, "Mother really isn't very easy when it comes to choosing presents." We say, "She hasn't very much, but she seems to need so little."

"I thought of a radio for her bedroom," Jean said.

"But she'd loathe it," said Rosemary. "It would interrupt her reading in bed.

"And that's another thing out: we can't buy her books. She's read everything out of the library. Do you think she can possibly remember all the books she's read?"

"She mixes up the titles and authors, but I sometimes think all the wisdom of books goes into her and stays . . . if you know what I mean. What about gloves?"

"Whatever we give her she'll still wear those fabric ones in beige. What about perfume?"

"Don't be silly, Rosemary. She just doesn't use it."

"A handbag, maybe."

"We gave her that for Christmas."

There was a pause while they were thinking, and then Jean said, seeming to summarise, "There must be lots of lovely things we could give her, but mother wouldn't really want them. If we gave her jewellery she'd still only wear what was real, the pearls from father."

"She isn't a person for gadgets; if we gave her one of those alarm clocks that make the morning tea she would still use her old electric kettle."

"If we took her out to buy something to wear, say, a really smart hat, she would know the price and be worried for us."

And she wouldn't look right in a really smart hat, thought Rosemary. I see my mother in a blue cotton frock.

When I am here in my dishevelled flat, my last night's orchid dying in a glass, my record-player hiding a stain, my books unopened in the haste of my small, fashionable life — that is how I see my mother.

In a frock as blue as her eyes in a green garden. She has only the sun on her head. It's true she doesn't wear perfume, but she has a fragrance of her own. She isn't smart, but she is beautiful.

"Are you still there?" Jean asked. "What are you thinking?"

"Only that there must be something . . ."

Why is the perfect thing always so difficult to find? Jean wondered.

I sit here knowing five hundred gifts I could suggest for myself. Married to Alan, who is prosperous, I have many more possessions than mother. I need only to look around me to know that.

There are my soft carpets, my new-looking curtains; the china and silver on my mantelpiece; on the open desk my new expensive pen; on the arm of the chair my silk scarf, and my gloves, one of a dozen pairs.

Mother's house is on the far side of the village. It is small; in it are a few beautiful things, and she says she doesn't want more.

Yet it is I, with the larger house, possessing so much, who would easily ask for more . . .

"Mother," said Jean, "emerges from this conversation as a very fundamental person, doesn't she?"

"Mother is a wonderful person," Rosemary said.

"Yes . . . well . . . that's what I've been thinking more than ever just recently . . ." Jean's crisp voice became hesitant. This was the opportunity to say what she had really wanted to say.

"I've been wishing," said Jean, "that we could do something to show mother what she means to us. It doesn't seem enough, year after year, just to give her an ordinary present, does it?

"I'm not putting this very well. But when you think what she really means to us . . ."

Her words stumbled; they weren't enough, but they were all she could find. She was too human, too shy, to say honestly:

"This feeling about mother clarified for me the other afternoon. I went over to see her.

"The door was open as usual and I walked inside. I called out, but got no reply. You know she says she's

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BOND STREET STORY

Concluding instalment of our serial

By NORMAN COLLINS

SIR HARRY had a brandy and soda in his hand when Marcia got there. And he was smoking one of the lighter sort of cigars that he preferred before lunchtime.

Marcia refused the glass of sherry that he offered her. Declined even a cigarette out of the big silver box with the two kinds in it. Just sat there, pale despite the prickly heat that was still running all over her, her hands in her lap and her legs half-crossed as the deportment school had taught her.

On the whole, Sir Harry was rather pleased with her. Seen at close quarters, she was less hard and brassy than he had expected. And Marcia felt herself every moment warming more and more towards him.

For a start, he was so much younger than she had realised. Not in years, exactly. But in manner. And appearance. As long as she could remember she had always adored men in fancy waistcoats. And Sir Harry's was certainly one of the fanciest. Tapestry damask of some kind, she supposed it was. She would rather have liked an evening-dress in the same material.

But it wasn't only his waistcoat. It was his shoes as well. Obviously handmade and rather pointed, they were pin-pricked all over the toecaps with that kind of lacework design that comes from only the most expensive kind of shoemakers.

It was all strangely warming and reassuring. Like the room they were sitting in. Wherever she looked, she saw comfort. Luxury. Affluence. And naturally she relaxed.

She was so much relaxed, in fact, that she did not hear Sir Harry when he spoke to her. As it happened, she was thinking about his shoes again. Wondering whether they all had designs like that on them. Even the slippers.

She was therefore surprised when he seemed to be speaking to her so loudly. Almost as though he hadn't been able to make himself heard. And the words, now that they reached her, sounded strangely familiar. It seemed the way in which all Rammells began their conversations.

"Well," he said. "I expect you know why you're here."

Even so, she paused for a moment before answering.

"No," she said at last, slowly and distinctly.

"Then d'you want me to tell you?"

Marcia paused again.

"Yes," she said. And because just "yes" seemed so brief, so perfunctory, so rude almost, she added "please."

The "please" was said in a lower tone than the "yes." It was slightly husky. And strangely pleading. Sir Harry lowered his cigar for a moment and looked at her.

"You're a cool one," he said.

She raised her eyes for a moment to his. This, she knew, was the moment for the slight stammer, the almost imperceptible one.

"Am . . . am I?" she asked.

It was then that Sir Harry experienced for the first time the basic difficulty of all conversations with Marcia. There was no progress in it. Nothing coming back. No assistance. Purely a one-way traffic.

He started up again.

"I'll say you are," he told her.

He leant forward as he said it, thrusting his head out towards her. It was a gesture that would have been recognised immediately by his colleagues as definitely threatening. Something unpleasant was obviously bound to come. And it came.

"What's more," he added. "I've had my eye on you for some time."

But Marcia misunderstood it. Mistook the whole gist of it. It seemed so terribly sudden, that was all. Before she had scarcely sat down. It took her completely unawares. She knew that under all that flat pancake make-up blushing was impossible. It would have been no use even attempting it. But it was funny that she should so much as have been thinking about it. The thought was something that simply hadn't occurred to her for years.

"Have . . . have you?" she asked.

"Yes, I have. And let me tell you . . ."

There was a knock, and the door opened. It was the floor-waiter, with Sir Harry's lunch all laid out neatly on a trolley. Sir Harry waved the man away. It had been a long-standing rule of Sir Harry's that if there were something unpleasant to be done it was better to get it over. And he hadn't even begun yet with Marcia.

On the other hand, it was ten past one already. He was hungry. Never had liked being kept hanging about for his food. And it occurred to him that at this rate he'd be missing his tea as well. He called the waiter back again.

"Bring the menu," he said. "There'll be two of us."

He was naturally a good host. Always had enjoyed entertaining people. And it was years, literally years — getting on for quarter of a century in fact — since he had entertained a lady. The Edwardian in him took possession. He chose oysters. And half a chablis. And two small steaks. With a bottle of his favorite claret. And some fresh pineapple.

He looked across at Marcia when he had finished ordering. But she hadn't moved. If it had been a photographer's sitting she could not have remained more motionless. And he could tell at once what it was that Mr. Rammell had seen in her.

Something to do with the way her head joined on to her neck. A sort of graceful droop. And her eyelashes. They

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Mr. Bloot was admiring Irene's baby as he and Mrs. Privett waited for the others to come home from Rammell's.

were half-way down her cheeks when her gaze was downwards. And, as he looked, he wondered what on earth his son could ever have seen in Mrs. Rammell.

But Sir Harry did not allow himself to be distracted. He had not forgotten the purpose of Marcia's visit. And he smiled a little to himself as he reflected on the sheer devilish smoothness of it all. The quiet, elegant lunch. The good wine. The coffee and liqueurs afterwards. The feeling of safety and security as he led the conversation along pleasant, conventional lines . . . Then, bingo!

Let her have it when she was least expecting anything. The whole works. Cancelled contract. Detectives round at her flat to see if she had been hiding any of Rammell's property. Threat of an enticement suit from Mrs. Rammell . . . Unless, of course, she decided to do the sensible thing and let go.

He was quite ready to make things easy for her. And, once he had really shown his strength, she'd be cracked wide open. Ready to agree to anything.

The waiter brought in the chablis in a little silver bucket, and Sir Harry looked at it appreciatively.

But Marcia refused it, firmly and adamantly. She had been weighed in that mossy Knightsbridge cavern. And the result had appalled her. She had put on nearly five ounces. If Sir Harry had invited her to eat a block of milk chocolate she could not have been more determined. Or explicit.

"No, thank you," she said. "No. No wine. No, thank you."

And it was the same with the claret. That meant that Sir Harry had to finish the bottle. While Marcia pecked and toyed with her steak, Sir Harry filled and refilled his glass and kept the conversation going.

He was, in point of fact, surprised to find how easy Marcia was to talk to provided that no answer was required. Easier than any other woman he had ever met. That was because she was so good at not interrupting.

And how he talked. About race meetings of long ago. About important deals he had pulled off. About days at Brighton with friends no longer living. About wasp-waists and picture hats. And about photography. Mostly about photography.

With Marcia's deep, intense eyes fixed full on him he described stops, exposure meters, trick effects, coated lenses. And, as he talked, he felt himself warming towards her. She was the first person with whom he had ever really shared his hobby. He felt as though he had known her for years.

Over the liqueurs, when they had moved back into the pair of easy-chairs by the fireplace, he brought out his collection of color stereoscopes. They were the real pride of his collection.

Together they went through the whole boxful, the failures as well as the successes. Laughing like children — at least Sir Harry was laughing — over the one of the strangely inclining lamp-post. Soberly admiring the stark magnificence of the red bus passing Marble Arch

It was while he was bending over her, showing her how to hold the black box properly, that he was aware of the strange perfume that she was using. It was faintly briny. Like dried seaweed. Or moss that had been gathered and left neglected. It didn't seem worthy of her.

And suddenly he felt sorry for her. Just because, any moment now, he was going to so truly horrible there seemed no reason why he shouldn't be kind as well. Even indulgent. If his son hadn't got the sense to buy her any decent scent he'd buy it for her himself.

"D'you like 'Je reviens'?" he asked her suddenly.

It was the only real French that Marcia knew. That was because "Je reviens" was the scent that she always used.

Even in Sir Harry's accent she still recognised it.

"I . . . I adore it," she said.

"Like a bottle? A big one?" he asked.

"Definitely."

"It's yours," he told her.

And, as he said it, he cleared his throat for the unpleasant part that was coming. But it was not easy. He had left it too late. Marcia had gathered up her gloves and bag and was on the point of leaving.

"Thank you so much," she was saying. "Thank you for a lovely lunch. And thank you for showing me your snaps. Thank you."

It took Sir Harry some time to get her seated again. And saying what he had to say proved harder than he had anticipated. He was missing his afternoon sleep. In consequence, his mind no longer seemed as clear as it had been. It was inclined to wander.

He told Marcia that she was making a big mistake. He said that the one thing that counted with a woman was her reputation, adding that he was sorry that he hadn't met her when they were both younger.

He warned her against lying tongues. He asked whether she'd prefer a lump sum or so much monthly. He offered her a stereoscopic camera of her own if she'd promise to learn to use it properly. He said that no good ever came of trying to snatch at life.

He told her that she had the longest eyelashes he'd ever seen on a woman with the exception of an actress whose name began with the letter "L," which was all he could remember of it. He asked for a point-blank answer "yes" or "no," was she prepared to do as he said, or wasn't she?

It would have been a difficult argument, even for eminent counsel to follow. For Marcia it was frankly impossible. The fact that he had entirely omitted to mention Mr. Rammell's name only made it harder.

All the time he had been speaking, Marcia had simply been sitting there admiring him. Never in her life, she realised, had she been in the presence of a man so wonderfully vital, so dynamic. What he had been saying had been way above her head, she had to admit. But that was always

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Come to Victoria



1. Melbourne is a city in a forest, surrounded by 2,000 acres of beautiful parks and gardens. Here are some of the city's young giants dominating the Exhibition Gardens.

2. Anglesea, only a couple of hours run from Melbourne, where sea and mountains meet, and the hills are carpeted with an amazing variety of wild-flowers each Spring.

3. High in the crisp air of the Victorian Alps, motor boats race in spectacular regattas on Lake Omeo. Trout streams, marble caves, Alpine wildflowers and snow-clad peaks provide all-year-round attractions.

4. Melbourne, garden city of the South, is a blaze of flowers and colourful trees in Autumn. Here, sunshine and oak-leaves pattern the lawns in a quiet corner of the Royal Botanic Gardens.

you'll get a wonderful welcome



5. The lovely town of Bright is the North Eastern gateway to Australia's finest snowfields. Chalets, chair lifts, ski tows, ski schools and top class continental instructors are features of Mt. Hotham, Mt. Buller, Mt. Buffalo and Falls Creek.

6. Torquay is one of the most popular of Victoria's many wide, curving surf beaches where surf carnivals are a fascinating visitor attraction.

7. The blue waters of Maroondah Lake, 39 miles from Melbourne, are enfolded by Healesville's heavily-wooded mountains. It is approached by the scenically beautiful Maroondah Highway.

8. Skin divers and spear fishermen gather rich hauls in Victoria's "danger free" coastal waters.

from the holiday state



9. Looking back from Oliver's Hill to Frankston's curving strand of creamy sand. Gateway to the Mornington Peninsula, Frankston is ideal for "family" holidays, because of its miles of clean, safe beach.

10. Penguin Parade at Phillip Island. Between October and April each year, friendly Fairy Penguins parade in thousands each evening. Phillip Island is a sanctuary for many native birds and animals, including lovable koalas.

11. Largest inland city in Australia, Ballarat stages a striking "Begonia Festival" each March, with breathtakingly beautiful displays in the public gardens.

12. Marysville, a lovely mountain township surrounded by magnificent forest country. Waterfalls, superb vistas, trout fishing, ski-ing and a round of gay holiday attractions are special features at this popular holiday resort.

272 Collins St., Melbourne. MF 0202
28 Martin Place, Sydney. BW 8855
18 King William St., Adelaide. LA 4129
34 Lydiard St. Nth., Ballarat. B 5665
Charing Cross, Bendigo. B'digo 1855
Civic Centre, Deakin Ave., Mildura
Mildura 503
Brights Building, Moorabool Street
Geelong. Geelong 4232

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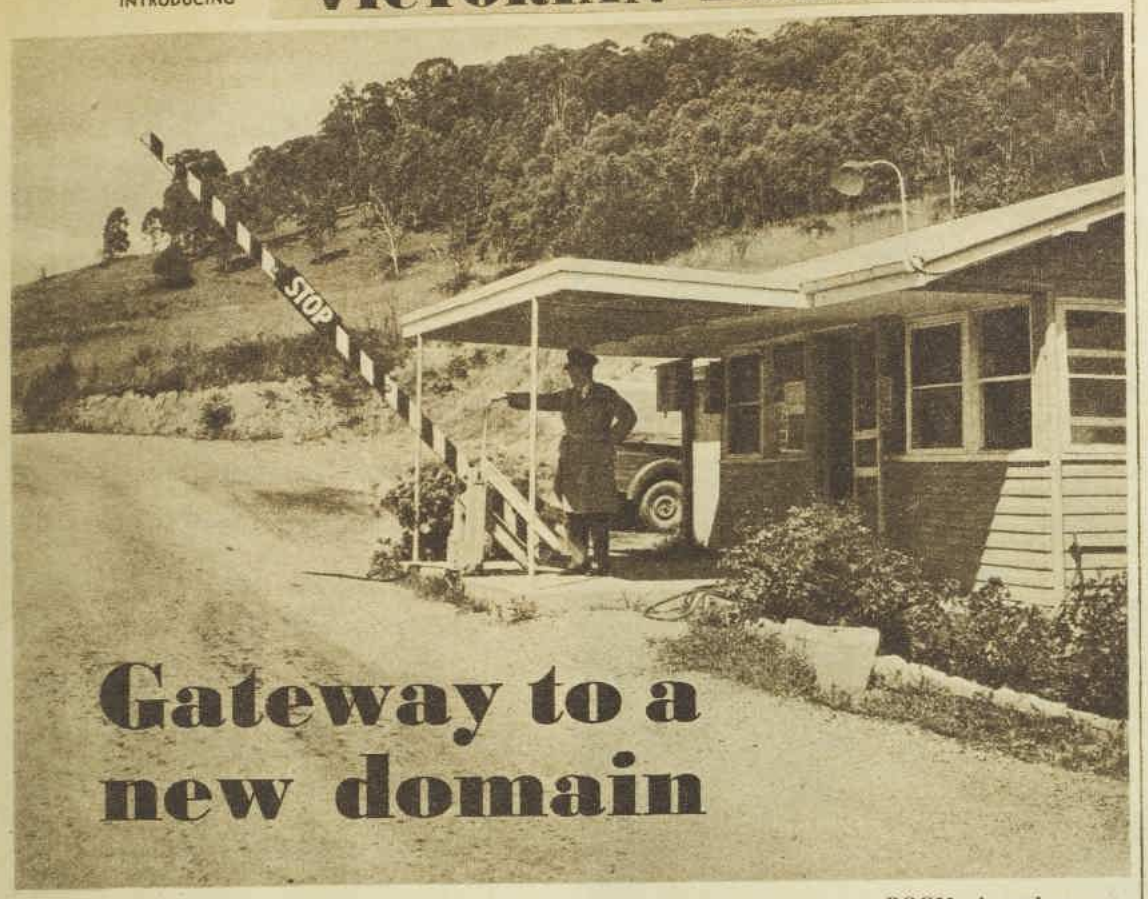
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INTRODUCING

VICTORIAN HOLIDAYS



Gateway to a new domain

● The opening of the Kiewa Hydro-Electric Scheme as a holiday area by the Victorian State Electricity Commission has provided a new tourist resort.

BOOM of gatehouse at the entrance to the Kiewa Hydro-Electric Scheme is raised to allow tourists to pass through into the area.

IT has been developed with the co-operation of the Tourist Development Authority of Victoria.

Formerly it was open only for day trippers.

Dominating the whole area is the State's highest mountain, Mount Bogong, 6509ft.

Comfortable tourist accommodation is available at Kiewa House, Bogong, and at Rocky Valley Chalet, Bogong High Plains. Both these buildings were previously occupied by Commission staff.

Between the two is Winter Haven Lodge at Falls Creek, which provides summer as well as winter accommodation at this now well-known ski village.

Kiewa House is ideally situated overlooking the smooth waters of Junction Dam, which is a trout fisherman's paradise.

Above the dam, where the Rocky Valley and Pretty Valley streams join to form the East Kiewa River, there are lovely tumbling waters ideal for paddlers and pools for not-so-expert swimmers. Experts swim in the dam.

There are two tennis courts, floodlit for night playing, and the whole area has many picnic spots and wonderful walks.

The Commission provides guides to show visitors round the hydro-electric scheme.

Regular bus services serve the area daily from Wangaratta, 70 miles away, and Albury, 67 miles.

Bogong High Plains are farther up in the snow country. Rocky Valley Chalet has full restaurant facilities for day tourists.

From the front of the long low building there is a view right down the beautiful Kiewa Valley, while behind is the recently completed Rocky Valley Dam.

Here there will soon be facilities for water ski-ing, yachting, and other boating. There is fishing here, too.

From these High Plains, where sometimes on a summer's day the clouds come down as thickly as a fog — and there could be a fall of "sago" snow in December — there are some excellent walks.

One specially good one is across to Mount Nelse at the back of Mount Spion Kopje. From Spion Kopje, the track goes to Tim's Lookout with its view of the "big river" country round the headwaters of the Mitta.

Falls Creek really comes into its own in the winter, for around here is some of the best snow country in Australia.

Last winter, for the first time, the S.E.C. and Tourist Development Authority kept the smooth and easy road to Falls Creek open right through the winter, and will be doing so each snow season from now on.

Gaily painted ski lodges, about 20 of them, are dotted round the sides of the mountain slopes, there's a ski school, toboggan runs, and some first-class ski runs.

There is also a chair-lift, the first to be built in Australia.

At the head of the Kiewa Valley, under Mount Beauty, is Mount Beauty township, and overlooking it is Mount Beauty Chalet, with well-equipped accommodation.

Mount Beauty is being developed as a general holiday centre. Attractive, modern, all-electric timber houses, formerly occupied by S.E.C. staff, are now being offered for sale as holiday homes. They range in price from £1150 to £2275.

There is tennis, golf, bowling, swimming, and trout-fishing.

About an hour's run from Mount Beauty is the Hume Weir, where there is fishing for cod, redfin, and trout.

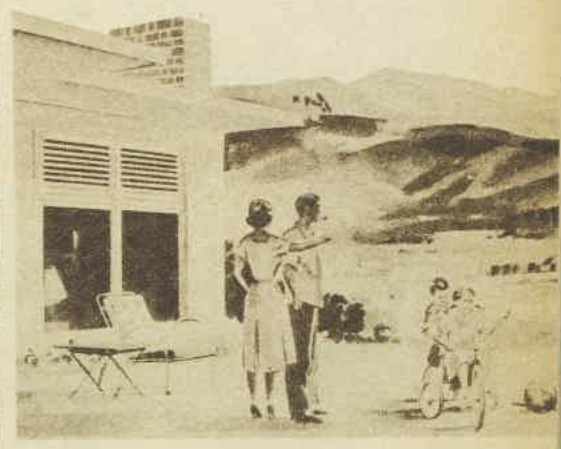
Mount Beauty makes an excellent starting point for car and bus tours round north-east Victoria.



SUNBATHERS drift lazily on surfboards on the calm waters of the Junction Dam.

Have a holiday home of your own at Mt. Beauty

in the glorious Kiewa Valley . . scenic playground of the Victorian Alps.



Attractive prices from as low as £1150 with easy terms and small deposit. Choose from a variety of well-built, 2, 3 and 4 bedroom homes. Enjoy modern facilities including electricity, water, sewerage

Nestling at the head of the lovely Kiewa Valley in the foothills of Victoria's highest mountains, lies the modern township of Mt. Beauty, only 60 miles by first-class roads south-east of Albury. Built by the State Electricity Commission of Victoria, homes at Mt. Beauty are now to be released to the public as work on the Kiewa Scheme nears completion. These are well-built houses with up-to-date amenities to make permanent or holiday living wonderfully carefree. Mt. Beauty is destined to become one of Australia's most popular mountain resorts. Make up your mind to have your own home there now. You will be making an investment that is sure to grow in value. Houses will be sold in the order applications and deposits are received, so you are advised to make an inspection soon.

EASY TERMS FROM

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DEPOSIT

Homes range in price from £1150 to £2275. Terms provide for a deposit of 25%, the balance payable over six years in monthly instalments of £16 - - including interest at 6 per cent per annum, with any balance payable by end of sixth year.

For further information and arrangements to inspect the houses, contact

Estate Officer,
State Electricity Commission,
247 Flinders Lane,
Melbourne — 'Phone 62-0241
or
S.E.C. General Superintendent,
Mt. Beauty — 'Phone Bright 48

M105

It's always holiday tin at Mt. Beauty



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You can go swimming in Kiewa river pool, hiking thro some of the most beau country in Australia, or trout f ing in the famous Kiewa ri

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VICTORIAN HOLIDAYS —CONTINUED

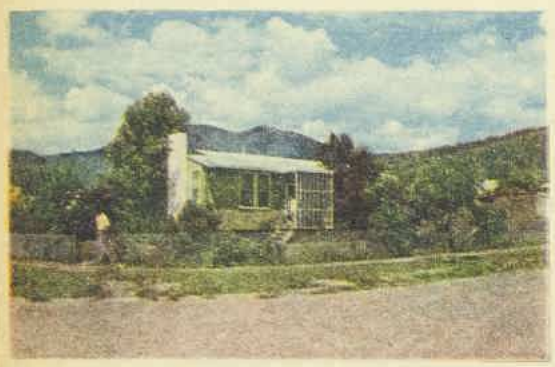




TROUT FISHERMEN cast in Kiewa River, about four miles from Mt. Beauty. Tennis, golf, bowling, and swimming are available nearby.

● Year-round holiday-makers can find enjoyment at these two lovely places—Kiewa, the Victorian State Hydro-Electric Scheme mountain area newly opened for visitors, and popular Gippsland Lakes. See also pages 31 and 34.

LEFT: Guests on the lawn outside Mt. Beauty Chalet, which has well-equipped accommodation for 144 guests, near Mt. Beauty township.



MODERN all-electric house at Mt. Beauty, typical of many former Hydro-Electric Scheme staff houses, now being offered for sale as holiday homes. Mt. Bogong rises in the background.



SKI VILLAGE at Falls Creek, where winter snow brings skiers from many States. Last year the authorities kept the road clear of snow.

PREPARING for speedboat spin on Rocky Valley Dam are Bert Crowther, Lorraine Smith, with boat, and John Reedy.

Lake and mo



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

February 10, 1960

Teenagers' WEEKLY



GO-TOGETHER FASHIONS
pages 8—9

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly. Not to be sold separately.

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LETTERS

A young mother's challenge

THE male ego infuriates me. In T.W., Jan. 6, a 15-year-old boy implied that girls are useless dolls. I CHALLENGE HIM. For three years I worked on Saturdays and holidays loading and unloading milk cans of 12½-gallon capacity. I served petrol at a station for all of one Christmas. Before and after school for three months I broke in 14 horses. Another time I strapped in a racing stable for a full summer season. Another Christmas I rode about eight miles to a farm, did stock work on horseback, chopped thistles, and fumigated rabbits. Often I averaged up to 100 miles a week for the six weeks of the school holidays. I am now just 19, and I have two sons, the youngest four months. Yet I say that with a suitable toughening-up period I could lick this so-called he-man! —*"Challenge," Hillside, Vic.*

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Our pin-up: *Frankie Davidson, good-looking young Melbourne rock, pop, and ballad singer, who is well known to eastern Australian television audiences, and last month became the first well-established television personality from the eastern States to appear on Western Australian television screens. Frankie began recording early last year.*

How she's grown

WHEN my parents persuade me to visit our relations, I have a horrible time. It usually starts with a kiss, the admiration of my clothes, but when it comes to "My, but how you've grown!" I just can't bear it. I tell Mum and she just laughs it off.—*Miss J. Gill, Brisbane.*

Dad's a square

MY father never agrees about anything in our home. He criticises all my friends, and finds fault with everything I do or say. My brother and I like listening to the "Top 40" on the radio, but my father doesn't think it's good for us. If we listen to anything on the radio at all, according to him, it's either stupid or bad, and he says it's no good, and tries to make us switch the radio off. Mum tries to get him to understand us, but he just won't. Mum always gets us presents, but he doesn't believe in Christmas or birthday presents. He refuses to let us have pocket money, and when Mum gives us some he says, "Oh, well, I'll just have to give your mother less, and then she can't give you any next time." We are only normal boys of 13 and 14½ years. Dad is a real square in my opinion, but I wish I could change him and have him as a pal like other boys have their fathers.—*"Sad Boy," Concord, N.S.W.*

Got her trip

BEFORE the end-of-term exams started, my Mum and Dad gave me a challenge. They said if I did well in my exams I could have a watch, and a trip to Melbourne. I think a challenge like this helps you to study, as you know there is something behind it. I got the watch and the trip to Melbourne.—*Helen Fitzgerald, Blackwood, S.A.*

Make-up confusion

TODAY there are so many types of make-up that I am continually confused. There's make-up for the cheeks, chin, lips, and eyes. Surely the menfolk are attracted by our personality and nature, not by that sticky stuff with which we adorn ourselves? Why can't we all be like Mai Britt and show everyone pretty freckles—not a layer of muck.—*L.R.B., Wynacka, S.A.*



LORRAINE BECKET
. . . very nice when warm.

Prefers shorts

WHY do older people object when teenagers wear shorts and beach rompers? I think shorts look very nice in the warm weather. And most of my friends agree.—*Lorraine Becket, Albert Park, Vic.*

Her bird pals

I AM a teenager of 14, but my parents do not think I am old enough to join teenage clubs, or go to rock-'n-roll dances. While I am waiting to be allowed to be a real teenager I study birds in the backyard of my home. I feed a dozen kookaburras, peewees, and other birds. The kookas are tame enough for me to stroke them. My father says I am "too old for toys and too young for boys." So I have birds.—*Marion Smeaton, Glenbrook, N.S.W.*

Proud of Dad

"FISHY," of Brisbane, said she was proud of her father for being a fisherman. I think everybody should be proud of their father. Dad won the M.M. for bravery in the war and was Mentioned in Dispatches many times. He has many scars of victory, and even his leg has been shortened, but he still managed to raise a family of four. I am 14 years and am the oldest.—*"Proud Teen," Brisbane.*

Impersonal pen

DON'T you agree that ball-point pens tend to rob writing of personality? Ball-point writing to me seems as scrawly as a doctor's prescription, and as impersonal as a typewritten circular. My friends and I make a point of never using them except for rare notes. They are fine in the office, but that's all.—*Lorraine Shean, Baradine, N.S.W.*

Poor chaser

WHEN my girl-friend likes a boy she chases him and ends up getting him, but when I do the same thing I make a fool of myself and the boy only dislikes me more. What has my friend got that I haven't?—*"Fool," Perth.*

Education NOT wasted on girls

● Pam McPherson (T.W. 13/1/60) is on her own in saying that girls should not have a long education "because as soon as they have finished they will most likely get married." Of the scores of letters in reply, NOT ONE supported her.

GIRLS should have as much education as possible to be fitted for marriage. I have to be a shorthand-typist to copy my husband's correspondence, a mathematician to handle the shopping lists, bills, taxation, etc., a linguist to converse with his friends, a psychologist, botanist, nurse — need I go on to convince Pam and any who think like her?—*Paddy Robson, Caringbah, N.S.W.*

I'M not going to stress that cliche "Educate a woman and you educate a family, "but doesn't Pam realise that she will need a good job even after she is married so she and her husband can pay off a house, a car, a TV set, a 72-cubic-foot Hi-fi stereophonic radiogram - refrigerator-cocktail cabinet, and all the other necessities for a happy home? Besides, hasn't she noticed that men with brains and glamorous jobs seem to prefer girls with brains and glamorous jobs?—*Diana Collings, Epping, N.S.W.*

THE main reason girls do get married early is that they have not had a complete education and in turn cannot follow a career other than working in a factory or behind a counter in a store.—*Sandra Cantwell, Belmont, N.S.W.*

THERE will come a time in our lives when rock-'n-roll records and similar teenage amusements will cease to satisfy. It is then that we will seek "the various beautiful and interesting objects which men have made in the past and handed down to us, and which some of us are hoping to hand on." And there could be no better recipients for this transmission of culture than our own children.—*Elaine Peterson, Telopea, N.S.W.*

SURELY we are now living in an age where a woman's role in society is just as important as that of the man. Even if a girl does marry young, a good education does by no means become a burden. — *Natalie Danilshenko, Fairfield, N.S.W.*

IF Pam was educated to newspaper-reading standard she would discover that girls, as well as boys, need a long or at least a good education. As the newspapers testify, America and Russia are battling for scientific supremacy and Australians are now realising that we urgently need many more highly trained people. This can only be achieved if women as well as men are receiving higher education. As if marriage put an end to work! If Pam read the headlines she would see that each week many young men killed in factory and road accidents leave behind wives who must then find work to support their young children. Turning to the "Positions Vacant" columns, Pam would see ". . . Intermediate Certificate essential, Leaving Certificate preferred," or ". . . applicant must have a degree in Arts or Science."—*"Pro Education," Dundas, N.S.W*

AN education is never wasted, for even when one is married there may come a necessity to work, and then a girl will be glad of her good education, as she will be able to get a better job than a girl whose education is not complete. Every girl ought to be well educated, whether she has a job or not.—*"Teener," Salisbury, S.A.*

IF a girl has only a small education, what is going to happen when she is a mother and is asked all sorts of homework questions by her children?—*"Get with it," Ainslie, A.C.T.*

MANY people have the wrong idea that all learning at the University is confined to Mathematics, Science, and Languages, thereby turning out a person who has little or no idea of cooking, home planning, or rearing children. An educated woman is well acquainted with the powers of logic and the worth of hard work. She will be equipped to plan and furnish a house tastefully and economically, and rear children who are well balanced and have a varied number of interests.—*"Common Sense," Rockhampton, Qld.*

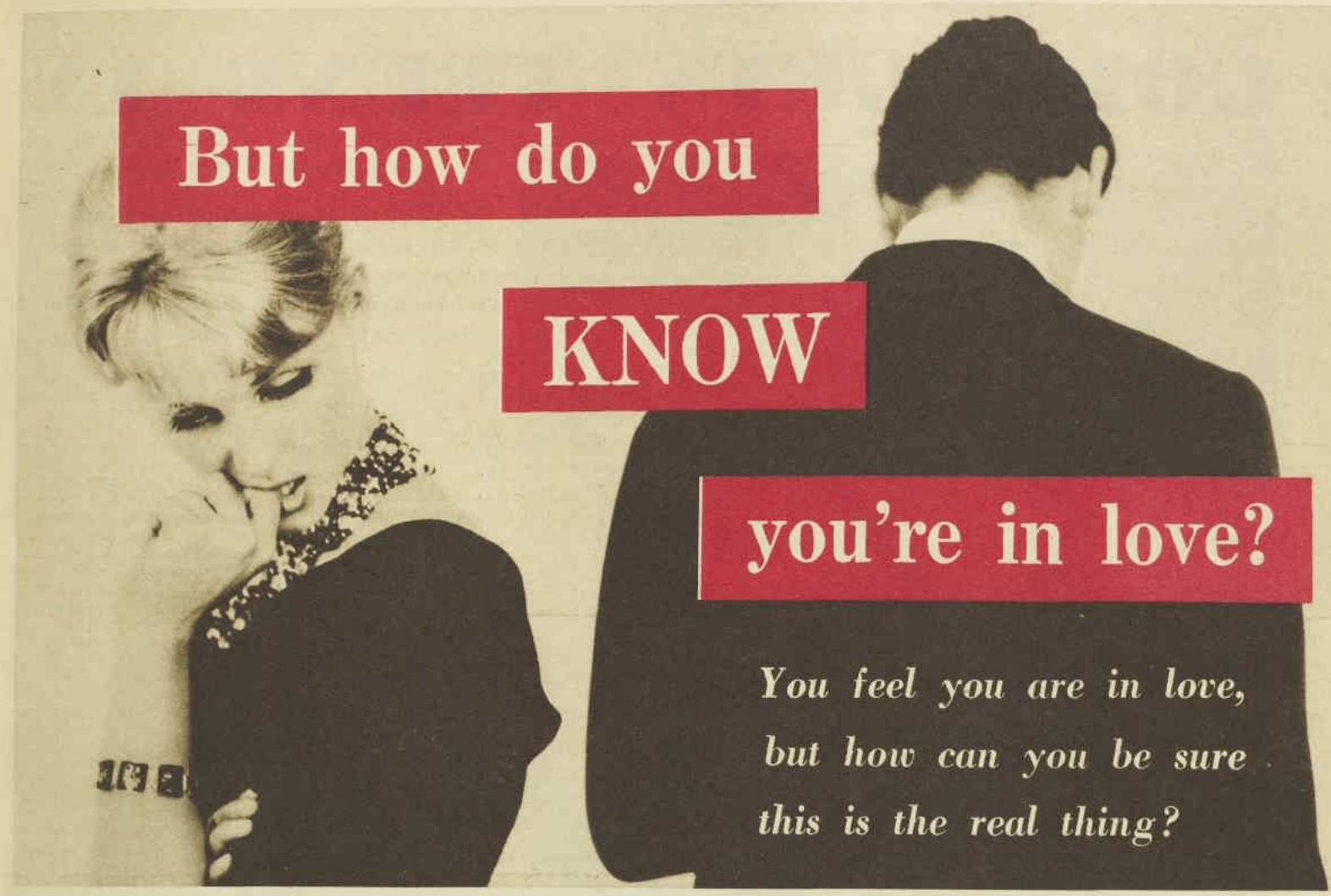


MARGARETT NEUMANN
. . they learn from mother.

IF all girls had only a short education what a hopeless lot of "clods" we would be. Boys like girls to be a little intelligent, and with only a small education a girl wouldn't even get married. Where would she be then? There is a job for everyone to do on earth and how can anyone hope to fulfil that job to the best of their ability without a good education?—*"Education," Tatura, Vic.*

GIRLS most certainly should have higher education. Not every girl marries, and even for those who do, it can become most important in later life. If the husband dies or is permanently injured, where is the money to come from? If the wife has had higher education it will be easier for her to obtain a position and so become the breadwinner. The mother, too, needs a sound knowledge to answer properly the questions of the little ones. After all, she is with them the most, and it is from her that they learn many things in the early stages of life —things never forgotten. Education is never wasted.—*Margarett Neumann, Brisbane.*

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But how do you KNOW you're in love?

You feel you are in love, but how can you be sure this is the real thing?

● I didn't hear heavenly choirs singing, but the symptoms were unmistakable. I was falling in love. I knew.

By
JUNE PAGE

THEN . . . Well, he chewed his fingernails for one thing, and I started falling fast out of love.

My little pink cloud dropped heavily somewhere round my ankles and I felt flat and disillusioned.

What had happened to my judgment? A few days ago the chewed fingernails hadn't mattered. But now . . .!

And it wasn't the first time I'd been mistaken about this Love feeling. Cupid had been pretty stupid all along.

You try to explain that it's not right to get married until you're in love—until you know you are permanently and definitely in love with one person.

But how can you *know* you're in love?

Some day—and soon—I had to stay put, IN love. Already, Father's saying pointed little things like "A girl doesn't get many chances, dear, no one's perfect, don't forget."

So you start asking people who should know. The family friend who's just about to celebrate 20 years of happily married life smiles devilishly and says he has no comment to make.

Then you look to married friends in your own age group. Some of them are obviously unhappily married. Others give the impression, with a few dears and darlings tossed around in front of people, that they are in love, but you feel that it's false.

But there's one couple who are bound to know. I went to school with Anna, and I know she'd be perfectly honest about it. It's surprising that she's so in love with Robert, because she had always been in love with "someone" before she met him. How could she KNOW that she was more permanently in love with him than all the others?

"Well, I don't suppose I ever thought about it. I just knew," she said.

But did she know the very first time she met him that he was the one?

Anna thought: "No. I was really terribly in love with Simon at the time. You know how crazy I was about HIM. Well, with Robert, I just clicked.

"To begin with I noticed him in the room before anyone else. I was attracted to him. And I'm sure you can't really start to be in love with someone who doesn't attract you to start with.

"I must admit that our first conversation wasn't terribly romantic or exciting — don't forget I was still madly in love with Simon. But, somehow, I just felt at ease with Robert. Then I remember being pretty bucked that he seemed to be interested in the same things as I did.

"Later Robert asked me out, and I went, partly, I kidded myself, to make Simon jealous. But I had a sneaking feeling I really wanted to go on dates with Robert. I remember I used to get fairly excited (you know that feeling) just before he arrived to call for me.

"I used to feel so comfortable just being with him, as well as being excited, too. I felt I could tell him anything — even my maddest thoughts, and he wouldn't think I was crazy.

"I suppose that's because we seemed to think the same way. Also, a wonderful thing about us was that we both had the same sort of upbringing, so there was no jarring about things that we both thought were important.

"Well, the upshot of it all was that I didn't want to go out with Simon or any other boys. And it's surprising how soon they dropped me. I'd thought, of course, they were mad about me.

"When Robert asked me to marry him, I wasn't so keen, though, oh, I was keen on him, but I didn't know if I wanted to be tied down so soon.

"He was pretty hurt about this, I remember, though he said he'd wait if I wanted to. We saw each other off and on, and then I heard from a friend that he'd taken out someone else. I suppose I was more worried than jealous. I knew the other girl and I knew she wasn't nearly so 'suitable' — horrible word, but it applies — for him, as I was.

"And I started to think seriously about all the good things in our relationship. There were lots of little things about him that irritated me, but when it came to the big basic issues I admired and respected him.

"There was another thing that I thought was quite important. I didn't ever talk to my friends about him and tell funny, odd little stories that would have hurt him had he heard, the way I used to about other blokes.

"Somehow, I respected him too much.

"Well, I sorted out all this, and decided that next time I saw Robert I'd marry him right away.

"So that's that. And look how happy we are now. Mind you, it's been a bit of a struggle, but we're not too badly off. I think it would have been hopeless, if I had to change my whole pattern of life and live in a different way — either much richer or much poorer than the way I've been brought up.

"You see, this is the sort of life I always wanted to lead. I like having people in, and fortunately Robert and I like the same sort of people, and the important thing is that I like hearing about Robert's work — all men like to talk about their jobs — and I'm fascinated by his advertising job.

"But he's so sweet, too, that he seems genuinely interested in my ordinary domestic chores. It's the give and take about being in love that I go for in a big way.

"But," and Anna looked thoughtful, "I'm glad I was in and out of love with a lot of blokes before I finally settled down, because I know now that Robert and I are right.

"And, sometimes, when I look around our happily married friends, I really doubt if some of them will stand the test, the way Robert's and mine will.

"You see, lots of the others had been going steady for years before they got married and they'd hardly ever been out with anyone else. That doesn't seem to matter now, but it might later, when they've got time to look around and see others who might have been more suitable and exciting to marry. It'll be too late then, of course."

So don't worry about being in and out of love with several people. Everyone has a handful of boys they could easily be in love with and that's so good because the world doesn't really end when you're knocked back.

You'll *know* when you're in love, and that's the time it will be mutual. It just happens.

Romance and just being your own thoughtful matchmaker makes it happen.

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GOLF GETS TEENS IN



WAITING to hit off from the fourth tee at Yarra Bend Golf Links, Victoria, are (from left) Michael Innes, Peter Cunningham, and David Saunders. The boys played golf nearly every week during their school holidays.



ABOVE: Janice Kerr holds the flag to mark the hole for fiance Laurie Gailey's putt. Laurie and his friends John Delaney (left) and Doug Bridgman are teaching Janice all they know about golf.



FOURSOME of pretty girls (from left), Anthea Brady, Judy Alexander, Chris McDonald, and Christine Fyfe, all of Melbourne, are some of the new golf enthusiasts.

By Sheila McFarlane

● Golf, one-time middle-aged man's sport, is having its biggest and youngest boom ever in Australia, following the international Canada Cup tournament which was played in Melbourne last year.

BUT the Canada Cup is only one reason why, after only a few rounds, teenagers are going crazy about the ancient game.

Golf is believed to have been played in Scotland as early as 1100, and there are definite records showing it was played at least as early as 1457.

Its origin is accredited to Scottish shepherd boys, who are believed to have initiated the game by knocking stones into holes with their crooks to while away time while watching their flocks.

Its popularity has been gaining momentum among younger sets for the past ten years, during which young people have sailed on a king tide of financial comfort.

Previously golf has been out of reach and so out of mind of the average young person because it's a relatively expensive sport, and transport alone would have been a 'problem, with so many courses way off the beaten track. Today young people generally have both the means and the transport.

"Peter Thomson is also to be thanked for much of the youngsters' interest, because he has become something of an idol to them," says one experienced golfer.

Sports stores report "fantastic" sales of golfing equipment to younger-than-usual customers recently, and toy departments report complete sellouts of golf sets.

Parents are happy about the new craze, because it's an ideal way to teach youngsters to mix easily.

Because golf carries a fairly strict code of etiquette it also teaches them good manners.

Incidentally, high on the list of accepted golf manners are:

● Don't move, talk, stand close to or directly behind the ball or the hole when a player is making a stroke.

● Don't play until the match in front is out of range, but don't unnecessarily delay play.

● When overtaken by a following match while searching for your ball or because of your own slow play, signal to the overtaking players to pass, then wait until they are out of range before continuing play.

● Always replace divots you cut in the turf and fill in holes and footmarks you make in bunker sand before moving on.

Golf Foundation of Australia, a non-profit-making company affiliated with similar foundations in Britain, the United States, and New Zealand, is helping along this new enthusiasm by providing tuition in schools, golf "clinics," and tournaments for juniors.

Cheap tuition

This year the foundation will provide professional tuition in 60 Victorian schools for a fee of only 2/- per lesson.

It will extend its services to New South Wales schools during the first term of the year, and later to schools in other States. Certificates are awarded by the foundation at the end of a successful term, and its executives are negotiating with golf clubs for recognition of these certificates and a possible reduced rate of joining for holders of them.

At Yarra Bend, a popular public golf course only four miles out of Melbourne, the number of juniors playing this summer has risen 100 per cent. on previous years.

"They're not coming just for the sake of trotting around the course with a golf stick, either," Mr. W. J. Cox, secretary of Yarra Bend, said. "They are really keen, and—don't say it too loudly—many could teach the older players a thing or two about swinging a club."

Professionals Graham Campbell and Kel Llewellyn gave lessons there from dawn till dark seven days a week during the summer holidays.

Most Victorian golf clubs are making provision in their articles to give some encouraging privileges to juniors.

And clubs in other States give similar encouragement to the teenage player.

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...and here's how to play

● Nineteen-year-old Kel Llewellyn, who's the assistant-professional at Yarra Bend Golf Links, Melbourne, shows some of the vital points of golf, a game that looks easier than it really is.

KEL, who began playing golf only five years ago, has won competition purses at Yarrawonga, Mildura, and Heidelberg.

"The game can be confusing because there are so many things to think of at once," he says.

"Grip on the club is more important than many people realise. The little finger of the right hand must overlap the forefinger of the left so that both hands work in unison.

"Keeping the head very still, the eyes never away from the back of the ball—not the top—is another vital point.

"Comfortable shoes and a firm grip with your feet are important, too.

"But cheer up, there are only nine bad errors you can make."

And here they are:

1. **Hooking**—caused by having the club turned in towards you.
2. **Slicing**—caused by hitting across the ball.
3. **Pulling**—pulling the swing too far to the left or right of the target.
4. **Pushing**—caused by turning club face outwards.
5. **Shanking**—hitting the ball off the socket of the club.
6. **Sclaffing**—hitting turf behind the ball before hitting the ball.
7. **Skying**—hitting high in the air without distance.
8. **Topping**—hitting the top of the ball instead of the back.
9. **Smothering**—hitting the ball into the ground with closed (turned too far towards you) club face.

If you are guilty of several of these faults, Kel advises you to tackle each one separately, eliminating them one by one.

He suggests that young golfers buy clubs gradually so they can afford good ones.

Numbers 3, 5, 7, wedge, and putter are the basic irons you need, and 2 and 4 the basic woods.

This collection, which will cost £50 or more, will serve you very well until you complete the set, which, including a good bag, might amount to £130. But golf clubs last you all your life.

"Clubs are like cars—a bad risk second-hand," Kel said. "Like cars, you never know what you're buying when they're not brand new, and it's extremely difficult to pick up a well-matched set of second-hand clubs."

Half-hour lessons on most public courses cost about 12/6, and Kel says six to eight lessons would be a good grounding for a beginner. Occasional check-up lessons later when you are not clear on any points are all that should be needed after that.



GRIP. Take club in left hand, between the first two fingers and palm, with thumb slightly to right of centre. Place right hand on club, little finger overlapping forefinger of left hand. Make a V of right thumb and forefinger, pointing towards your right cheek.



STANCE AND GRIP at tee. Place both feet square to club, about the width of your shoulders apart. Don't grip the club like an axe. Most golfers develop their own special grip, but beginners should follow the advice of professionals and more experienced players at first.



BOTH ARMS should be extended to make wide arc. Kel shows the correct position halfway through the upward movement of the stroke. Take the club away along the ground, moving left knee, arms, shoulders, and hips all at once in a smooth, controlled pivot-like action.



STRAIGHT LEFT ARM is essential. The body should turn in a pivot, without swaying, until hips are turned at angle of about 45 degrees and shoulders at about 90 degrees. Here Kel is at the top of his stroke, ready to pull down with his left arm to drive the ball cleanly.



BEST TIP Kel Llewellyn has been given is to start the down-swing with a conscious effort to pull down with the left arm, inside the line of flight, and to keep the left arm in control throughout the swing, with the wrists cocked, as correctly as possible, in the hitting area.



FOLLOW-THROUGH is important, too. The swing should be carried right through after hitting the ball. If the stroke has not been played correctly a smooth follow-through is not possible. And remember: always keep your eye on the ball.



APPROACHING GREEN. Use shorter grip on club to address ball. The grip, although farther down the club, is the same as before. Place feet closer together, with weight slightly more on left foot, begin with hands in front of ball.



LENGTH of back swing, when approaching green, is determined by length of the shot needed. The shorter the distance the ball must travel, the shorter the back swing need be. Here Kel is making a half-swing for a tricky 45 yards shot.



PUTTING. Kel advises a comfortable stance to suit yourself. The ball should be in front, on a line midway between your feet, and your head should be held directly over the ball. Keep the putter straight, follow straight back and through.

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FOR PETE'S SAKE



"Roo — Poo!" exclaimed Chloe, her lip curling in horror.

I MARRIED Chloe right after we finished college, and it is to this fine woman that I am indebted for the great discovery of my life.

Until the blessed day when I met Chloe I had spun from girl to girl in a mad tarantella of unappeased longing.

Girls! Girls! Girls! Although I owe everything I am to them, was there to be no cure for my incessant involvements?

And then I married Chloe — and peace! I never fell in love again. Marriage — and here is the great discovery! — marriage is the cure for girls!

Sure, I still notice pretty girls when they come switching by, and how about you, Charlie? But I mean, *it stops right there*. So now at last I'm free to turn to practical matters. For instance, money.

I'm not looking to be rich, mind you. All I want is what any married man wants—a modest nestegg, a hedge against adversity. Chloe has helped me in the pursuit of this simple objective—like a kink in an air-hose helps a deep-sea diver, like sugar helps diabetes.

The trouble started early in our marriage. For the first few months she busied herself with furnishing our little apartment, with studying cookbooks, with exploring New York where I had found employment. Her great, clawing drive toward motherhood was for the moment dormant.

But, of course, it could not last. One night I came home with a handful of inexpensive flora to celebrate the seventh month of our marriage and found Chloe incandescent with joyous tidings. "Darling," she said, kissing my eyes, ears, nose, and throat, "I've decided that we're going to have a baby."

"Sweetheart," I said, forcing a wintry smile, "of course we're going to have a baby — lots of babies. But right now we're trying to accumulate a little nestegg. Remember?"

"Oh, pish-posh!" she said airily. "Babies cost hardly anything." And proceeded to argue so knowledgably that I was persuaded.

That was eight years ago. Today I know that if instead of having a baby I had taken my wife out and had her gold-plated I would be way ahead.

I mean, of course, financially. In every other respect I am delighted with our son Pete.

He is a fine, freckled little fellow, well formed, bright, courteous, quick to smile, and friendly as a pup. When I can forget that he keeps me teetering on the brink of bankruptcy I love him madly.

FROM the beginning that kid has cost me a bundle. Even before the beginning.

When Chloe first learned she was pregnant she tore right out and bought an assortment of medicines that must have provided our apothecary with funds for a world cruise. "What is all this?" I asked, fighting back vertigo as I looked over a half-acre of nostrums.

"Oh, iron, calcium, vitamins — stuff like that," she replied lightly.

"But why do you need so much?" I asked, staring in horror at the vast display of medicine bottles.

"For the baby," she explained. "I take them now so the baby will be born sturdy and healthy. This is called prenatal care."

"Madam," I said feelingly, "if the gestation period were nine years instead of nine months you would be hard pressed to devour all these capsules. Take them back."

"I will not!" she declared, with a burst of ferocity I hadn't thought her capable of. "I want my baby to be strong and straight."

"How strong and straight can he get? Chloe, you've got half a million dollars' worth of pills here."

"I don't care!" she answered, her eyes blazing. "I'm not going to skimp when it comes to my baby. If I have to, I'll save on other things. I won't buy new clothes. I'll stop entertaining. I'll do my own hair. But my baby is going to have the best of everything!"

In the face of such passion I fell into an abashed silence.

This was only the beginning — this mass purchase of vitamins and minerals. The next day she really drew blood. She announced that during her pregnancy she would be attended not by old Dr. Horowitz, our regular family physician, but by young Dr. Merivale, a Park Avenue obstetrician.

"What is the matter with Dr. Horowitz?" I asked. "He may be a bit rumpled, but who looks for chic in a medical man?"

"Dr. Horowitz is just a general practitioner. I want a specialist for my baby," said Chloe.

"But Dr. Horowitz knows all about obstetrics," I protested, "and he is much cheaper than Dr. Merivale."

"Why don't you send me to a midwife, you stingy, hateful man?" retorted Chloe, bursting into tears.

"Really, Chloe," I said earnestly, "Dr. Horowitz has delivered thousands of babies. In fact, he delivered Dr. Merivale."

BUT she was not to be persuaded; it had to be Dr. Merivale. At a fee that tore the heart and liver out of my savings, he performed a delivery that Dr. Horowitz would have done for one-tenth the money. In fact, any cop in the city would have done it for a cigar.

But I must say I forgot all about the price when I went to the nursery and saw my son Pete. Even as a whelp he was good to look upon.

And later, when I saw Chloe holding young Pete for the first time, I went slack with rapture. Pride warmed my blood; love quickened my respiration. There is nothing so beautiful as a mother with her first child. There is nothing so touching. There is nothing so expensive.

After a week Chloe and Pete came home from the hospital. We were living then in an apartment on West 105th Street — living-room, dinette, kitchen, two bedrooms, and a large storage closet.

One day when Pete was about six months old it occurred to me that the storage closet would make a fine playroom for Pete. I told Chloe all about it. "I'll paint it white and put decals on the walls and build bookshelves and make a toybox and——"

"It is a needless expense," interrupted my wife.

I blinked in astonishment. Could I have heard her correctly? "Perhaps I didn't make myself clear," I said. "I want to spend some money on the baby."

"I know," said Chloe. "It is a needless expense."

"Why?"

"Because we have to buy a house in the country."

"Chloe," I gasped, "you are unhinged. What do we need with a house in the country?"

"For Pete," she answered promptly. "He must have grass and trees and fresh air."

"What is Central Park?" I shrieked. "A dungeon?"

"Central Park is no substitute for your own backyard, or for living in a small homy town with a friendly community spirit and woods and streams and nature, and don't shout at me."

I argued. Passionately, cogently, earnestly, I described the expense involved in country living — the train tickets, the mortgage, the taxes, the fuel bills, the gardening, the plumbing, the roofing, the painting, the thousand sneaky items that make householding horrid.

My arguments were unanswerable, but Chloe found an answer—her usual one.

SHE would go without, she would make do, she would scrape and save and save and deny herself the very essentials of life if need be, but Pete must have a house in the country. And so, for Pete's sake, we moved to the country.

One night—Pete was three years old at the time—Chloe and I had a conversation about our son. Let me reproduce it for you.

We had just put Pete to bed and were sitting in the living-room. "Isn't he a fine boy?" said Chloe, smiling ecstatically.

"He certainly is," I agreed. "And healthy, too."

"Yes, very healthy," said she.

"I would like to talk to you about his health," said I.

"Yes?" said she.

"His diet, I take it, is well balanced?"

The Life and Loves of Dobie Gillis

By Max Shulman

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820838

A dog! That would be the answer!

"Oh, yes. He eats a very scientific diet."

"It contains all the required vitamins, minerals, and other nutrients?"

"But of course," she replied.

"So how come you are buying him all those expensive, fishy-smelling concentrates?"

"Those are a supplement," she explained.

"You told me he gets everything he requires from his diet. What does he need with a supplement?"

"Fie, Dobie!" she cried, pointing a scornful finger at me. "Is money more important to you than a healthy child?"

"If he's so healthy, how come you rush him to the doctor for checkups every single month?" asked I.

"Just to make sure there's nothing wrong."

"The kid is ruddy as an apple. His chest is bigger than mine. What could be wrong?"

"I'm sorry," said Chloe, her color rising, "but I regard medical care for my child as necessary."

"All right," said I. "Let us discuss dental care. Did you or did you not take Pete to the dentist last week?"

"I did."

"Did he or did he not have a tooth filled?"

"He did."

"Would you mind explaining to me why you have a baby tooth filled that is going to fall out, anyway?"

"Because the dentist told me that when a baby tooth is prematurely lost the other teeth drift and the jaw may become misshapen."

"Did the dentist also tell you that he just bought a new Cadillac?"

"Dobie, I don't like your attitude," said Chloe, looking at me with grave concern. "It troubles me. What kind of father are you?"

"An insolvent one."

"Is that all you think about—money? Don't you love your son? Don't you want him to have the common, ordinary things that every child has: good food, good care, good playthings? Don't you want your child well-rounded?"

"Uh-huh," said I.

"Me, too," said Chloe, "that's why I'm sending him to nursery school next week.

I FELT the blood rush to my head.

"Why," I said weakly, "are you sending him to nursery school?"

"To develop him socially," she replied. "He needs the company of other children."

"Chloe," I said in a shaky vibrato, "the families in this community are reproducing like mice. The streets are choked with children. Why don't you just put Pete outside?"

"A child needs guided play," said Chloe.

"And a woman needs a firm hand!" I thundered, rising to my full height. "Pete is not going to nursery school, and that's final!"

In reply to this ultimatum, Chloe stated that if need be she would hire out as a charwoman, but Pete, by heck, was going to nursery school.

As usual I wailed and gnashed my teeth and flung myself about, and as usual Chloe prevailed.

.

This scene, with variations, was repeated regularly during the following three years; my dream of a nestegg receded farther and farther. Then Pete entered public school, and hope was kindled anew in my breast.

"Chloe," I said, stroking her hand, "listen to me, sweetheart. Pete is a big boy now. He is going to public school. There he will get guided play and educational toys and all kinds of wonderful things. Maybe now you won't have to spend so much money on Pete. Huh, Chloe?"

"I am enrolling him in ballet school next Saturday."

I overcame a strong urge to bite her to death. "Darling," I said calmly, "please don't enrol him in ballet school next Saturday."

"But why not? Don't you want him to have all the advantages?"

"Yes, dear," I said, still calm. "But I would like to have an advantage myself. As you may recall, I have been trying for many years to accumulate a small nestegg."

"I know, dear," said Chloe kindly, patting my haunch. "But we must forget our own petty ambitions. Everything is for Pete now. After all, we've lived our lives."

"What are you talking about?" I screamed, stamping both feet. "I am twenty-nine years old!"

I screamed some other things, too, but nothing helped. Pete went to ballet school on Saturday.

HE lasted a few weeks; then Chloe took him out. "He liked it at the beginning," she reported, "but then he got tired of it. Naturally, I'm not going to force him to go."

"Naturally not," I said. "Did they give you a refund?"

"Don't you ever think of anything but money? No, they didn't give me a refund."

"Swell," I mumbled.

"I'm putting Pete in a fencing class," said Chloe.

"Why?" said I. "Almost nobody fights duels any more."

My wit was lost on Chloe. Into fencing class went Pete, and, in a short time, out of it. Next came art lessons. Then there was a dramatics class, and after that a class in handicrafts. And then came The Case of the Sailing Camp.

.

One night last May I got home and found Chloe skulking around with the truculent expression that always meant money. "What now?" I said nervously.

"Sailing camp for Pete," she answered. "All of Pete's friends are going to sailing camp this summer, and so is he!"

I licked my lips. "How much?" I said.

"It will be a wonderful experience for him, and all of his friends are going and we can't let him sit home alone while everyone else goes and—"

"How much?" I repeated hollowly.

"Two hundred dollars," said Chloe.

I gibbered. Until that moment I didn't really know what gibbering was, but I gibbered. I gibbered and ran out of the house, and into the nearest bar.

I ordered a whisky. I drank it. I ordered another. I didn't drink it. Suddenly, looking into the glass, I saw Pete's face—poor little Pete, sitting home all alone while his pals went out sailing. Could I do it to him? Could I be so hard-hearted as to leave the poor kid all by himself at home, without a friend, without a playmate, without even a dog?

Suddenly I blinked and sat bolt upright. A dog! That was the answer! Get the boy a dog.

That would make up for the sailing camp, the kid wouldn't be alone all summer, I wouldn't be a heel, and the two hundred dollars would stay in the bank where it belonged. A dog—the perfect solution!

"Chloe!" I cried, rushing into the house. "I've got it! I know what to do with Pete this summer."

"What?" she said, poisonously. "Apprentice him to a chimney sweep?"

"Now just a minute," I said, bristling. "I've had enough cracks. I love that kid as much as you do, and if I could afford to send him to sailing camp I would. But I can't, so I won't. And that's final."

"So he stays home alone all summer."

"He won't be alone. We're going to get him a dog."

Encouraged by the flicker of interest in Chloe's sullen eyes, I went on to describe the joys of owning a dog.

"Pete won't miss the sailing camp," I said in conclusion. "He'll be the happiest kid in town."

"Well, maybe," said Chloe, grudgingly.

I took her hands in mine. I drew her close. I nuzzled her cheek. I nibbled her ear. "Sweetheart," I whispered, "let's kiss and make up."

This we did forthwith, to my immense satisfaction. As previously noted, I love that spendthrift.

"When will you get the dog?" she asked.

"Tomorrow," I replied, stroking her nape. "First thing tomorrow I'll go down to the dog pound and pick out the best they got."

"Dog pound?" she cried, wrenching herself out of my arms. "Is that where you're going to get a dog?"

"But, of course," I said, looking with surprise at her trembling lip. "What did I do now?"

"You'll bring no dog-pound mongrels into this house," declared Chloe. "My child is not going to have some strange, misshapen, diseased mutt. If Pete has a dog, it'll be a pure-bred dog from a good kennel with a good pedigree."

"Hm," I said, feeling a pall fold around me. I knew absolutely nothing about dogs, but I remembered hearing that pedigreed pups cost fifty, seventy-five, even a hundred dollars. It was obvious now that I was not going to escape unhurt from this evening's brawl . . . But still, I thought with a slight rallying of spirits, fifty dollars for a dog was better than two hundred for sailing camp. And besides, with a little haggling we might get a dog for less than fifty.

"All right," I said to Chloe. "We'll get him a pedigreed dog."

At this point young Pete came into the house. "Well?" he said, addressing his mother. "Talk him into it?"

"Dear," said Chloe gently, "I'm afraid we can't afford to send you to sailing camp this year."

Tears welled to Pete's eyes. "But listen, son," I said hastily, "we're going to buy you a dog."

HOLDING our breaths, Chloe and I watched to see how Pete would accept the substitute. For a minute his face was completely expressionless. Then a big smile broke out on it. Then on Chloe's. Then on mine.

"What kind of dog would you like, dear?" asked Chloe.

"Gee, I don't know," he said. "But I've got a book in my room with all kinds of pictures of dogs. Let's go and look."

So we went to his room, where he had a big book called, inevitably, *Man's Best Friend*, illustrated with photos of every known breed. We sat down, the three of us, on Pete's bed and leafed through the pages.

"Here's one I like," said Pete, pointing at a picture of a boxer.

"Oh, that's a very nice dog," said Chloe. She read the caption under the picture: "'The boxer is a magnificent beast, a rare combination of courage and gentleness, high spirits and obedience. Small wonder that he has become one of America's most popular breeds.'"

True, I thought glumly, the boxer was a popular breed, and that is precisely why I didn't want one. Though I was a total ignoramus about dogs, I did know a thing or two about merchandising.

I knew, for instance, that when an item is selling briskly—like boxer dogs—the dealers are not susceptible to haggling.

"Boxers!" I sneered. "I wouldn't have one on a bet."

"Why not?" asked Chloe.

"Fits," I said. "Fellow down at the office raises them. Says they have at least one fit a day, sometimes two or three."

"Why does he keep raising them?" asked my wife.

"Ah, here's a splendid animal," I said, ignoring her question. I pointed at a picture of something called a basenji, a weird-looking creature that could no doubt be had for a song.

"Never heard of it," said Chloe.

"It's the coming thing," I assured her and read the caption: "'The basenji, a small hound of African origin, is unusual in two respects. First, he is the most fastidious of dogs and cleans himself like a cat. Second, he is unable to bark.'"

"Make a great watchdog," remarked Chloe.

"Here's another one I like," said Pete, pointing at the picture of a collie. The boy had a positive talent for picking best-selling dogs.

"Bless you, child," I said with a wise chuckle, "you don't want a collie. They're sick all the time."

"With what?" asked Chloe.

"Colic," I replied. "That's why they call them collies."

"Oh," said Chloe.

I CONTINUED my hunt for an odd brand — some slow-selling species that just lay around the kennel running up feed bills.

"I like this one, too," said Pete, pointing with his customary astuteness at a cocker spaniel.

"Here!" I cried, thumping my wife and son on their backs. "Here's the one I've been looking for. Isn't he a beauty?"

I showed them a picture of a big grey beast called a Weimaraner. "I never heard of this one either," complained Chloe.

"Chloe, where've you been?" I said, looking at her pityingly. "This is the sensation of the dog world."

"Yeah?" said she.

"I like him," said Pete.

"Smart boy," I said, patting Pete on the back. And myself, too. It looked like I'd chosen a winner this time—an unknown breed that I could pick up cheap and yet satisfy my family.

Chloe read the caption under the picture: "'The Weimaraner has often been called the Grey Ghost because of his unusual silvery grey hue. He was bred in Germany to hunt wolves, mountain lions, bear, and wild boars, and introduced to the United States only a short time ago. He is responsive, affectionate, a good watchdog, and especially fond of children.'"

I could scarcely keep from rubbing my hands with glee. "How about that, Pete?" I said heartily. "A dog that was bred to hunt lions and wolves and bears!"

"Gee!" breathed Pete.

"The Grey Ghost," I said in a shivery voice.

"Gee," said Pete, his eyes starry.

"What do you think, Chloe?" I asked my wife.

"Well, he seems all right," she said with no great enthusiasm, "but don't you think we ought to get a more familiar kind of dog?"

"Heck, no," I declared. "I want Pete to be the only kid in the neighborhood with a Weimaraner. I'll call the Kennel Club first thing in the morning, and find out who sells Weimaraners around here and drive right over and get one."

"Gee," said Pete.

Bright and early the next morning we all got into the car and went to visit a lady named Mrs. Ridingwood, the only breeder of Weimaraners in our area. It was a cheery ride. I kept describing the glories of Weimaraners to Pete, and he kept getting more starry-eyed by the minute. Chloe was wary, but not hostile.

● **To page 12**

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GO-TOGETHER

● **These "go-together" fashions are designed door fun. You'll be just as happy to wear the if they're made in bright splashes of**



PINAFORE-TOP (above) is worn with a matching bell-shaped skirt and white tailored blouse. Together the trio becomes a new summer-into-autumn success. White pearl buttons add glamor.



CHANGE-ABOUT skirts and tops (left) can be worn as illustrated or they can become match-mates — red jacket matched to red skirt, and pink-and-white check jumper worn with check skirt. All reds will be new again for autumn.



HAPPY wardrobe combination (above) has four items. Two slip-over sweaters, one high-necked and one low, plus a slim play-skirt and narrow ankle-length slacks. Sweaters in plain colors, skirt and slacks in dark plaid.

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FASHIONS

ed for date-time hours and out-
hem next year as this, especially
of color. — Candy Hardy.

YOUNG-AT-HEART separate units are shown in co-ordinated colors and fabrics. The roll-brimmed hats are a current American teenage craze. Both outfits are worn with neat white blouses.



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Louise Hunter Here's your answer

Gone to the dogs

"I HAVE been going with a boy for 5½ years, during which time I have fallen deeply in love with him. He is very fond of animals, and everywhere we go he must bring the dogs, at the moment two Alsatian pups, which he continuously talks about all the time. I am getting very sick of this, as the dogs take up more of his time than I do. So what do you advise? Should I marry him if he asks me and live with him and the dogs or stop seeing him and become a very unhappy girl?"

"Dog Hater," N.S.W.

Stop seeing him. Dog-lovers don't like living without dogs and turn to their dumb chums for comfort often when they encounter emotional trouble with someone like you. And a dog-hater would cause big emotional trouble to the master of these two Alsatian pups.

The bad thing about all this is that you have taken over five years to discover that you'll have to do something about the dogs. Don't take any more time. Slip off the leash and look for someone who can sit down happily with you and have a hate about all dogs.

Leaving home

"I TURNED 17 two months ago and have lived in a country town all my life. When I was 14 I started work in an office here and decided that when I was 17 I would like to buy a nice wardrobe of clothes, and when I was 17½ I would like to leave here. Well, I have quite a few clothes now (most of which I made), and I still want to go to another town. In July I would like to leave my job (I get my holidays then). I would like to take about three weeks' holiday and have a look at a few nice towns that I would like to live in and apply for a job. Meanwhile I am saving up some money and putting it in the bank. I do my own washing and ironing and keep my room clean, also help Mum a bit. I have often told Mum that I would like to leave, but I don't think she takes me seriously. I haven't told her about going in July if I can. Do you think she would let me go? Also could you tell me, please, which would be the best way to ask her. Naturally I would promise to write to her every week and tell her how I am getting along. I am sure that I wouldn't get homesick, as I have been on several holidays, and I also stayed with my sister for a few months, and homesickness has never worried me, although my sisters (I have five) are the opposite. Well, I hope you can help me, as I do not want to hurt Mum, but I would like to know the best way to ask her and to make her realise that I am serious in wanting to leave home in July."

"Bar," N.S.W.

You are quite an impressive young woman. You decide what you want and go after and achieve your ends and do your duty in quite an admirable way.

But you've made one big mistake. You've kept your plan to yourself too much. If only you'd told your mother your plan when you were 14½ and kept on talking about it she would be prepared for you to leave home or be prepared to help you.

I don't think you can expect her to co-operate with you as fully as she might if you had always been quite clear about your wish.

Anyway, tell her now what you would like to do, ask her what she thinks, and ask for her advice.

I think you could look around during your holidays, but I know if I was your mother, when you'd decided which town you wanted to work in and found yourself a job, I'd insist on seeing the town, finding out about the job you fancied, and seeing that you got good board with a nice family.

You sound reasonable in your attitude, and I think you should establish quickly with your mother that you want to leave home and by July if possible; and, if not, as soon as the two of you (you and your mother) can arrange it.

Your mother may refuse permission for some very good reason of her own. If she does, take it calmly and with as good a grace as possible and try to gain her permission later.

Don't make a scene if she says "No." She may well do so in the first shock of realising you are serious. Talk to her about it quietly and see what she thinks. Anything done with parental consent and help turns out far happier in the long run.

Lost on a cloud

"I AM in love with a boy two years older than I am. I met him during the holidays and fell in love immediately. I have had one date with him, and I floated on a cloud for a week after that. For the past two weeks I haven't seen him, and I am getting to the point where I feel that if I don't see him I'll just pine away. We are very much alike and I know he likes me. Can you tell me what to do and how I can see him? We live in different suburbs and we cannot see each other during the week, as we are both working. Please advise me on this subject, as I'm at a loss what to do."

"Fern," Qld.

There is nothing you can do except try to catch on to the edge of one of those clouds that you floated on after your first date and bump along for a bit longer. That might carry you over until he rings again, if he does.

Asking you out again is entirely up to him. He probably will. But girls never seem to think of the economics of such outings. Boys can't ask girls out as much as they would like to because of parental control and/or lack of money.

Parents give directions to their sons about how often they may go out exactly the same as they do to their daughters.

And then there is the matter of money. It is quite an expensive business, no matter how simple the excursion. Boys at the stage your friendship is at would never dream of ringing up a girl and just talking to her without asking her out. They feel they must have a specific reason for telephoning.

I know you're thinking how wonderful it would be if he rang and asked how you were and talked about the weather and guided missiles, but after he'd hung up I'll bet you'd wonder why he rang and why he didn't invite you out somewhere.

Just sit this out. Something will happen, and meanwhile try to hang on to the tail of that cloud.

Weak knees at 15

"I AM 15 years old and I am going with a boy who is 22. Every time I see him I blush terribly and my heart pounds and my knees feel weak. I have been out with him twice, but we were with a crowd of friends. My parents do not approve of him, as he smokes and drinks, and they hardly ever let me go out with him. Do you think this is fair? All my school friends go out every Wednesday or Saturday nights to teenage dances, but I think this is too often for a girl of my age. I think girls of 15 should be allowed out at least once a month, though. Also, how many times should a boy kiss you when you are out with him, and what does a kiss mean? Is it polite to refuse a kiss and how would the boy feel when you refuse? Please don't tell me I am too young to kiss. Explain, if you can, how to kiss without being cheap."

"Overcome," N.Z.

I agree with your parents absolutely. I wouldn't approve of your going out with a man of 22, either. I think your parents are being very fair to you when they stop you from seeing him.

I don't think a girl of 15 should be allowed out alone with a man at all, only in a group or chaperoned; and, yes, I did say chaperoned. I mean escorted and brought home by parents from the dance or party to which they have been allowed to go with a man.

How many times a boy should kiss you is strictly dictated by the occasion. A kiss means someone likes you more than somewhat. It is quite polite to refuse a kiss, and how the boy feels when you refuse it depends, too, on the occasion.

Kisses are never cheap if they're sincere. Cheap kisses are the ones scattered around because the one who gives them thinks they have to to be popular or because it's expected.

You should keep on being a girl of 15 for quite a while yet. Later on you'll know instinctively about kisses. Don't be impatient. Kisses are awful when they're a studied production.

This blonde is more than friendly

"COULD you please tell me how to deal with a very attractive blonde who split up myself and my first boy-friend and now has dumped him and then turned straight around and split up one of my best girl-friends and her boy? She isn't happy with that, she now has a shine on my latest boy-friend. Should I still be a good friend of hers or not?"

"Fed-Up," Qld.



You've got a much nicer nature than I have, even to be able to think such a thing. Let her find a boy-friend for herself.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



THERE is nothing, simply nothing, better than messing around in the kitchen cooking on a wet day.

My favorite thing to make when it's pouring outside is marshmallows; they're abfab when you eat them with large cups of black coffee. Here's my recipe.

Get a packet of jelly crystals (your favorite flavor) and put them in a big saucepan with 1½ cups of hot water. Boil this for eight minutes, watching it so it doesn't froth all over the stove. After the eight-minute stint, take it off the heat and let it cool.

Don't let it get cold, just cool. When it reaches this stage, beat it hard, adding a cup of sifted icing sugar gradually until the mixture becomes thick. Then pour it into a wetted shallow tin and put it in the refrigerator until it sets quite firm.

Decide what you're going to use—a mixture of icing sugar and cornflour, half of each, or coconut; put some out ready and take the jelly out.

Cut it up into squares—scissors are the easiest thing to use—and toss them in the icing sugar.

Make your coffee and serve.

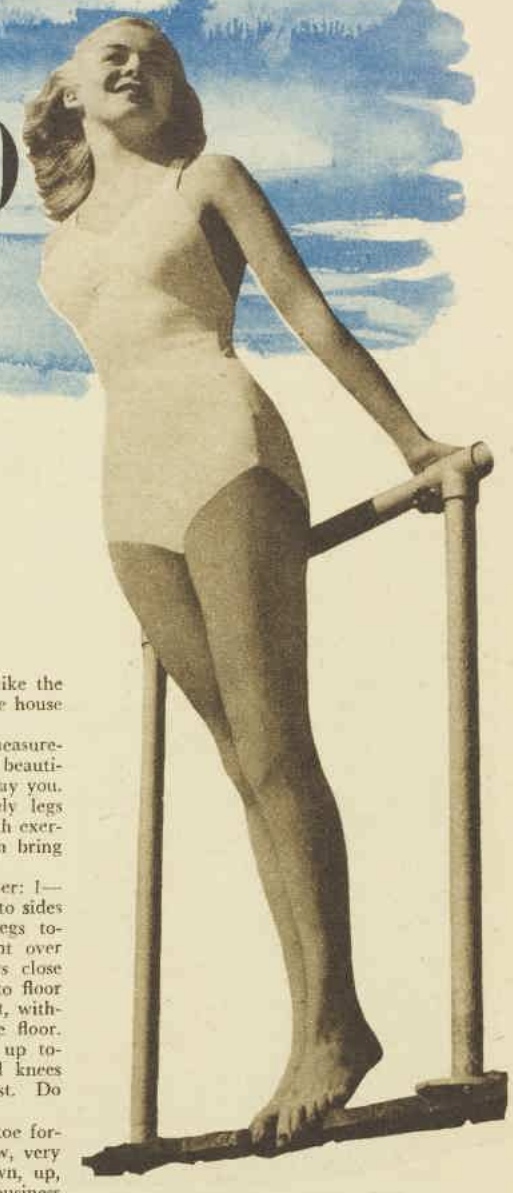
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BEST FOOT (and leg) FORWARD

By CAROLYN EARLE

PERHAPS you feel that if you're not in a bathing-beauty contest or modelling shoes and hosiery you can get by without too much attention to your feet and legs in summer.



IF you're a Grade A teenage beauty otherwise, you may be right, but if you are just a nice, could-be-prettier girl with ordinary underpinnings — no.

It pays to be a real fuss-budget about your feet and legs, and there's no time like the present to bone up on ways and means of keeping them healthy and shapely.

Let's start with a brisk walk; it's just a routine to walk properly, but just think of all the sloppy walkers there are around the place.

Don't slouch, stoop, drag your feet, or flounce when you walk. Walk with your head up, your shoulders back, and your tummy held in firmly.

If you have to lug heavy packages, books, bags, or the family grocery order, try to distribute the weight.

For the sake of your looks — and your health — try to walk tall and sit tall. Dancers, actresses, and models do this, and if you follow their lead and do it consciously until it becomes automatic, then your figure will be as graceful as theirs in motion.

Here are some simple basic suggestions for foot care:

- Scrub the feet and toes with a brush in warm water once a day, preferably while taking your bath. Rub them vigorously as you dry them.
- Try contrast plunges — first hot water, then cold — for very tired feet.
- Clip nails straight across to avoid ingrowing toenails; rub down rough spots on heels and calluses with pumice stone.
- Treat small corns as instructed with a suitable preparation.
- Use a bit of hand-cream or lotion to massage feet gently. With fingers of both hands, lift up firmly and press towards the instep from metatarsal arch upward. Rub in circles down over ankle-bone and down over instep.

Other hints on happy walking, good feet, and pretty legs are:

- Be sure shoes are correctly fitted with plenty of room up front and heels snug to prevent rubbing.
- Wear stockings a size larger than you think you should. Experts will tell you that tight hose cause trouble. Watch stocking lengths, too, for beauty's sake.
- If you have trouble with toes that press against one another, little rolls of cotton-wool or lamb's-wool will separate them.
- Splash toilet water all over feet and allow to dry before slipping into shoes.
- Walk barefoot at the beach like the girl at the right, and around the house wear socks or ballet slippers.

There are strict standards of measurement, the experts say, for truly beautiful legs, but these need not dismay you.

Less-than-perfect, even homely legs can be made more attractive with exercise (wonderful stuff if you can bring yourself to it).

Try this head-to-toe streamliner: 1—Lie on back, arms outstretched to sides at shoulder level, palms up, legs together, toes pointed, knees bent over chest. 2—Keep both shoulders close to the floor. Drop both knees to floor to the right. 3—Stretch legs out, without bending knees, feet off the floor. 4—Now, s-l-o-w-l-y draw toes up towards fingertips, then: 5—Bend knees and bring back over chest. Rest. Do exercise on other side. Rest.

To shape your ankles, point toe forward. Now move ankle in slow, very slow, circles, up, out, side, down, up, out, side, up. The important business here is to do it very slowly as slow tension slims and too much speed builds up bulky muscles.

This one can be done while sitting in your office or working and reading at home.

Legs that are out of line or that don't meet at thigh, knee, and calf can be a bit embarrassing, especially in the summer. The thing to do here is wear skirted bathing-suits rather than one-piecers, and long, well-tailored shorts which don't hug the leg.

These provide a softer, more flattering line, and are good fashion as well. Another good hint — learn to stand, model-style, with one knee slightly bent in front of the other.

No allure in shaggy shanks



● There's nothing so eye-catching—or less attractive—than hairy limbs on a girl, so do keep yours smooth and glamorous.

SHAVING is an easy, inexpensive method (an electric razor is best if you're prone to nicks), but don't be like the lass who wrote in to ask if a treatment every two days was too often.

You shouldn't have to shave your legs as often as every two days. No real harm would be done; the hair wouldn't be coarser than it was before; the outgrowth just FEELS bristly because it's been cut off at an angle—but the skin on your legs might become irritated.

When you do shave, first soften the area with soapsuds or use shaving cream or lotion. Move the razor — of course the blade is clean and sharp—in the direction in which the hair grows, and apply hand lotion afterwards.

In the ordinary way, once-a-week shaving should be enough.

If the growth of hair on the legs is especially thick and dark, try a cream or paste depilatory designed to weaken the hair so that it is removed at skin level.

Skin and hair are similar in composition and anything that destroys hair may irritate the skin; so try out any product you have not used before on a small area to begin with.

In this way you can find out the shortest time necessary to take off the growth and what the effect is on your skin. Never apply depilatory preparations on scratched, broken, or sensitive skin.

This whole procedure need take no more than 15 to 20 minutes, and your legs will be smooth for ten days—or a little longer than with shaving.

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Love—the real goal of my life

● From page 7

Mrs. Ridingwood lived on an estate of at least fifty acres, part covered with a magnificent stand of oaks, the rest beautifully landscaped.

I HUMMED merrily to myself as I drove up the winding gravel path to her house. A woman with this much money clearly did not raise dogs *for profit; there* would be, I felt sure, no trouble getting a dog cheap.

I pulled up in front of a stately house of whitewashed brick. We got out, went up on the portico, and rapped the brass knocker on the big front door. It was opened presently by an outdoor-type woman—tall, rangy, flat shoes, tweed suit, crew haircut.

"Mrs. Ridingwood?" I said.

"Yes," she boomed.

"I'm Dobie Gillis and this is my wife and son."

"Hiya, Gillis," said she, giving me a handshake that brought tears of pain rushing to my eyes.

"We've come to see your Weimaraners," I said, flexing my fingers to test for fracture.

"Follow me," said Mrs. Ridingwood. She set out across the lawn, walking with long athletic strides. Chloe, Pete, and I loped along beside her.

"Ever had a Weimaraner, Gillis?" she asked.

"No," I confessed.

"Of course not," she said. "I'd have known if you did."

"You would?" asked Chloe. "How?"

"Every Weimaraner owner belongs to The Club," said Mrs. Ridingwood.

"The Club?" said I.

"The Weimaraner Club of America," she explained. "To protect the breed. We don't want our dogs mating with all kinds of other dogs."

I stopped Pete's ears.

"We've got high standards, we Weimaraner owners," declared Mrs. Ridingwood.

"Did you hear that, Pete?" I said proudly.

"How could I?" complained Pete. "You got your hands over my ears."

The kennels were in a low building of white siding. Behind each kennel was a wire-enclosed run for each dog, and behind the runs was a big exercise yard, bounded by a high wire fence. Kennels, runs, and yard were all spotlessly clean.

As they heard us approach, the dogs came frisking out into the yard—nine of them, with soft pink noses and soft pink feet and velvety short-haired coats, a kind of grey-tan-silver in color.

They ran with the clumsy grace of pups, their short tails wagging furiously, their hound ears flopping as they barked and leaped and hurled themselves against the fence in a frenzy of excitement.

"Why, they're beautiful!" cried Chloe rapturously. "They're simply beautiful!"

"Gee!" said Pete.

I concealed a triumphant smile; there was no doubt now that Chloe and Pete were completely sold. The time had come to start negotiations.

First I would ask Mrs. Ridingwood the price of the pups.

She would say something like sixty or seventy dollars. I would counter with twenty. She would drop to forty. I would come up to thirty. We'd settle for thirty-five.

"Mrs. Ridingwood," I said with a pleasant smile, "how much are you asking for these pups?"

"Five hundred dollars," said Mrs. Ridingwood.

"Eek," I said, and toppled to my knees.

"That's for the males," said Mrs. Ridingwood. "The bitches are seven hundred and fifty."

"Goodbye," I said.

"Goodbye," Chloe said.

"But you promised me a Weimaraner," said Pete, the tears flowing now.

"We'll get you another kind," I said.

"I don't want another kind," wept Pete. "I only want a Weimaraner."

"Come on," said I, slinging him on my hip.

"Just a minute," said Mrs. Ridingwood.

I paused.

"Gillis," she said, "if you get a dog, do you intend to show him?"

"Show him what?" I asked.

"I mean enter him in dog shows," she replied crossly.

"Why no," I said.

"You just want a family pet?"

"That's right."

"Mm, hm," she said thoughtfully. She stood for a moment in silent deliberation. "Listen," she said at length, "I've got a dog up at the house—he's no show dog, but he's a fine animal."

"How much does he cost?" I asked fearfully.

"I'm not interested in making any money on this dog," she answered. "I just want to place him in a good home where he'll get plenty of affection."

"Madam," I said earnestly, "my wife, my son, and I are probably the most affectionate family since *Little Women*."

"Come on," she said. "I'll show him to you."

SHE started back to the house with us trotting beside her. "This dog is called Warrior von Hentzau," she said.

"Gee," said Pete.

"I took him instead of a stud fee," she went on.

I closed Pete's ears.

"His sire was my stud, Champion Chalchik von Farfel. The bitch had eight pups and the owner liked them all except this one, so I said, 'All right, give him to me and never mind the stud fee.'"

"What was the matter with him?" Chloe asked.

"Nothing," she answered vehemently.

Then how come you're giving him away, I thought, but I was silent. Never look a gift dog in the mouth is my motto.

"He's a fine dog," said Mrs. Ridingwood. "He just doesn't happen to be a show dog. That's why I'm not interested in money. All I want for him is a home where there's plenty of love."

"At my house," said I, "we spend most of our time just hugging each other."

We were in front of her portico now. She went into the house and came out directly with Warrior von Hentzau.

He was in every respect—except one—just like the other pups we had seen. His coat was taupe, and his nose was pink, and his tail was short, and his ears were long, and he was friendly and happy and eager.

The only thing different about him was the way he moved. This, I must admit, was most unusual. He moved with his hind legs swinging together—like a big jack rabbit, or a small kangaroo.

"What's wrong with him?" asked Chloe with unmasked consternation, as the dog bounded around like an oversized hare.

"Not a thing," insisted Mrs. Ridingwood. "He just runs a little peculiarly, that's all."

"He," said Pete flatly, "is the craziest-looking dog I ever saw."

My heart grew heavy within me. Three things were clear: one, that my wife and son were not charmed by this canine wallaby; two, that the only kind of Weimaraner I could get for Pete was a free Weimaraner; three, that Warrior von Hentzau was the only free Weimaraner.

"I don't think he's so bad," I said with a wan smile.

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Ridingwood stoutly. "Look at him." She thumped the dog on the chest. "Look at that pretty brisket."

"Prettiest brisket in town," I said heartily.

She lifted up his legs. "Look at those pasterns. No dewclaws. No fiddle-foot. Perfect angulation."

"Superb angulation!" I cried.

She opened his mouth. "Observe the flews."

"*Quelle* flews!" I exclaimed, kissing my finger-tips.

"Not a thing wrong with him," she summed up. "It's just that he runs a little peculiarly. But he gets around perfectly well. Here, I'll show you."

She started sprinting across the lawn. "Here, Poo-Poo," she called.

"Poo-Poo!" exclaimed Chloe, her lip curling in horror.

"I thought his name was Warrior von Hentzau," wailed Pete.

"Poo-Poo for short," yelled Mrs. Ridingwood, racing across the turf with the beast hopping close behind.

"I think Poo-Poo's kind of a cute name," I said, stifling a retch.

"I don't want any crazy-looking dog named Poo-Poo," said Pete, setting his jaw. "And that's final!"

I thought fast. "All *right*, Pete," I said quietly. "You don't have to take him if you don't want to."

"You're darn right," said Pete with an energetic nod.

"We'll just leave him here," I continued in the same quiet tone. "All the other pups will find homes. They'll have lots of fun and plenty of love and all kinds of boys and girls to play with . . . But not Poo-Poo."

"No?" said Pete, looking at me with troubled eyes.

"No, Pete, Poo-Poo will never have a boy or girl to play with. Just because he runs a little bit funny, nobody's ever going to take him home. Poor little Poo-Poo—all alone here, no boys and girls to play with, no fun, no friendship, just years and years of loneliness."

"Gee," said Pete, biting his lip.

"It's okay, Pete," I said, patting his shoulder gently. "You don't have to take him if you don't want to."

"But I do!" cried Pete. "I do, I do, I do! I want Poo-Poo. I don't want any of those other dogs that run regular!"

"Mrs. Ridingwood!" I called joyously.

MRS. RIDINGWOOD and Poo-Poo, both panting, came running over.

Pete instantly threw his arms around the dog and sobbed into his soft, taupe coat.

"We love your dog," I announced. "We'd like to take him."

"Good," said Mrs. Ridingwood. "Love is what I want for Poo-Poo, not money."

"I hear you," said I.

"As I told you," continued Mrs. Ridingwood, "I took Poo-Poo in place of a stud fee, so that's all I'm asking you."

"What?" I said.

"My stud fee," said Mrs. Ridingwood. "Two hundred dollars."

"Oh, no!" I shrieked. "Oh, no!"

"You buy me that dog, you stingy old man!" howled Pete, kicking me in the pasterns.

"All right, Brains," snarled Chloe. "Think your way out of this one."

My wife was clearly teetering on the brink of divorce, and my son on the brink of shock, and I knew I was a gone goose.

There was no way in the world now to save my two hundred dollars; the best I could do was save myself an extra mouth to feed.

"Pete, my son," said I with my most winsome smile, "I've got a great idea. Let's not buy a dog. Let's send you to sailing camp instead."

"I don't want to go to sailing camp," shouted Pete. "I want Poo-Poo."

"Just picture it, Pete," I said, making grand gestures. "A trim sailing ship—a blue sea—a fair wind—the white sails bellying out—the white spray flying—and you—you, Pete, bronzed and fit and confident—you at the tiller . . ."

I put my arm around his shoulder. "Yo-ho-ho," I sang, "and a bottle of rum."

"Gee," said Pete.

"Sir Francis Drake," I said. "Captain Kidd. Captain Blood. Mister Roberts . . . and you."

"Gee," said Pete, glassy-eyed, lost in a maritime trance.

"The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever-free."

I recited and guided Pete gently into the car. Then I guided Chloe, somewhat less gently, into the car. Then I got in myself.

"Goodbye," I said, and drove away, leaving Mrs. Ridingwood and Poo-Poo open-mouthed in the driveway.

THE luminous dial on my wrist-watch said half-past three. I groped around the night table for cigarettes and matches, found them, and struck a match as quietly as I could, so as not to wake Chloe.

The lamp on the night table flashed on. "So you can't sleep, either," said Chloe.

"Yeah," I answered.

"The dog, huh?"

"Yeah."

"Me, too. I keep thinking about him—all alone, no kids to play with. Poor little Poo-Poo."

"Poor little thing."

"Yeah."

"Would you like a cigarette?"

"Thanks."

I lit a match for her. "Listen," she said, "my winter coat—I hardly ever wear it."

"No," I said.

"But—"

"No," I repeated. "I'll buy the dog."

"But how about your nestegg?"

"Chloe, listen. I've been lying here thinking about other things besides the dog."

"Like what?"

"Like love."

"Oh?"

"Love is something I've been chasing all my life. Since I was knee-high to a girl I've been looking for love. I'll admit I've taken some pretty spooky detours on the way, but all the same, the game was worth the candle. Battle-scarred and weary as I am, I can still say I'm glad. Because what I was after was the greatest prize of all."

"Agreed," said Chloe. "But what's your point?"

"Just this: today I'm chasing something else: the nestegg — money. Sure, a man needs money, and, sure, it's worth scrambling for, and, sure, I'll kill you some day for the idiot way you throw my money around."

"But?"

"But I've lost sight of something. Brooding about money, I've forgotten that I've found the real goal of my life."

"Love?"

"Love! Deep, true, abiding love . . . I love you, sweetheart, and I know you love me—and there, Chloe, is my nestegg."

"Oh, darling!" she said, and vaulted into my bed and she kissed me and I kissed her, and it was very sweet and tender, and fine and surely none of your business.

And so, good friends, my story ends. Today I have a wife I adore, and a son who can sail like Magellan, and a dog who is mostly kangaroo, and multiple overdrafts, and I hope, dear hearts, that you are just as lucky as I am.

THE END, THE LIVING END

[This series of stories is from Max Shulman's book, "I was a Teenage Dwarf," by arrangement with the publisher, Bernard Geis Associates.]

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Tommy made fortune from 15 cups of tea

By BARBARA WALLIS

● Britain's rock-'n-roll king, Tommy Steele, due in Melbourne soon, will receive £125,000 for his Australian tour.

AND if it wasn't for John Kennedy Tommy could still be a seaman on the New York run, playing his guitar for fun.

John, Tommy's manager, arrived in Australia last month to arrange the tour.

He told me that when Tommy was a seaman he played with a skiffle group called "The Vipers" every time he was home on leave.

One night, after a row with the group, Tommy gatecrashed the Soho cafe where they were playing and cut loose with the wildest rock-'n-roll he could think of —and the kids went wild with delight.

Ex-seaman and ex-journalist John Kennedy heard him, bought him about 15 cups of tea, then asked him if he'd like to go into show business.

"Aw, I've met flash characters like you before," said Tommy sceptically.

"I got Tommy a job in a nightclub for £20 a week and breakfast," John said. "Eventually I got him £150 a week at top billing in a North of England theatre. And he had full houses from the start."

Six weeks after Tommy's first booking, John signed him up for the Cafe de Paris at £300 a week.

"Everyone told me I was too ambitious —that I'd kill Tommy's career. The Press arrived on opening night to see him die.

"Then when he got out on stage the microphone broke down.

"But he talked to the audience and sang and played his guitar without accompaniment until the microphone was mended — and they were conquered — completely. They wouldn't let him go.

"Tommy has a terrific sense of humor, but sometimes he is accused of being funny when he is just behaving as a true cockney who's had a tough upbringing.

"On a salary of £2000 a week he once went into a restaurant in Mayfair with a friend. He wanted to back out when he saw the inside. It was too posh, he complained. But the head waiter had recognised him and tried to persuade him.

"'I want to see a menu first,' Tommy announced. The head waiter obliged.

"'Cor blimey—fish 'n chips 19/6—I can get it for two bob down the road,' Tommy said, and stalked out."



TOMMY STEELE

Worth reading

THE FORSYTE SAGA
by John Galsworthy

IN this series of three novels John Galsworthy told the story of the family of a wealthy London merchant, Soames Forsyte.

He set out to show the coldness and narrowness of Soames, who thought property the most important thing in life. Irene, Soames' wife, left him for an architect who was more interested in love than in property. But as the novels progressed Galsworthy grew more fond of Soames Forsyte. He made him appear not such a bad sort after all, endowed with the honesty and commonsense of Englishmen of his class.

The Saga, written nearly 40 years ago, still has many readers, and has been adapted for stage and radio. Galsworthy was a restrained, but impressively sincere writer. He understood the well-to-do English people he described, and makes you share his interest in their lives. Incidentally, he began the modern habit of calling family novels "sagas."

— *Ross Campbell*

LISTEN HERE with Ainslie Baker

Local talent: It's a first disc for 16-year-old **Dale Wayne,** of Sydney, former Balgowlah High School boy, who's already won quite a following on TV and with dance appearances along Sydney's northern beaches. Dale launches his recording career on a Leedon 45 with two of his own compositions, a lively "Juke Box Bop" and a ballad, "I'm Lonely Now." The disc should be out next week. Well spoken, well dressed, and with nice manners, Dale already has a fan club: Miss Robyn Lees, 4 Nullaburra Rd., Newport Beach, Sydney.

SYDNEY'S smooth and imaginative **Manhattan Quartet** has got away to a flying start in the recording field with "Stowaway" (Parlophone EP), an exotic-sounds instrumental that's full of atmosphere. The Ellington-Tizol "Caravan," "Cubana Chant," and two highly attractive pieces by local composer Joe Halford. You'll like this one.

Pops: Great news for Connie Francis fans — and there are plenty of these—is M.G.M.'s issue of three Connie EPs. Vol. 1, "All By Myself," also has "Come Rain or Come Shine," "Hallelujah, I Love Him So," and "Rock-a-Bye Your Baby With a Dixie Melody." Plus the "Time After Time" of Vol. 2, you get "There Will Never Be Another You," "The Song Is Ended," and "How Did He Look?" Vol. 3 is "That's All," together with "Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me," "Blame It on My Youth," and "Melancholy Serenade."

Jazz: Hollywood composer-arranger **Leith Stevens** leads a West Coast group containing some well-known names in a selection of intriguing, jazz-based, modern TV and movie music brightly titled "Jazz Themes for Cops and Robbers." Stevens' own dramatic though not always original score for the movie "Private Hell 36," plus themes from "The Thin Man," "Peter Gunn," Count Basie's "M-Squad," and "Perry Mason." (Coral LP.)



DALE WAYNE

Show tunes: Music of the big new Melbourne show **"The Music Man"** is now available. To lead off, there is Capitol's LP "The Music Man," with the original Broadway cast headed by **Robert Preston.** This, of course, is THE one.

But for the less ambitious there's a good-value Coronet 45 with American TV personality **Arthur Godfrey** doing the show's rousing march-tune, "Seventy-Six Trombones," and its human-interest-comedy number, "Marian The Librarian." On a Capitol 45 you get **Billy May** and Orchestra with "Seventy-Six Trombones," plus the off-beat title-tune of the movie "Young And Dangerous." With vocals.

Classies: The Deutsche Grammophon label has a habit of coming up from time to time with an EP that's virtually irresistible. **"Franz Schubert:** Four Great Songs," with that delectable German soprano Irmgard Seefried singing "Hedgerose," "Suleika," "The King of Thule," and "Gretchen At The Spinning Wheel," with Erik Werba at the piano, is one of these.

ONE of the first of the new Camden-R.C.A. LP series (whose policy is to offer worthwhile re-issues and new material at moderate prices) is "The Art of **Paderewski,"** with the famous Polish patriot-pianist in 14 light classical concert pieces.

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A goo-GUY on da-da Dolls is convinced

MUM'S THE WORD!

● What does a feller need to be a hit with the girls?

I USED to think it helped to have golden, curly locks, a Greek god-like physique, a set of pearly choppers, and a patter like Danny Kaye's.

Or, of course, a best-selling bank book.

Now I know better.

Actually the most attractive traits to a teenage girl are for a bloke to be almost as bald as Yul Brynner and about 30 inches tall; have fewer teeth than a gummy shark and a worse conversation than a dumb-waiter!

Sounds crazy?

Well, I'll prove it to you . . .

The other day my girl-friend (just that week's, you understand) and I found ourselves in a home — with a BABY.

"Oh, isn't he a doll!" cooed my lass.

The last male she had said that about was Tab Hunter.

So I made a few comparisons.

As far as I could see, about the only thing Tab and the tot had in common was their singing!

Still . . . "Oh, beautiful," I agreed dutifully.

"Isn't he the spitting image of his father?" squealed my girl next.

Well, if the baby had had a beard—like its Daddy — I might have been more easily persuaded!

Then the baby decided to get into the act.

"Gugglemuggle!" it burbled suddenly.

"Did you hear that?" yodelled my playmate.

"Hear what?" I asked.

"Why" (in a tone that implied that I wouldn't hear an H-bomb go off next door), "What he said — 'Uncle Robin,' as clear as day!"

Gugglemuggle! Oh, well, I've been called more than that.

There was worse to come.

"Arglefiggle," muttered the small one.

"Oh, you're a bold one!" snickered my girl. "Fancy at your age!"

"At his age what?" (Two free seats at a late, late TV movie if you can guess who tossed that clever one into the conversation.)

"Why, he asked for a KISS, of course!" she said.

And she promptly puckered up and plonked her seal on the baby's bald patch.

Then SHE said "arglefiggle" and smirked triumphantly at me when the baby gurgled and reached out to her.

That was the last straw that gave this camel the hump.

"Now look," I said. "This 'arglefiggle' and 'gugglemuggle' business has gone just far enough.

"The baby isn't talking and he doesn't understand when you gobble like turkeys back to him."

I set out to prove my point.

"*Honor est faber quisque suae fortunae.*" * I chortled my old school's Latin motto (no, of course, I don't know what it means) to the babe.

Sure enough, the reaction was exactly the same as when my girl had given out with the "arglefiggle" guff.

"See?" I said to her and the baby's Mama.

They didn't. You could have fed an army for a week on the cold shoulder they served me.

I could see it was time to go so I hustled my girl out and we shot through like a Bondi PRAM!

Because of my airing of my nursery notions I was about as popular as a laddered stocking with the lass that night.

In the living-room, just about the time her father was due to put the milk bottles, the cat, and yours truly out, there was a slightly Arctic atmosphere.

"Well," I said as I rose to go, "Good-night."

No reaction.

"Not even a peck?" I said in a small, hurt voice.

A yawn.

It had worked with the baby, so I tried it:

"*Honor est faber quisque suae fortunae.*"

"I don't know what you're saying," she said icily, "But the answer is still NO."

So I made a last desperate effort. Huskily, I whispered: "Arglefiggle!"

Did it work?

Well, I'm not the kissing and telling type.

But I take back what I said about baby-talk not being understood.

And I can tell you that I'm never going to bother about dances or theatres for my dates.

I'm just going to take 'em home to play with my blocks!

—Robin Adair

* Each Man Makes His Own Fortune.

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A "Girl-Guided" tour for two

Girl Guides Rosilyn Hogarth, of Adelaide, and Vicky Ballard, of Camberwell, Victoria, have been chosen to represent Australia at the International Guide Camp which will be held in Switzerland in July.

● International Girl Guide camps are held every two or three years in "Our Chalet," Adelboden, Switzerland, and the two lucky Australian girls are just thrilled to bits at the thought of their trip.

SIXTEEN-YEAR - OLD Rosilyn is a Queen's Guide and a Land Ranger.

She's a level-headed, attractive teenager, with a crop of curly brown hair, navy-blue eyes, and a clear olive complexion.

"I can hardly believe it's true," she said, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "They told me I had been chosen for the trip three days before Christmas. It was the most wonderful Christmas present."

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Hogarth, she was one of four applicants from South Australia.

Conditions of entry included a strict age limit—each girl must be between 17 and 18½ years of age during the camp, and every applicant was personally interviewed by a panel of judges.

Opened in the 'thirties as a memorial to Juliette Low, the founder of the Girl Scouts in the U.S.A., "Our Chalet" is built in traditional Swiss-chalet style and can accommodate up to 60 people.

It's centrally heated, with large common-rooms, dining areas, and dormitories.

For ten days or a fortnight it will be the headquarters and the camping-site for the world-wide gathering, which will be attended by two Guides from each of 20 nations.

Summer fun

Ski-ing will be "out" while they're there, as it will be summer-time, but there'll be long mountaineering excursions, trips into the country, discussions around the camp fires, and debates.

Each girl will try to learn something of the others' languages, folk lore, songs, and dances, and study the national dress of the different countries.

Travelling arrangements have not yet been finalised, but it is expected that the two Australians will travel by sea about the middle of the year and be away about four months.

Rosilyn, who makes all her own clothes, is already busy sewing.

"We'll be in uniform nearly all the time," she said, "but I'm taking a few nylon and drip-dry cottons."

After the Camp is broken up, Rosilyn hopes that she will be able to see more of the Continent, especially Denmark, and a little of England, before she returns home to Adelaide.

Guide life began for Rosilyn when she became an enthusiastic Brownie at the age of seven. At 11, she became a Guide, and now, at 16, she is a Queen's Guide and a Land Ranger.

Her whole family is Guide-minded. Her mother is a Brown Owl, two sisters are Guides, and the other two are Brownies.

A pupil at the Adelaide Girls' High School, Rosilyn plans to become a primary-school teacher when she has matriculated. Her ambition is to be a mission teacher among the aborigines in Northern Australia or with the natives in New Guinea. If this is not possible, she'd like to teach spastic and crippled children.

Children's camps

She has already had some experience with this type of work. For the past three years, and again this year, she has been one of the helpers at the Crippled Children's Camp at the Oakbank Racecourse.

Rosilyn is not only a very competent Guide, but good at all domestic jobs, especially cooking.

"I have to be," she says with a smile. "We're quite a big family, and we all have to help."

She also plays tennis in top teams for her school and her church.

"I love reading, too," Rosilyn said, "but I just never get time these days."

The other lucky girl, Vicky Ballard, is a Cadet Guide, which means she's training to become an adult Guide-leader.

Vicky, aged 17, is a pupil at Camberwell Church of England Girls' Grammar School.

She's going to make the most of her opportunities on this trip and study in France and Germany. However, she'll go back to school for a while before she leaves for Europe.

"I would like to go back for a term to keep fresh for my University course next year," she said. "I'm going to do Arts, concentrating on French and German, which I hope to study in Europe."

Vicky is a curly-haired brunette with a fresh complexion, and she's looking forward tremendously to the camp, which she feels is an ideal opportunity for the young Guides of different nations to get to know one another.

She attended an international camp at Yarra Junction, Victoria, last year and thinks this camp will probably be run on much the same lines but on a much larger scale.

"We all did orderly work, keeping the camp in order with wood-, water-, and cooking-patrols," she said.

"At night we had camp fires, with sing-songs and story-telling. I think this camp will be too big for story-telling, but the sing-songs should be wonderful, with songs from different nations.

"Everything about an international camp is fascinating—even the different uniforms the Guides wear. The Indians are in saris and the Americans in green uniforms with a yellow scarf."

Vicky is a girl who leads a full life. Apart from her studies and Guide activities, she belongs to the church choir and tennis club, is president of the Junior Red Cross at school, studies music and plays the piano at school assembly, and also weaves. This year she made most of her Christmas presents herself.

Expert cook

She's an expert cook and has her Guide's cook's badge. She is also training to be a life-saver.

"Lifesavers are always in demand at camps, as the girls are not allowed to go swimming unless there is a lifesaver in attendance," she said.

Vicky is one of a family of nine. She and her Scout brother, Clarke (16), have introduced their mother, Mrs. V. B. Ballard, to camping.

They spent most of the summer holidays camping by the sea in Victoria.

"It was my first experience of camping, and I loved it," said Mrs. Ballard. "Of course I let them look after the tent and all the technical details, but we all did our share."

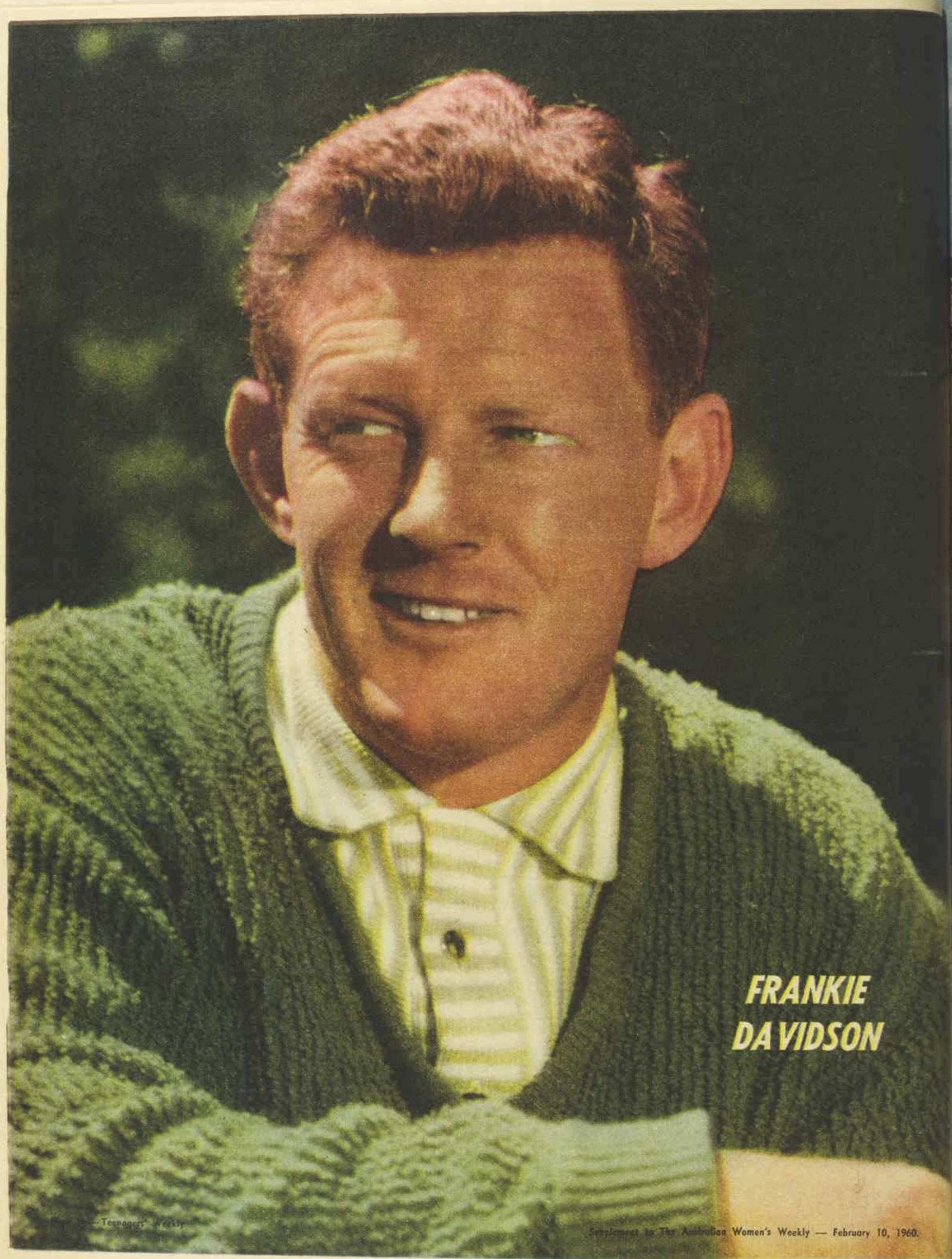


ABOVE: In Guiding uniform, Rosilyn Hogarth, of Adelaide, looks forward to her trip to Switzerland in July.



CADET GUIDE Vicky Ballard, of Camberwell, aged 17, is shown sorting out her camping kit.

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YACHTS and speedboats at Paynesville, on Lake King, Gippsland. Cabin cruisers can be hired here for the day, weekend, or longer.

ntain resorts



PASSENGERS disembarking from the pleasure launch Bluebird, which takes tourists round the lakes and cruises up the North and Cunningham Arms.



GROUP in Princess Royal chamber, Buchan Caves, are, from left, guide Frank Whitaker, tourists Lynette and Gordon White, and guide Billy Wheat.

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VIEW of Lakes Entrance, showing the opening to the Gippsland Lakes from the road approaching Lakes Entrance township. This is an important fishing port.

● The Gippsland Lakes, with an area of 85,500 acres, are becoming one of the most popular holiday resorts in Victoria, and made additionally attractive because it is generally several degrees warmer there than in Melbourne.

AT Paynesville and Metung you can hire a cabin cruiser for a day, a weekend or longer and drift lazily round the lakes, swimming, fishing, and sunbaking. The cruisers are fitted with comfortable bunks, modern galleys, and electricity.

Or you can hire a rowing boat for a day's fishing on the lakes.

There are modern motels and good camping facilities, with good surfing at Cape Conran beach and swimming in the lakes and rivers.

If you want to cool off, there are the Buchan Caves, 35 miles from Lakes Entrance.

Inside these beautiful limestone caves the temperature never varies from 59 degrees, summer or winter.

A swimming pool in the Caves reserve is fed by a cool underground stream which flows under the caves, and there are excellent picnic facilities.

The Lakes are ideal for speedboat racing.

The Gippsland Speedboat Group, comprising five clubs—the Gippsland Lakes Yacht Club, Snowy River Boat Club, Glenmaggie and District Boat Club, Sale Power Boat Club, and Lake Omeo Boat Club—have on an average a regatta once a fortnight for seven months of the year, including gala regattas over holiday periods.

"There are usually about 20 boats at each meeting," said Leo Plumridge, Commodore of the Snowy River Boat Club.

A familiar sight here is Dick Richey's Tiger Moth fish-spotting plane, which covers an area of about 100 miles looking for shoals of salmon.

When the fish are located, the plane radios trawlers at the wharf with directions as to the exact location of the fish.

Geoffrey Cole, of Swan Reach, president of the Gippsland Angling Clubs Association, with 35 member clubs, said the greatest tourist fishing attractions in the area were trout in the upper reaches of the rivers such as the Mitchell, Tambo, Macalister, and Glenmaggie Weir, and bream in the estuaries and lakes.

Night fishing

There are also mullet, flathead, snapper, whiting, garfish, flounder-spearing at night, and gummy shark and salmon for the ocean angler.

One hundred and thirty-eight miles from Lakes Entrance is Mallacoota, on the East Coast towards the N.S.W. border, a lovely drive through bush country, across the Euchre Valley, with its magnificent tree-ferns.

Mallacoota is a fisherman's haven, and has a fine camping ground.

Farther up the Mallacoota Inlet, on the Upper Mallacoota Lake, is Gypsy Point, an oasis of peace for those who want to sunbathe, swim, gaze at lovely lakeland scenery or fish for the abundant bream and flathead.

All along the coastline from Lakes Entrance to Mallacoota there are lakes or inlets, sandy surf beaches (including the famous 90-mile beach which starts at Lakes Entrance) which are often separated only by a narrow sand bar from the lakes.

In the Mitchell River Valley there is a rain forest with dense sub-tropical growth, a fascinating phenomenon for Victoria.

Botanically the cool and shaded area along the floor of the gorge is unique, as the vegetation represents the farthest intrusion into Victoria of the sub-tropical semi-jungle vegetation of eastern New South Wales.



CLEANING bream at Gypsy Point, near Mallacoota, on Wallagaraugh River, are Mrs. Tony Wilson, left, and Pam Floyd.

CONCLUDING—

VICTORIAN HOLIDAYS

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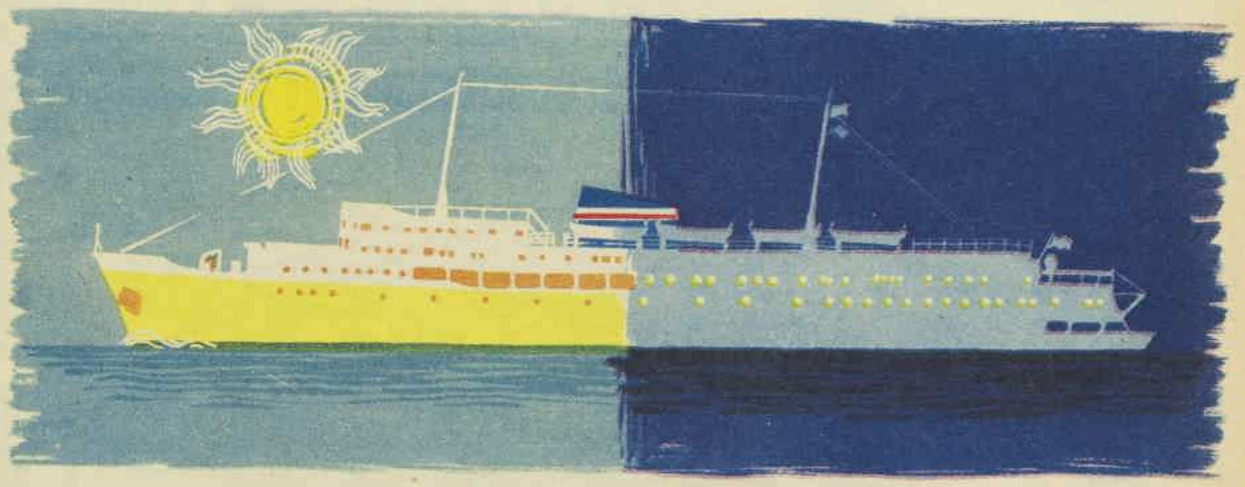




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Continuing . . .

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE VALLEY

"Hush, dear," answered her mother. "They are the poor people from the mountain."

Peter's wife rose and went back into the church, into the dim warmth. She sat on the hard pew, and bowed her head for a moment.

The poor people from the mountain, she thought. I had a nice little house, and a table spread with a red cloth. Goose feather quilts upon my bed, and copper kettles in my kitchen. I had more than that woman ever dreamed of having. She is an ignorant town woman. I will not let her words hurt me.

But she still sat with her head bowed, and for the first time since she was a child she started the day unwashed.

Presently old Peter came and touched her on the arm.

"Anna," he said. "I am going up there. Up to the village. I want to see to my cows."

She caught hold of him.

"No," she said. "Don't be an old fool. It's too far, and it's not safe."

"Karl is going with me," he said. "He is the best skier of us all. Besides, I looked at the mountain. The snow is definitely smaller."

She knew in that moment that he would go, that she would not be able to stop him. She did not cry, because such tears were wasteful. She sat with her hands folded in her lap, and she looked at each finger very carefully, and thus she did not cry.

Behind Peter stood another man, the father of the little boy who had cried for his dog.

"Peter," he said, "I will come with you. Why should I stay, when my son will not even look at me?"

"Because you hit him?" asked Peter.

"Because his dog is lost. Very well. I will find his dog, if it means so much more to him than his father."

He creased up his brow, and looked a little ridiculous, Anna thought. Then she remembered how much he loved the boy, and her heart softened as she smiled at him. Then she turned back to Peter.

"How will we know how things are with you?" she asked anxiously. "How will we know that you are . . . safe?"

"We have thought of that," said Peter proudly. "The old ski tow is not two miles from here. Tomorrow at noon we will run the ski tow from up in the village.

"If you wait at the bottom, you will see the rope move. Later, when this is all over, and we can all come home, that will be how we come."

Anna stood up, and stood very close to Peter. She did not kiss him in public, there in the church, because that was not the village way. She folded his scarf a little tighter around his throat, and whispered. "Take me with you, old Peter. Do not leave me behind."

He patted her hand clumsily.

"You cannot ski so far," he said. "You just stay here where you are safe. Besides, you will be needed here. The innkeeper's father is very sick, and there never was a nurse as good as you."

"And who will nurse you," she whispered, "if you are sick?"

He smiled.

"I will not be sick, I promise. And now you must promise. Promise not to leave here until I send for you. Until I send a message that it is safe."

She did not answer, but he insisted.

"Promise," he said again.

She turned her head away.

"All right," she said. "I promise."

After Peter and the others had gone, Anna sat for a while with her hands in her lap. She made her mind white and blank, so that she should not think of Peter going upwards on the white slopes, back to where the mass of snow was hanging.

Presently she looked up, and the innkeeper was sitting beside her.

"My father is very sick," he said. "The priest has sent for the doctor. He was too old for the journey."

> **Commonsense means the shortest line between two points.**
> —*R. W. Emerson*

"He wanted to stay," said Anna. "He cried when he left his home."

The innkeeper shrugged.

"What could we do? We had to bring him, didn't we?"

Anna pushed back the hair from her forehead.

"I don't know," she said. "Once I thought I knew what was right. Now I am not so sure."

She thought of the flight down the mountainside, and the glad feeling of safety, and of knowing that Peter was beside her. She had thought that he had felt the same, but today he had gone back.

Back into that white place

from page 25

of death, leaving her in a town where she was of no account. Then she thought of the animals, and knew that Peter would not be Peter if he had not gone.

They went at noon, all those who were well enough to walk to the next valley, to the bottom of the ski tow. They walked through the town, a sober little group, their eyes on the ground so that they did not meet the curious eyes of the townspeople.

In their own village they were people of some importance. Here they were nothing. Less than nothing. They ate the bread of charity, and some of the townspeople looked as if they thought that that bread should be put into other mouths.

The ski tow was old and rusty, a relic of the days when tourists came to the village to ski on the mountainside. But the tourists had found other mountains that were steeper and more exciting. Other hotels that were more comfortable.

Even the ski tow, once the village's pride, was laughable now. A rusty steel cable, moving endlessly, wound by a hand winch at the end of the village street. You grasped the cable with both hands, and held tight, and so you went slowly upwards.

And if you did not wear good thick woollen gloves your hands would stick to the metal cable. But now the old ski tow was no longer a joke. It was the link between the people in the valley and the men in the village.

While they waited for noon, and the first movement of the ski tow, they craned upwards, up to the mountain, to the snow mass that threatened their homes.

"It's smaller," said the postmaster. "Quite definitely smaller. We'll all be back within a week."

"I don't know," said the schoolmaster, always a cautious man. "Perhaps it only looks smaller."

"Idiot," said the innkeeper. "If it looks smaller, then it is smaller. We ran like fools when there was no need."

"Then let us go back," said his wife, burying her discontented face into the collar of her fur coat. "Here we are nothing. I want to go home."

They looked at Anna, because she was the oldest, but she said firmly: "Our men can tell much better than we can how things are. When Peter sends for me, I will go. Until then, I do not like it, but I will stay."

Suddenly there was a tug on the ski-tow cable, and it began slowly, slowly to move. Together they gave a little cheer, and presently there came on the cable a little blue scarf tied around the wire.

"It's mine," said Maria. "Karl has sent it to me. It's the one he gave to me when we were at the Olympics. It's a good-luck scarf."

She snatched it off the cable, and held it against her for a moment. Then she put it round her neck and ran off, back towards the town. She was crying.

Later, back in the church, she came to Anna and said: "I am going back. If Karl can manage, and Peter can manage, then I can manage, too, for I am almost as good a skier as Karl, and he is the best skier in the world."

It was true that she was as good as Karl. Anna liked to watch them ski-ing together, rushing down the mountain, side by side, bodies bending in unison.

"But they will send for us when they are ready," she said.

"Ready?" said Maria. "I am ready now. I want to be with Karl."

"What will your father say?"

"He will come, too. He says that now that there are people in the village again, there must be a postmaster."

Near at hand, the innkeeper's father was lying on a bed laid upon the church floor. He had pneumonia, the doctor said. The breath rattled in his chest like dried seeds in a pod. He could not move with ease, but he heard what they said.

"Take me with you," he begged, and his voice was like the rustle of dry, dead leaves. "I don't want to die among strangers."

Anna knelt beside him and took his hand.

"Am I, then, a stranger?" she asked. "And what is this foolish talk of dying? When we go back to the village you will lead us in, and then play the fiddle for the dances as you have done for the last fifty years."

She sat with him for a little while, and when she got up, Maria and her father had gone.

It was market day, and the innkeeper's wife, who had always liked markets, walked into the centre of the town to the big cobbled square. Already many stalls had been erected.

To page 37



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Continuing . . .

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE VALLEY

and the women were piling them with cheeses like cartwheels and cheeses like cannonballs. Eggs in fertile profusion. Crusty brown bread in long straight sticks, or curly crescents so that each loaf twisted to bite its own tail; with smooth golden crust, or scattered with dark blue poppy seeds.

Beyond there were stalls piled high with snowy linens, meticulously embroidered. The innkeeper's wife put out a hand, and turned over a serviette, feeling the quality of the material. As she did so, the stallwoman put out her hand, its flat broad red palm upwards. Pay, the palm said. Pay, or do not handle. The innkeeper's wife dropped her hand to her pocket. She would buy the lot, and put the woman in her place.

She dropped her hand to her pocket, and then down at her side. Because her pocket was empty. She had forgotten that she had no money. As she turned away she saw the smile on the stallwoman's face, and irritation plucked at the back of her eyes and filled them with tears.

Hurrying back to the church, she sought her husband.

"I want some money," she said.

He looked at her, his slightly protruding eyes bulging like pale grapes.

"So," he said. "You want money. Oh, I have plenty of money. Plenty. Up the mountain. In the drawer behind the bar."

"You came without it?" She knew that he had done, but exasperation shrilled her voice, and drove the sense from her head.

"I came without it. It was important, at that time, to save our lives. Nothing else. The money, I say, is behind the bar." His face was suddenly shadowed with thought. "And the door is not locked."

"But surely—" His wife looked up at him.

"Perhaps not. But the cognac! It's the best cognac in the district, and there are only six bottles of it left." He squared his shoulders. "I'm going back."

"I'll go with you," said his wife swiftly. "I'll not stay here where I'm nothing, where I'm nobody. I'll not stay among these peasants."

"You can't come," said the innkeeper swiftly, and then, as though too tired to argue—"All right. Come on. I don't like leaving the inn door open any longer."

But the innkeeper found that leaving his father was not easy. Weak though the old man was, he clung to his son's hand with the desperate strength of weakness.

"Son," he pleaded. "Take me with you. I want to die at home. I don't want to die among strangers."

Slowly, finger by finger, the innkeeper freed his hand.

"Poppa," he said gently. "You are not going to die. You will outlive us all. Now you must rest, and when you are better we will come and take you back."

As they stood outside, ready to start their long upward trek, the innkeeper glanced up at the mountain.

"Idiots we were," he said. "Dolts. To run from a patch of snow."

Anna stood and watched them go. She was suddenly overwhelmed with a longing to see old Peter again. She remembered that she had promised to wait until he sent for her, but the feeling was almost unbearable. I can't stay here any longer, she thought. I cannot bear to stay here any longer.

Back in the church she looked around at the faces of the depleted company, mottled red and blue as the sun shone through the stained-glass windows upon them. We are so few now, she thought. The ones who had strong reasons to go have gone. Peter went for kindness, and Karl went for

Recipe for having beautiful children: be a beautiful parent.
—Elbert Hubbard.

duty, because he was the best skier, and so was the one who must face the danger.

And the little boy's father, he went for love of his son, and from the loneliness that came upon him when the boy would not look at him or speak to him. Maria went for love, too, for love and young impatience, to be with Karl.

Her father went for duty, and for his pride in being a person of importance, the postmaster. The innkeeper and his wife went for pride, but a different kind of pride. It had greed in it. Greed and, I think, distrust. It was not a good reason for going.

But it was a reason. It was enough to take them back to the village, on that cold hard climb, back into danger. They did not sit, as we sit, waiting for nothing; waiting for someone to move us, to tell us to go.

from page 36

We are patient and obedient. Like cows. Like cows without legs. Like shadows. We are nothing

When they walked to the edge of the village, to the ski tow, and waited for the rope to move, they saw that the snow mass was smaller, so very much smaller. Surely it could not still be dangerous. Surely waiting was now only stupid.

As they walked back, one of the young women said: "We are all decided. Tomorrow we are going back."

"I do not know," said Anna doubtfully. "I promised Peter I would wait."

"You must come," said the young woman. "We will go on the ski tow. We need you to help carry the children."

"It will be a cold hard journey for them," said Anna. "Perhaps we should wait."

"Do you like it here?" asked the young woman. "Do you like to eat nothing but thin soup and hard dry bread, and give thanks for it to women you would not have to clean your house? You like to be no one, nothing? And have your children the same?"

Anna looked down at the ground for a moment.

"Very well," she said. "I will come with you. But don't tell the old man."

They did not tell the old man, but he was so sick now that instinct replaced intellect, and he smelled departure as a dog does. Anna knelt by his bed on the floor.

"Take heart, old man," she said, trying to cheer him as all the others had done. "You are sick now, but the doctor will take good care of you. We will soon bring you home, I promise you."

"I shall die. I shall die." His voice had a high keening sound, with an edge like the winter wind.

"Nonsense," said Anna briskly. You will outlive us all."

She hurried out into the sunlight, rubbing her nose hard with the back of her swollen glove. She put the old man out of her mind. Soon I'll see Peter, she thought. I'll see Peter soon.

They gathered at the base of the ski tow, waiting for noon, waiting for the cable to start. As she looked up towards her home and beyond it, to the mountain top, she thought: All that melting snow! I wonder if Peter thought to mend that broken tile on the roof.

Then the cable jerked and creaked, and slowly began to move. She had decided to go last, because she was the eldest, because when she was younger she had used the ski tow often, and was not afraid of it. If one of the others lost their grip, she would know how to slip down the cable to help them up again.

She carried one of the younger children. He clung around her neck like a little monkey, as she spread out her arm, to grip the cable above and below her, shifting her mittens in case they froze on to the metal cable.

I will tell Peter that I had a reason for returning, she thought as she progressed upwards slowly and tediously. I will tell him that my reason was—what? Not the reasons that the others had. Not kindness, or duty, or pride. Not, perhaps, any reason at all.

Above her she heard shouts. The first people on the ski tow had reached the top. Craning upwards she could see them now. Karl in his green jacket. The innkeeper in his fur hat. And Peter—yes, she could see the old red cap that she had knitted for Peter years and years ago.

As the ski-tow cable came slowly up to the top, she saw his face. Saw him smile, and knew that she did not have to make excuses, give reasons for returning. And as she knew that, she knew in the same moment that she had the best reason of all. Old Peter, she thought. I love you. I came back because I could not live away from you.

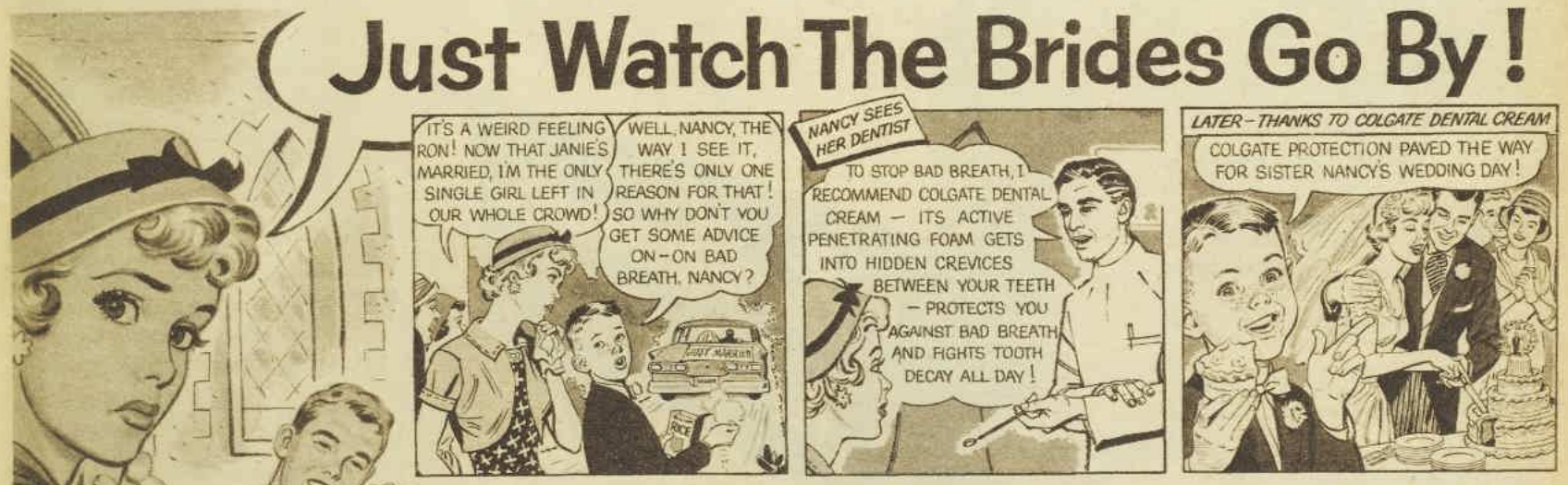
Peter reached down his great hand and helped her up. She stood beside him in the cobbled street of her own home village. She was the last. Now they were all of them home.

Above, far above, the snow on the mountain moved. It slipped slowly, without haste. It lurched and gathered speed. Down the mountainside came snow in hundreds of tons, gathering the whole village in its flurrying flight. Down the mountainside, gathering in speed and in size until it seemed that the mass of snow was bigger than the mountain down which it sped. Down, down into the valley with an increasing roar that was louder than the roar of thunder. Louder, and far more terrible.

And in the next valley, in his bed on the church floor, an old man heard the sound, and turned his face to the wall, and wept.

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getting deaf, and we've laughed and disbelieved her; but I think it's true.

"For a minute I really thought she wasn't there, and I felt the most terrible loss; as if life had emptied itself.

"Then I walked into the sitting-room and found her. She was in that chair by the window, sewing, turning up the sleeves of one of my children's blazers.

"She had switched on a lamp and she sat in a doubl brightness, the afternoon light and the lamp.

"She's older now, I know but she looked to me then as she has looked all my life when I have come home. Home from play as a child; home from school; home from my honeymoon. She looked more kind and good than any woman in the world could look to me.

"I wanted, then, to say how much I loved her. But all I said was that she mustn't strain her eyes over the blazer, and I think she remarked what a nice day it was. Why are we always constrained?"

I, not Jean, should have spoken like this of mother, thought Rosemary. Surely mother means more to me than to Jean? Jean has Alan and her children.

But sometimes—when the pleasure of my latest boyfriend is palling, a too-familiar pattern emerging, doubts creeping into my mind—I feel that my mother's is the only certain love I shall ever know.

We have our secrets, she and I. To her, and to her alone, I said two years ago:

Continuing . . . THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT

"I have met the man I love with all my heart, and want to marry. He is married to someone else, and I shall never see him again. But, as your child, I must speak to you of the husband I might have had.

"I want you, too, to know that he exists, and walks about in this world, and breathes the air we breathe. Perhaps knowing that should be enough . . ."

Since then, thought Rosemary, she has watched me chasing after second-best; but she has warned me, gently and firmly, that I must not end up with that.

She speaks platitudes that, from her, sound like faith. "Time heals . . ." "You never know what might happen tomorrow . . ." She helps me infinitely. She believes in my tomorrow.

"Yes," said Rosemary to Jean, "I wish we could do something special for mother's birthday. But what, precisely?"

"I don't know. But we have a week to think about it. Let's phone each other again when we get an idea. It must be really special——"

"Yes. She must have a perfect day——"

They had, of course, forgotten that the week, like any adult week, would go more quickly than they expected. They hadn't known that it would be grey and close, with a mood of difficulty.

Rosemary was beset with problems at her office.

from page 27

She worked against the clock, smoked too many cigarettes, sat impatiently on the edges of seats in taxis while they took her, too slowly, from one place to the next.

Only in the early mornings, walking along Piccadilly to work, did she think about her mother's birthday. But she wasn't able to think long enough. Her mind was in tune with the haste of the street; it jumped ahead restlessly, before the question was solved.

And when she thought of "next week" it was frankly in terms of her evening with Julian.

Strangely, there was time to think about Julian.

Thoughts of him were with her at her work-strewn desk; he seemed to sit beside her in all the impatient taxis; he was with her in the very few moments when she was absolutely still.

A certain portion of the human race has certainly a taste for being diddled.

—Thomas Hood

She wondered if in Julian was not her real recovery, her future. The evening's importance grew and she wondered endlessly what she should wear for it.

Each lunchtime she searched the shops, telling herself that merely the right dress would not do: this must be the perfect dress.

She found it at last, in a size which was not her size, in a shop which said placidly that alterations would take at least a fortnight.

"Then I shall alter it myself," said Rosemary rashly: she needed a moment of rashness to write out a cheque as large as that one.

But she was sure of the dress: the bag seemed to float on her arm as she walked out of the shop; and the evening with Julian came nearer, much nearer.

In the country Jean watched her children trail home with the signs of some minor illness.

Their dragging footsteps; food left on their plates; insistence that no, they felt perfectly all right, and they must watch television.

It's all so familiar, Jean thought, getting out the thermometer. Now what is this—measles, the current kind of flu, or just a chill?

She rang the doctor; she rang her mother.

"They're both in bed again," she said. "Mother, do you think my children get more sickness than most?"

"Don't be silly," her mother said. "You and Rosemary had far more."

"But we were a different generation."

"Well, now you have a few new diseases, and a few new drugs to combat them. But children don't change much."

She sounds so calm, Jean thought gratefully; she sounds like the eternal mother of all our children.

Then came the brisk footsteps of Alan, her husband.

"I've invited G.R. and his wife to dinner next Tuesday," Alan said brightly.

"What—here, Alan?"

"Yes, of course. It's time G.R. came to dine here."

"But, Alan, I've got the children in bed—for at least a week, the doctor says.

"Mrs. Hunter's on holiday and there's no help in the house. And I've just sent the dining-room curtains to be cleaned. Can't you take them out to dinner?"

Alan said, "No. Why do you ramble on about the dining-room curtains, darling? Surely you see this is important. G.R. is my managing director."

"But must he come next Tuesday?"

"Yes, now that I've asked him. What's the matter. Can't you cope?"

They loved each other. But Alan could be very firm, and Jean could feel very small.

The quick, grey days continued to pass.

Tuesday morning found Rosemary gazing with despair at the dress she was to wear the next evening for her date with Julian . . . the simple dress with the complicated seams. It had obsessed her weekend; she had worked on it for hours, and it still wasn't right.

There's so little time left, Rosemary thought. Today is Tuesday . . . Mother's birthday.

I wonder if she likes her scarf; it's French, but what an unimaginative present to give her after all that talk with Jean about doing something special.

I wonder what Jean has given her. Mother, of course, is the one person in the world who could put this dress right in half an hour . . .

"We'll be here at seven," Alan said cheerfully to Jean that same Tuesday morning. "G.R. told me last night how much he's looking forward to it. I know everything's going to be perfect, darling."

What you don't know, Jean thought, is that the dining-room curtains have shrunk; that the children now have nameless spots; that the fridge isn't working; that I feel all set for disaster.

The only good thing about today is that it's mother's birthday and the sun is shining for her, Jean thought on. I wonder if she likes her bed-jacket.

What a dreary thing to give her after the way I talked to Rosemary. But I never got a brilliant idea; there didn't seem time. I wonder what Rosemary gave her . . .

I must phone mother in a minute and wish her many happy returns. I must sound cheerful, not let her know what a spot I'm in over this dinner party. Though mother, of course, is the one person in the world who could cope . . .

LATE that night Jean walked across the village to see her mother. G.R. and his wife had gone home, enchanted by a perfect dinner. Alan was blissfully washing the brandy glasses, enchanted by a perfect wife.

Light flowed from the windows of the small house. Approaching, Jean again saw her mother sewing by the lamp. Sewing a piece of sophisticated silk, watched by a girl who would look sophisticated when she wore it, but who looked then like a grateful child.

Rosemary opened the door to Jean.

"I didn't know you were here, Rosemary!" Jean exclaimed. "Did you come for mother's birthday?"

"Yes, I wanted to see mother today," Rosemary said quickly.

"It's late for her to be sewing," Jean said slyly.

Rosemary knew that she had never fooled Jean and could not do so now.

"Yes, that is my dress mother's sewing," she said defiantly. "I know it seems thoughtless, asking her to work on her birthday, but I have to wear the dress tomorrow for something special . . . and I knew that only mother could get it right.

"You know how well she sews. Only I'd hoped you wouldn't find out, Jean. I knew you'd be annoyed with me for doing this, after the way we talked of giving mother a perfect birthday . . ."

She didn't seem to notice that Jean's shoulders were shaking with laughter as they entered the sitting-room.

"I came to say thank you," Jean said to her mother. "The evening went superbly, thanks to you, Mother. They even admired the deep cream hems we'd sewn to the dining-room curtains!"

She turned to Rosemary. "Alan brought his managing director and wife home to dinner. The children are ill and the house was in chaos.

"But mother came over and put everything right. She was quite wonderful. Only I didn't want you to know, Rosemary. I thought you would be annoyed!"

Their mother sewed the final stitch, looked up, smiled, asked them: "What are you two talking about?"

"Your birthday," Jean said. "We'd planned to do something special for you."

"We wanted to give you a perfect day," Rosemary said. "Instead, we've given you a terrible one. We've just come running for help."

Round the lamp the three made a cameo: eyes of the mother repeated in one daughter, line of her mouth in the other.

There they sat, drawn back for a moment from the world which demanded them, brought back to this surest love of all.

"Yes, you came running for help," the woman said to the daughters. "I'm your mother and you needed me. You couldn't give me more. This was a perfect day."

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● *Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.*



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Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust £6/17/6; 36 and 38in. bust £6/19/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 89/9; 36 and 38in. bust 92/3.

Postage 4/3 extra.

● *NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 61. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*



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Optional extra. Fastest way to prepare soups, purees, baby foods and all drinks.



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YOURS FOR A FEW SHILLINGS A WEEK — AT YOUR SUNBEAM RETAILER'S

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Debbie gives her

ITALIAN PIZZA RECIPE

● This week Debbie, our teenage chef, gives her version of the very popular Italian pizza. From many authentic savory fillings, Debbie chooses this combination which wins enthusiastic praise from her friends at platter parties, TV evenings, and other social get-togethers. She serves 8 to 10 hearty wedges from the large pizza which is illustrated at right.



RUB 1½ ounces shortening into 3 cups sifted self-raising flour, 1 level teaspoon salt, and good pinch pepper. Mix to a soft dough with 1 cup milk, knead lightly, roll to 10-inch circle and lift into large greased pie dish or plate. Brush with milk or melted shortening.





PREPARE 4 or 5 large firm tomatoes by plunging into boiling water for about 1 minute. Remove and carefully peel off skin as illustrated, then slice evenly with sharp serrated knife. Set out 1 8-ounce packet sliced Swiss or processed cheese. Open and drain 1 tin anchovies and 1 small jar black or stuffed olives (these are optional).



ARRANGE layers of tomatoes and sliced cheese over dough. Season layers with salt and oregano. Place pattern of anchovies and olives on top, sprinkle or brush with olive oil or anchovy liquor and bake in hot oven 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate and bake further 20 to 25 minutes. Cut into wedges to serve.

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Progress prizes in Mustard Contest

● Nearly 7000 entries have already been received in our Mustard Contest, in which £1235 cash prizes will be awarded for recipes featuring a standard mustard as an ingredient.

● Below are the three weekly £5 progress prizewinning recipes in each of the three sections of the contest. These prizes will be awarded weekly until the contest closes at noon on March 9.

HUNDREDS of entries arriving by every mail from all parts of Australia are keeping our panel of judges busy sorting, selecting, judging, and testing the recipes.

Prizes in this splendid cookery contest for readers, which was first announced on January 6, include the Grand Champion Prize of £500 for the best recipe entered in any of the three sections of the contest.

There are first prizes of £100 each in the three sections of the contest.

Here is the complete prize list:

Grand Champion Prize for the best recipe entered in the contest £500
First prize in each section £100
Second prize in each section £50
Third prize in each section £25
Fourth prize in each section £10

In addition there will be 30 consolation prizes of £2 each. Three £5 progress prizes are also being awarded weekly in each section.

All the £5 weekly progress prizewinning recipes will still be eligible for the main prizes.

The major prizewinners will be announced in our issue of March 30, and the recipes will appear in a color section in a later issue.

Readers are invited to enter the contest by sending in a recipe or recipes in which a standard household mustard is a featured ingredient.

The mustard can be mixed or dry, according to the contestant's own method.

But please remember that mustard used in the recipe must be a featured ingredient and not merely a pinch to give flavoring.

To enter the contest, write your recipe or recipes clearly on a sheet of paper, using a separate sheet for each one. Attach your name and address (including State) to each sheet, mark it according to the section in which the recipe is entered, and send it to:

Mustard Contest,
Box 5252,
G.P.O.,
Sydney.

Here are this week's progress prizewinners:

SECTION 1

Meat and other main dishes (hot or cold), soups.

Progress prize of £5 to Mrs. F. Boorman, Taylor Ave., Golden Beach, Caloundra, Qld., for:

SUNSHINE-HONEY-CHICKEN

One small frying chicken (approx. 2lb.), 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, ¼ cup honey, ¼ cup dry mustard, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1½ teaspoons salt.

Split chicken through the centre with sharp, heavy knife or cleaver and rub all over with half the salt. Arrange both sections skin-side down in baking-dish which has been lined with aluminium foil brushed with the melted butter. Mix the honey, mustard, lemon juice, and remaining salt together. Spoon over the chicken pieces and bake in moderate oven 30 minutes, basting occasionally. Turn chicken pieces over and continue baking and basting until meat is tender. Serve with potato crisps, fried onion slices, and tomatoes.

SECTION 2

Spreads, savories, and canapes.

Progress Prize of £5 to Miss S. Brown, 18 Balmain St., Wooloowin N3, Qld., for:

JAMAICAN SANDWICH SAVORIES

Half pound cream cheese (softened with a little milk), 2 tablespoons pineapple juice, ¼ teaspoon vanilla essence, dash salt, ¼ cup drained crushed pineapple, ¼ cup chopped nuts, 4 slices white bread, 8 slices wholemeal bread, ham filling, butter.

Combine cream cheese, pineapple juice, vanilla, and salt; blend until smooth. Stir in pineapple and nuts. Spread 4 slices white bread with ham filling. Spread 4 slices of wholemeal bread with butter, then spread with cheese mixture. Place on ham, cheese side up. Top with remaining wholemeal bread slices, buttered, to complete the double-decker sandwich. Cut diagonally into halves or quarters. Garnish with stuffed olive-rings and thin strips of red pepper.

Ham Filling: Half pound cooked ham (coarsely chopped), ¼ cup pickle relish, 2 teaspoons mustard, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon finely chopped green pepper, ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, dash pepper.

Combine all ingredients and mix well.

SECTION 3

Pickles, relishes, sauces, dressings, mixed mustard.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. B. Stanley, 110 Cowper St., Goulburn, N.S.W., for:

CORN RELISH

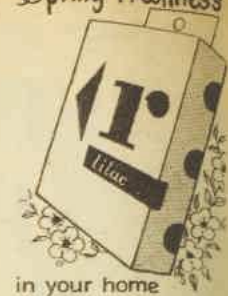
Eighteen ears corn, 2 red peppers, 4 onions, 1 quart vinegar, 2 tablespoons salt, 2 large green peppers, 1 small cabbage, 1 cup chopped celery, 2 cups brown sugar, 3 tablespoons mustard.

Cut corn from cobs, remove seeds from peppers, and chop with cabbage and onions. Mix vegetables together, add remaining ingredients, and cook until corn is tender (approx. 20 to 30 minutes), stirring frequently. Pack into hot sterilised jars and seal. Makes approximately 5 pints.

HOME PLANS SERVICE

New directors have been appointed to our Home Plans Service, and the Home Planning Centres are being reorganised in all States. Would any readers who are awaiting replies to letters or delivery of plans please write direct to The Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O. Sydney.

Spring Freshness



in your home all the year round

RACASAN

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The smell of sweet fresh air everywhere you hang a Racasan Air Freshener Block. No more unpleasant odours in bathrooms, toilets, kitchens, cupboards, etc. No "moth-ball" smell to linger round your clothes. Racasan Air Fresheners are available in six delightful perfumes — violet, narcissus, lavender, lilac, heather and pine.

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I find them marvellous for Constipation, Indigestion, Headaches, Stomach Troubles, Rheumatism and many other aches and pains.

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Continuing . . . BOND STREET STORY

from page 29

the way of fearfully clever men. It was why she hadn't dared to interrupt him.

Why even now that he had apparently stopped, she couldn't think of anything to say except "Thank you."

But apparently it had been the right answer. Because Sir Harry seemed so pleased, even delighted, with her. He had poured himself out another drink and was sitting there beaming.

"Then what about me setting you up on your own somewhere?"

"Oh . . . on my own?" The words sounded familiar and full of a vague foreboding.

"Little hat shop somewhere," Sir Harry went on. "Or a beauty parlor. Choose your own site."

"I . . . I don't understand," she said finally.

Not that Sir Harry was in the least put off by that.

"Don't you bother your head about the details," he said. "Just leave all that to me."

He was cutting himself another cigar as he was speaking. One of his big ones this time. He had a large cabinet, practically a chest-of-drawers, just beside him. And the cigar was certainly one of the very largest that Marcia had ever seen.

As she looked, she realised that, in the sheer art of living, all the other men she had ever known were no better than amateurs. Whereas Sir Harry was a professional.

From those beautiful, skin-tight shoes of his right up to the neatly cut white wings of hair on either side of the bald part he exuded the authentic aura of well-preserved expensive maleness. Whatever it was that he wanted her to do, Marcia supposed that the sensible thing would be to do it.

"Of course, you'll need some pocket-money," he said suddenly. "No fun being without it. Better leave that side to me, too."

"Thank you," Marcia answered.

"And you'd better not go back there," Sir Harry went on. "Only cause a scene. Just lie low for a bit. Till it all calms down."

There was a pause.

"Till all what——?" Marcia began.

But Sir Harry was not listening. He had jumped up and gone over to pick up "The Times." He went rapidly through the paper and then found what he wanted.

"That's it," he said. "Solves everything. Why not have a breakdown?"

The fears, the forebodings, began to return to Marcia's mind. She allowed herself the nearest thing to a frown that would not cause permanent wrinkles on her forehead.

"A breakdown?" she asked.

Sir Harry gave a little laugh.

"Not a bad one," he said. "You'll get over it. An ocean cruise is what you want. Something to put you on your feet again. What about three weeks in Bermuda?"

Marcia was so much behind him by now that she did not even attempt to catch up.

"It . . . it sounds divine," was all she said.

"Right, then," Sir Harry said. "That's settled. I'll send the tickets round to you. And the hotel. Fix you up in a good one. Everything paid for. And a bit over," he added, with a wink. "Quite a nice little bit. More than you're expecting."

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

"Thank you," Marcia said, dropping her eyes from his while she was speaking.

"In the meantime," he went on," just keep away from Bond Street. Don't answer the phone. Be out if anyone calls. And return any presents. Make a clean break. And you won't regret it."

"Shan't I?" Marcia asked helplessly.

She was confused. Really confused by now. But what a wonderful man. So rich in experience of the world. And in the other way, too. Really rich, rich. It had been like living in another world just being with him. So different from his son.

She could see how silly it was ever to have imagined that she was in love with Mr. Rammell. It hadn't been love at all. It had been pity. The pity of a truly loving woman who recognises when a man is in need of someone. But nothing permanent could ever have been built on such a foundation. It was fatal. The kind of love that all too easily turns into contempt.

> **The purest and most thoughtful minds are those which love color the most.**
>
> *—John Ruskin*

With Sir Harry, on the other hand, it was sheer admiration that she felt. She admitted quite frankly that he was her superior. Would be ready to worship openly at his feet for ever . . .

Five minutes after Marcia had left Sir Harry was on the phone to Mrs. Rammell.

"Just as I told you," he was saying. "That's the end of that. Took it very well after I'd explained everything. Saw how hopeless it was. You can go on now just as though nothing'd happened. She'll be out of the country before he knows about it. Just the way I wanted it. Purely private. No scandal. Nothing in the papers."

EVEN by five-thirty there was still no Mr. Bloot. No reply from Artillery Mansions. And no reply from Hetty's little shop. That was what decided Mr. Privett to go round to Finsbury Park and find out for himself.

And it was Chick who opened the door to Mr. Privett when he got there. At least, half opened, that is.

"She's not in," he said.

But Mr. Privett had no intention of being simply brushed off like that.

"It's not Hetty I want," he said firmly. "It's Gus."

Chick kept his shoulder up against the door. Even closed it ever so slightly.

"Not in, either," he told him. "Did he come back here last night?"

But Chick did not seem inclined to prolong the conversation.

"How should I know?" he replied. "I don't live here, do I?"

It was this that made Mr. Privett put the direct question that he had been trying to avoid.

"Then what are you doing here now?" he asked.

"Comforting Hetty," Chick told him.

And that was all. Before Mr. Privett could answer he had shut the door in his face.

For a moment Mr. Privett stood where he was. His hand went out towards the door. And then he checked himself. He had no wish to cause a scene. He was already determined on his course of action. That was why he left so hurriedly.

And as soon as he reached the corner of Tregunter Road he saw what he was looking for. A policeman. He went straight up to him, his voice trembling a little as he put his question.

"Could you tell me the way to the police station, please?" he asked. "I want to report a missing person."

The policeman wasn't exactly the one that Mr. Privett would have chosen if there had been time to look around properly. Too young. And inexperienced. He knew where the station was. But he was doubtful about the procedure for missing persons.

Mr. Privett was more than surprised when he reached the station to see Hetty herself coming out. And she made no attempt to avoid him. On the contrary, she was defiant.

"Well," she demanded, "what have you done with him? If you think you can hide him from me, you're wrong," she said. "I'll find him all right, don't you worry. And he's going to get a piece of my mind when I see him. Going off like that all because of nothing."

"Do you call his budgies nothing?" Mr. Privett asked.

Immediately Hetty rounded on him again.

"So he told you, did he?" Hetty asked. "That means you have seen him."

"Not since last night," Mr. Privett told her. "About half past ten. He said he was on his way round to you."

"Oh, was he indeed?" Hetty replied. "That was nice of him." She paused for a moment, pondering on the significance of what she had just heard. And when she did speak it was obvious that the piece of information had deeply upset her.

"And next time you see him you can tell him to stay away, so far as I'm concerned," she said. "Running round the corner to tell somebody I'd let his blasted budgies out. I might have know it'd be you."

"He was very upset," Mr. Privett told her.

But Hetty was not prepared to listen.

"He'll be even more upset when he finds out what's coming to him," she went on. "Biggest mistake I ever made was marrying him. You can tell him that, too. He's just a big lazy sponger, that's all he is. I can get on better without him."

"Then why did you come to the police station, if you don't want to find him?" Mr. Privett asked.

"Because I want to put myself in the right," she answered. "If he's lost his memory or something, that's his affair. He'd better find it again. I don't want my name in the papers just because of him."

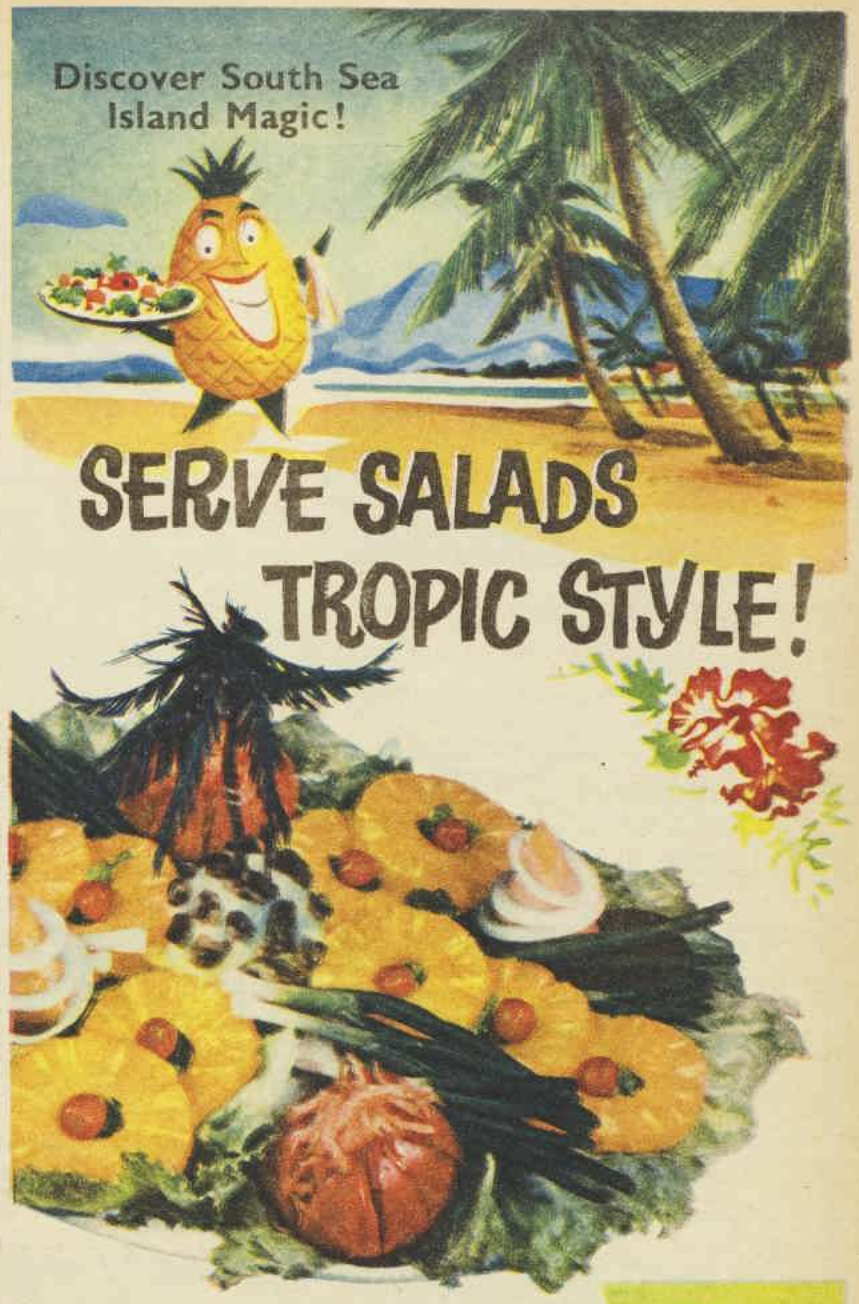
Mr. Privett took a deep breath. Then he braced himself and faced up to her.

"I think you're being very cruel," he said. "For all you know, he . . . he might be dead."

"Well, he can't be dead enough to suit me," Hetty replied. "You can tell him that, too, when you see him. And with my compliments."

It struck Mr. Privett after he had left her that he had never met any other woman whom he hated so much. It wasn't that she was bad looking. He was ready to concede that she was handsome. And even

To page 47



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The Perfect **HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONING CREAM**

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THE OBSERVER

Australia's first fortnightly review

1/6 from your newsagent

£5 prize for meat loaf

● An interesting recipe for egg-and-bacon layered meat loaf wins the main prize of £5 this week.

A LUSCIOUS frozen banana-and-meringue dessert wins a consolation prize of £1.

All spoon measurements are level.

VEGETABLE MEAT LOAF

One and a half pounds sausage meat, 1lb. potatoes, 1 carrot, salt, pepper, 2 sheeps' kidneys (skinned and chopped), 1 small onion, ½ teaspoon mixed herbs, ½ teaspoon ground ginger, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, ¼ cup dry breadcrumbs, 1 egg, ½lb. bacon rashers (rind removed), extra 3 eggs.

Peel and slice potatoes and carrot. Cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and mash together; season with salt, pepper. Blend together in mixing-bowl the sausage meat, potato, and carrot mash, chopped kidney, finely chopped onion, herbs, ginger, curry powder, half the breadcrumbs, salt, pepper. Mix in beaten egg and add more breadcrumbs if necessary to make mixture light and moist. Place 1/3rd of mixture into greased, deep loaf-tin, break two eggs gently on top, and cover with half the bacon rashers. Carefully cover with another third of mixture and then the remaining egg, bacon, and last third of mixture. Sprinkle top with breadcrumbs and place bacon rinds on top. Cover with brown paper and bake in moderate oven 1¾ hours or until cooked through. Cool slightly; discard bacon rinds and loosen sides with knife, turn loaf out. When cold, place loaf on bed of lettuce arranged on large platter.



VEGETABLE MEAT LOAF, prepared and baked the day before required, makes cutting easier

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. C. Scholes, 12 Carr St., Coogee, N.S.W.

FROZEN BANANA MERINGUE

Three egg-whites, ¾ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ½ teaspoon vinegar, 1 cup mashed ripe bananas, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1½ tablespoons lemon juice, ¼ cup caster sugar, 1 cup whipped cream.

Beat egg-whites until thick, beat in sugar, 2 tablespoons at a time. Add vanilla and vinegar. Beat until well blended. Divide meringue into two equal parts and spread each half on to piece of greased paper (cut same size as refrigerator trays) on an oven slide. Bake in slow oven 40 to 50 minutes or until quite dry. Cool. Combine banana, salt, lemon juice, fold into whipped cream, add sugar. Place one baked meringue in bottom of refrigerator tray, cover with banana cream, and top with second baked meringue. Freeze until centre is firm. Cut into slices and serve with ice-cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Thornton, 45 Leach Rd., Dalkeith, W.A.

SUITABLE CLOTHING IS IMPORTANT FOR BABY

A BABY'S layette should include clothes that are light in weight, simple, and warm. They should also be easy to put on, easy to wash, dry, and iron, and should not have thick bands and seams.

An important point to watch is that booties are not tied too tightly round the ankles or they will restrict blood circulation.

When a baby is suitably dressed his skin will feel warm to the touch. He will be neither hot nor cold, nor perspiring, and his feet should be warm.

Paper patterns for a simple, practical layette are always obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. The price is 3/6, post free.

Frank talk on a hush-hush subject

Read this—and never be embarrassed by perspiration again!



Everyone perspires... it's natural... BUT—

that's no excuse to take risks with precious personal daintiness! **Everyone** needs the gentle, but effective, deodorant protection of **ARRID** . . . to be **sure.**



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A daily shower is only the **first** step towards personal daintiness. For **complete** day-long protection against perspiration embarrassment, use **ARRID** daily.



Excitement and anxiety can cause perspiration, too.

Right through the year — in every season — you experience "emotional" perspiration. Don't spoil happy moments with embarrassing doubts — use **ARRID every** day.

Be sure of your freshness all day long, with 3-way Arrid protection against embarrassing perspiration. So gently, but so effectively, **ARRID checks perspiration, stops perspiration odours,** and **protects** the delicate fabrics of your clothes. And remember! This is a "hush-hush" subject that concerns **men,** too!



Choose **ARRID CREAM, ROLL-ON,** OR **SUPER-SPRAY.** Fluffy white **ARRID CREAM** leaves underarms dry, soft and fresh. Medium 3/9, Large 5/10.

Gentle **ARRID ROLL-ON** deodorant lotion contains soothing lanolin. In the shaped bottle with the roll-on applicator, 7/6.

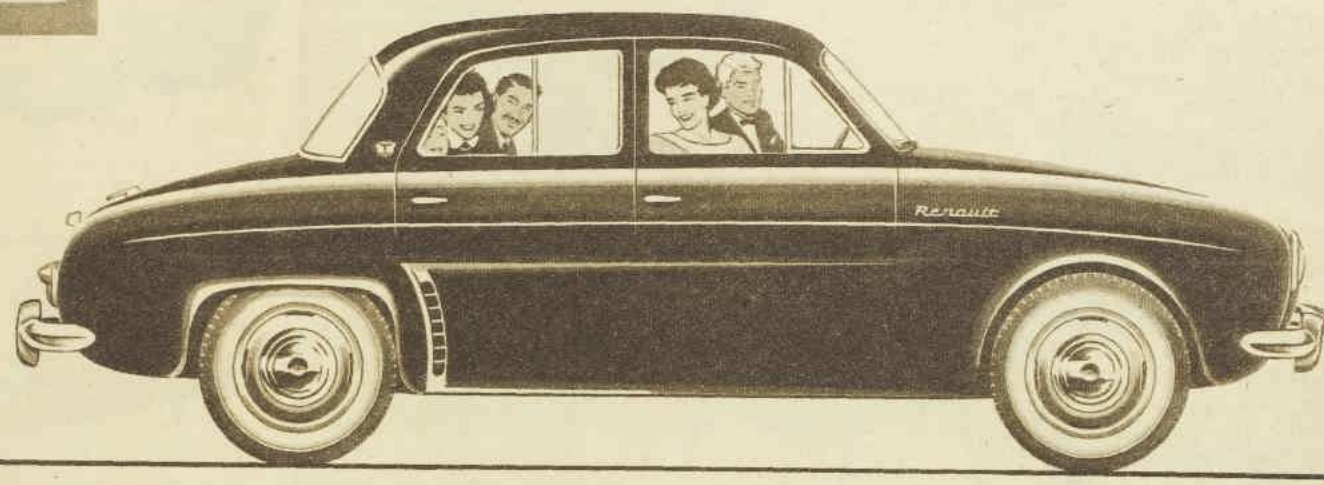
Also get Arrid protection with **ARRID SUPER-SPRAY**—in the unbreakable blue squeeze-bottle . . . 6/11.



BE SURE OF YOUR FRESHNESS . . . SURE OF YOURSELF . . . WITH GENTLE **ARRID** PROTECTION.

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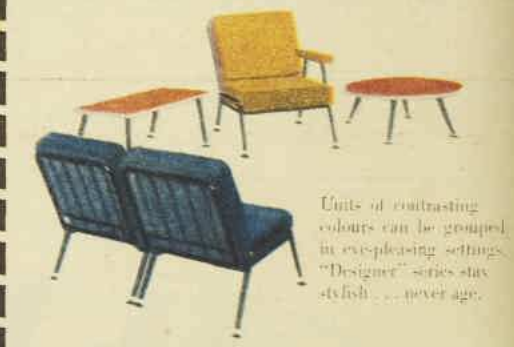
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Continuing . . . BOND STREET STORY

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in her present distress she had not let herself go. She was wearing her big fur wrap. And a new hat that Mr. Privett hadn't seen before.

No, it was nothing to do with appearances. It was what she had said about Mr. Bloot. Even if she hadn't killed him yet—he certainly wouldn't put it past her now. She was a hard and horrifying human being . . .

The suspense, the awful feeling of not knowing what had happened, was too much for Mr. Privett.

Next morning the doorkeeper was on the lookout when he arrived at Rammell's. Actually standing at the foot of the stairs waiting.

"Mr. Preece has been asking for you," he said. "Straight away."

Mr. Privett's heart gave a bump. This was it. They'd found the corpse. Either that, or Rammell's wanted him to take over the main foyer again.

And when he reached Mr. Preece's room he could tell that it was more than the front hall that was bothering him. He was sitting there, tight-lipped, with his hands clasped on the blotter in front of him. In the easy-chairs on the other sides of the desk two large, calm men were sitting. Mr. Privett knew them at once for police officers.

Mr. Preece got up as he entered.

"Ah, Mr. Privett," he said thankfully. "So you've got here. You know about Mr. Bloot, of course. Being missing, I mean."

"Oh, yes, sir. I know about that. I wondered if you'd heard anything."

He paused, aware that two other lots of eyes were looking at him.

"I'm afraid not," Mr. Preece said. "But these two gentlemen are here to help us find him. They're police officers."

Mr. Privett turned and faced them.

"Good morning," he said politely.

The grey-haired one leant forward.

"Good morning, Mr. Privett," he began, and stopped again almost immediately. "It is Mr. Privett, isn't it?"

"That's right," he said. "Alfred Privett, 26 Fewkes Road, North-West . . ."

But the policeman didn't seem interested in all that. At least not for the moment.

"Do sit down, won't you?" he asked. "I only want to ask a few questions to see if you can be of any help to us."

The awful fear suddenly crossed Mr. Privett's mind that perhaps they suspected him. Indeed, now that he had thought of it he didn't see how they could avoid it. They were bound to suspect everyone who had ever known poor Mr. Bloot. He could tell that they were sizing him up as he stood there. Seeing if he were the kind of man who would know about disposing of bodies and that kind of thing.

The inspector pushed a chair forward.

"When did you last see Mr. Bloot?" he asked.

Mr. Privett hesitated. He realised the dangers of giving false information. But he realised also how it might appear if he were the last person to have seen Mr. Bloot alive. He could practically feel the chill of the handcuffs closing round his wrists.

"The night before last," he replied without looking up.

"And where would that be?" the inspector continued.

He had a quiet, naturally friendly sounding voice. It was ideal for prompting.

"At home," Mr. Privett told him.

"At Artillery Mansions, you mean?"

"No, sir. At my home. Number 26. Mrs. Privett'll remember. She heard him."

"Don't you worry about what other people heard," the inspector said. "We can do all the checking up afterwards. Just you take things easy and tell us everything you can remember. What time was it?"

"About . . . about ten-thirty."

"What did he come round for?"

"Just for a cup of tea. Same as usual."

"And did you give him one?"

MR. PRIVETT shook his head. This was where it was begining to get difficult. He had already lied to Mrs. Privett, and now he had to make sure that it was the same lie that he was telling to the inspector.

"No, sir. He'd just had one."

"So he just dropped in to say good night?"

"Yes, sir. That's all it was."

"And how did he seem?"

"He was all right."

"Not upset about anything?"

Mr. Privett was finding it physically difficult to speak.

"Yes, he was," he said at last. "Very. It was on account of his budgies. You see, she'd let them out. That is, Mrs. Bloot had. On purpose. He told me."

"Was that all?"

"Well, it was enough, wasn't it? He was very much attached to those budgies. They were like . . . like children to him."

"And she let them fly away? It was deliberate, you say?"

"That's what he told me."

"Now why would she do a thing like that?"

"I just can't imagine," Mr. Privett replied. "Really I can't. Not unless she wanted to hurt him."

"Why would she want to do that?"

Mr. Privett shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm not married to her," he said.

"You and Mr. Bloot are old friends, aren't you?" the inspector went on.

"He's my oldest friend," Mr. Privett said proudly.

"And would you call his second marriage a happy one?"

Mr. Privett ran his tongue round inside his mouth.

"At first," he said. "You . . . you see, she was younger than he was."

"And had he got any other young lady friends?" the inspector asked quietly. "The kind that might understand him in time of trouble, I mean."

Mr. Privett shook his head.

"He wasn't that kind of man," he said firmly. "Mr. Bloot was good."

The inspector was silent for a moment.

"I suppose you've no idea where he might be now?" he asked.

This time there was no hesitation. No swallowing.

"If I knew, I'd go to him," he replied.

. . . .

It was, from Mr. Rammell's point of view, the worst of all possible mornings for anything like this to have happened. Why Mr. Bloot of all people should suddenly start behaving like a runaway schoolgirl entirely passed his comprehension. As soon as Mr. Preece told him, he felt angry. Angry at the one moment of his life when all that he wanted was a little peace and quiet.

But there was more than Mr. Bloot on his mind now. There was himself. It was ten o'clock. And he was in Harley Street waiting to see his stomach man.

For one of his periodical check-ups. The way he was feeling nowadays, he simply dare not miss it. As it was, he'd been living on nothing stronger than boiled fish and Melba toast ever since Tuesday.

Mr. Rammell felt himself tightening up all over. It was the same on every occasion. This strangely nervous feeling. As though he were guilty of something and was about to be rebuked for it. If it had been a magistrate and not a specialist in the other room, Mr. Rammell could not have felt more apprehensive.

Or more in need of him. As he settled himself in the chair he could hear his own heart beating. Right up somewhere behind his ears. And his breathing was in bad shape.

"Well. And how are we feeling today?"

The same idiotic question that Mr. Rammell had heard a score of times before. It maddened him anew every time he heard it. As though any man in his senses would be there if he were feeling well. And the same infuriating plural. Not royal. Not editorial.

Simply the old witch-doctor convention that they were both in it together, holding hands in a jinn-infested world, hoping that their squibs and rattles would keep the worst of the evil spirits from settling.

Not that anyone need have worried about Mr. Huntley Cary. He carried his own offensive aura of good health about with him. A large man, he had played rugger as a medical student. And he looked as though, between operations, he had somehow secretly contrived to keep it up. If not rugger, at least golf.

Mr. Rammell was undressed by now, and Mr. Huntley Cary's strong, almost nailless fingers were prodding into him, pressing, squeezing, probing. Considering his size he was astonishingly gentle. Mr. Rammell had to concede him that much.

"Nothing there," he said at last, only partially managing to conceal the natural disappointment in his voice. "Not a sign."

He stood over Mr. Rammell, wiping his hands on a small towel while he was speaking.

"Why don't you take things a bit easier?" he asked. "What about a sea voyage? Try a banana boat. West Indies. Go somewhere hot. So you won't want to work. Just sit around and relax. Teach yourself to be lazy."

Mr. Rammell smiled grimly. He had heard it all before.

"Can't." he said. "Not just at present. Too much on hand."

"Well, that's all it is," Mr. Huntley Cary assured him. "Nothing there that six weeks at sea wouldn't put right. Think it over. See if you can get away. And in the meantime leave it to other people. Sit back a bit. Above all, stop worrying."

Stop worrying! Mr. Rammell was dumbfounded, absolutely dumbfounded, by the sheer imbecility of the remark. Because it wasn't as if he were the worrying sort at all. Never had been. It was simply that he was concerned about his health. Not for any foolish reason.

Just because he wanted to be able to get on properly with his job. And how could he if he didn't know whether it was anything serious? For that matter, didn't even know how long he had to live. Wouldn't Mr. Huntley Cary do a bit of worrying himself if he felt a pain like a harpoon shoot through him every time he tried to eat a square meal?

It was as he was re-knotting his tie that he put it frankly. Point blank. Told Mr. Huntley Cary exactly where he got off.

"If I told a dissatisfied customer not to worry what d'you think he'd say to me?" he asked.

Mr. Huntley Cary looked up from his big desk where he was writing something. He smiled. There was an open-air, holiday kind of freshness about the smile.

"Oh, I didn't mean worrying about your tummy," he said. "That's nothing. I meant worrying about your business. Let it run itself for a bit. Don't let it run you."

By lunchtime Mr. Rammell had begun to come round to Mr. Huntley Cary's way of thinking. Why did he drive himself so hard? Why didn't he let the shop run itself for a bit? But it was no use.

QUITE suddenly he remembered what it was that had put him in a bad temper even before he had gone round to Harley Street. The letter had been in the post that morning. Simply because he had not handled the matter personally, they had lost a valuable account with a cherished overseas customer.

The plain truth was that he ought to be doing more. Not less. That was why it was important that he should get his health back.

It was while he was mixing a bismuth and soda that he remembered that he had not phoned Sir Harry.

Not that he need have bothered. There was no answer from Sir Harry's suite. Mr. Rammell got down to the serious job of running a big business.

Maddening as Mr. Huntley Cary had been, he supposed that there was something reassuring in what the fellow had said. Nothing physical. That was certainly a relief. He could go on working with the real anxiety removed.

By the time Mr. Rammell had got through the rest of his papers it was nearly seven. He walked across to the side cabinet. This time it was a whisky and soda that he mixed himself.

That made him feel better, too. And he decided that there had been enough of work for one day. He would follow Mr. Huntley Cary's advice. Take the whole evening off. Go round and pick up Marcia. Dine quietly somewhere. Go in to a film, possibly.

Indeed, he began wondering whether Marcia's island idea really was so damn' silly after all. Suppose that he did decide to take a few weeks off. Then he could take the sea trip that he had always been promising himself. He could easily arrange a separate booking for Marcia.

Not that he had definitely decided. Try to keep a fortnight or so entirely free. Might even drop a hint to Marcia when he saw her.

The car had reached the block of flats off Sloane Street by now, and Mr. Rammell got out.

"Wait here," he said. "I shall only be a few minutes."

And it was in less than five that he came out again. He had gone straight up to Marcia's flat. And, when he could get no answer, he had rung for the porter.

The porter had come almost immediately. He was a sensible, steady sort of fellow. And he seemed surprised that Mr. Rammell, as a regular visitor, should not know what he was telling him.

"But she's left, sir," was what he said. "I got a taxi for the lady. About four-thirty it must have been. Had a gentleman with her, sir, to see her off. An elderly gentleman. Going abroad, sir, I understood. Bermuda I think it was. Said she was giving up the flat altogether, sir. Said that she wouldn't be requiring it."

. . . .

That evening, around nine o'clock, the police inspector and his assistant called round at Fewkes Road. It was Mrs. Privett who opened the door to them. And she took them straight through into the back room where Mr. Privett was sitting.

Not that it was any interruption. Not really. Mr. and Mrs. Privett had been talking all the evening of nothing but Mr. Bloot's mysterious disappearance.

Mr. Privett had been sitting in his shirtsleeves when the two policemen got there. And even though the inspector begged him not to bother — said that he would probably be taking his own off in a moment, if they'd let him—Mr. Privett insisted on putting his jacket back on again. It seemed more respectful somehow.

It was mostly about Mr. Bloot's habits and general way of life that the police wanted to find out. A subject on which, so they said, they felt sure that Mr. Privett could help them more than anyone else. And it was a sad story as it unfolded itself. Simply heartbreak leading on to heartbreak.

"No relatives at all that you know of?"

"He was an orphan," Mr. Privett replied.

"No brothers or sisters?"

"No one. Just him."

"Any friends?"

"Only me."

"No lady friends?"

"Only Hetty."

Mrs. Privett brought in the tea and they all had a cup. But it wasn't a very cheerful time. Even though they deliberately tried to keep the conversation light and purely social while they were drinking, there were hidden undertones to everything. And the inspector kept coming back to the purpose of his visit.

"I wonder if you could refresh my memory about what he'd be wearing?" he asked.

Mr. Privett told him. Told him all about the long overcoat with the distinctive velvet collar. And about the cravat. And the brown Trilby with the bound trim. And the way he never went anywhere without his umbrella. And the natural dignity of his appearance.

"You couldn't miss him," he finished up. "He looks so . . . so sort of important somehow. Handsome's the word."

"And what would you say were his favorite haunts?" the inspector went on.

"He stayed at home mostly."

It did not sound a tremendously exciting or eventful sort of life as Mr. Privett put it. And the inspector wasn't getting the lead that he was needing.

"Didn't he even go for walks?"

"Only up to the Ponds and back," Mr. Privett said. "Just to watch me sail."

"The Ponds," the inspector repeated. "The Ponds." He was tapping his lower front teeth with his thumbnail while he was speaking. This was certainly a new line. But it was also a very tedious one. Dragging large ponds was something to exhaust the patience of any police force. He dismissed the thought.

"And before he lived at Artillery Mansions?" the inspector was asking. "It was Tufnell Park, you say?"

"Tetsbury Road," Mr. Privett told him. "Number seventeen."

"And before that?"

"Other side," Mr. Privett told him. "Number twelve. He was born there."

. . . .

But it was not only Mr. Privett who was having a bad evening. Also around nine o'clock an ambulance was drawing up at the London clinic. Mr. Rammell was inside. He had a nurse with him. And within the clinic his own doctor and Mr. Huntley Cary were already waiting.

"Just as I told him," Mr. Huntley Cary said, rubbing his hands together while he was speaking. "Warned him. Gave him my advice. But he didn't take it. It's always the same. Look at him now."

Mr. Rammell's own doctor did not reply immediately. He was staring out of the window at the tops of the cars in Devonshire Place. When he turned he was frowning.

"Curious," he said, "that it should have come on so suddenly."

. . . .

From about ten-thirty onwards it was Sir Harry's evening. And, all in all, he had never had a better one. He enjoyed every moment of it. The rushing about. The telephoning. The late hours. It was perfect.

By midnight he had brought Mr. Preece to the phone on four separate occasions. He'd been on to Mr. Rammell's doctor. Mr. Huntley Cary. Mrs. Rammell (incessantly). And New York. The whole of the Manhattan Telephone Service was now out hunting for young Tony.

Not that there was anything to worry about, Sir Harry had just assured his daughter-in-law. Mr. Rammell would be as right as rain in the morning. He was confident of that. But, of course, with stomach cases you could never be sure. Safer not to take chances.

He was seated in Mrs. Rammell's own drawing-room by now. That was because he felt too much cut off over in his own suite at the hotel. There was the clear need to concentrate. Make one command headquarters. Be on the spot

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FOR THE CHILDREN



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in case of emergency. Direct things.

He turned to Mrs. Rammell.

"Seems a long while ago that trouble with the model woman, eh?" he remarked. "Told you there was nothing to worry about. Hardly put up any fight. Knew when she was beaten. Cost a bit, of course. But cheap at the price. Nice girl. Intelligent, too, for a model. Got a most unusual interest in photography. Talked of next to nothing else."

"Really," Mrs. Rammell said.

She raised her hand to shield her eyes as she said it. She had an absolutely raging headache. It was getting worse with every minute Sir Harry went on talking. But she had to be nice to him. He was trying so hard to be helpful.

"Yes, really keen." Sir Harry assured her. "Not just click" — Sir Harry raised his two hands to eye-level as he said it — "and take it round to the chemist's. Nothing like that. Natural sense of composition. And color. Bit of the artist in her somewhere, I shouldn't wonder."

He paused. "Well, she's gone out of our lives, thank goodness. No more to worry about there. And no scandal. Thank goodness for that."

He turned and placed his hand affectionately on Mrs. Rammell's knee. It was of all gestures the one that she detested most.

"Expect you're glad now you took my advice, aren't you?" he asked. "Just think how you'd be feeling if you'd gone ahead and anything happened to him. Didn't come out of the operation, for instance. Or only had a few months to go. You'd be kicking yourself, wouldn't you? As it is, everything's taken care of."

It was nearly one o'clock when Sir Harry left. That was because he suddenly remembered what he had come round about the other time. Musical Tuesdays in the fur salon. Now if only Mrs. Rammell would really put her mind to that.

. . . .

It was the fourth day of Mr. Bloot's disappearance. And with every hour that passed it was becoming more dire. More absolute. And the worst had happened, too. It had got into the papers.

Rammell's wasn't actually mentioned. Not by name, that is. But the phrase "a well-known Bond Street store" pinpointed it just the same. And that started all the assistants, even those on other floors, gossiping about it again.

In the ordinary way Mr. Privett looked forward to the weekends. But not to this one. On other weekends there had always been the chance that Gus might drop round. Mr. Privett had wasted weeks, months even, of his life just sitting there waiting for that to happen.

But this time it was different. It would be like waiting for someone from the dead.

And because it was Saturday, Mr. Privett was home for lunch by one forty-five. Ted and Irene were out somewhere — looking at flats, Mrs. Privett suspected. And it was a quiet, rather sombre meal that the Privetts sat down to.

Outside, there was a fresh breeze with a hint of something more behind it — ideal sailing weather for anything in the Dianthe class — but when Mrs. Privett suggested that he should go up to the Highgate Ponds, Mr. Privett merely shook his head.

"Not this afternoon, Mother," he told her. "I couldn't face it.

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Not up there. I'd . . . I'd keep on expecting to see Gus."

Mrs. Privett did not press the point. She only hoped that the mood would pass quickly. If Mr. Bloot took very much longer to find, it was going to be a terrible waste of money, all that outlay that had gone on the new boat.

And the mention of Gus' name had set Mr. Privett's thoughts off again.

"Terrible, isn't it," he said, "about Gus' budgies. In weather like this, I mean. It would have been different if it'd been summer. They'd have stood a chance."

"No they wouldn't," Mrs. Privett pointed out. "The sparrows would have mobbed them." She paused. "How many had he got, anyway?" she asked.

She was not particularly interested in the answer. Was

> The real fault is to have faults and not try to mend them.
> — *Confucius*

talking, rather, simply to keep the conversation going. Trying to make everything seem reasonable and matter-of-fact.

"Three pairs," Mr. Privett told her. "Joey. And Billy. And . . ." He stopped. And his jaw dropped. Then he jumped up. "You've hit it, Mother," he said. "There was Tiddleywinks. I'd forgotten all about Tiddleywinks."

"Well, what about him?"

"Gus was going to exhibit him," he said. "He told me."

"What difference does that make?"

"Don't you see?" Mr. Privett asked her. "I mean this is what we've been waiting for."

Mr. Privett was so sure that he was right that he insisted on going straight round to the police station. And he created quite a sensation when he got there. It was the form of his introduction that startled the station staff.

"It's about a missing person," he said. "I've come to make a statement."

THE sergeant on duty asked him to wait a moment. But only for a moment. And then he took him straight in to see the superintendent. Mr. Privett was rather pleased about this. And a little flattered. It showed that they were taking him seriously. And the superintendent was a thoroughly nice kind of man, Mr. Privett discovered. Friendly. Considerate. And not a bit searching or suspicious.

"It's very good of you," he said after Mr. Privett had told him his name. "We need all the help the public can give us. It's the only way."

That put Mr. Privett entirely at his ease. Before that, he'd been feeling a bit nervous. He didn't like the way the sergeant on duty had looked at him. But with the superintendent Mr. Privett got along swimmingly.

". . . so if you can find out where the Bird Show is," Mr. Privett finished up confidently, "you'll be able to find Gus . . . Mr. Bloot, I mean . . . too. He's bound to be there."

The superintendent, however, had a distinctly slow side to his nature. He didn't press buttons, or pick up the telephone, or do any of the things that Mr. Privett had expected.

"We've had a lot of our men out looking for him," he said. "All divisions. And we've issued a full description. He must be lying low, or we'd have found him."

"I know," Mr. Privett replied. "That's why I came round."

"But you say that all his birds have flown away. She let them out or something."

"That's right."

"Well, why should he want to go along to the Bird Show then?"

"He'd want to see what the competition was like, wouldn't he?" Mr. Privett replied. "I mean he . . . takes budgies seriously."

It was getting on to four o'clock before the superintendent managed to find the editor of "Fur and Feather." Then it was easy. There was a bird show at Ipswich, he said. Starting next Monday. The big one, the Northern Counties, was the following week at Bradford. And the Southern Area Show was just closing. Brighton, that was. Marine Pavilion.

"Then Brighton it is," Mr. Privett said. "Let's go there."

But that wasn't so easy, apparently. The police force just wasn't run that way. The superintendent had a solution, however.

"Why don't you go down by yourself?" he asked. "Cause less commotion that way. And it's a nice afternoon. Do you good." He paused. "And when you find him," he said, "give us a ring. You can reverse the charges."

Mr. Privett tried to persuade Mrs. Privett to go down to Brighton with him. But he failed. It was, in her opinion, a proper wild-goose chase.

In consequence, Mr. Privett went alone. First by Underground to Victoria. Then by electric train, at five-fifteen, to Brighton. And it was cold when he got there. Very cold. He realised that he should have wrapped up for it.

He had some difficulty in finding the Marine Pavilion. He had to ask someone.

But he reached the Marine Pavilion at last. And, after the blackness and bluster of the night outside, it was suddenly all warmth and brilliance. And uproar. As soon as he got inside there was the authentic treble clamor of a bird show. A shrill, screaming chatter that came from nearly three hundred little cages.

The whole show was due to close down by nine o'clock. And, because it was getting late, it was not crowded. Mr. Privett was able to walk round unimpeded. Not that it was any use. There was no sign of Mr. Bloot anywhere.

At least, there was no sign beyond a sad, passing mention. In the catalogue there was the single line: No. 237 "Tiddleywinks," shown by Augustus Bloot, Esq.

Mr. Privett found the secretary at last and asked if he had seen Mr. Bloot. But the secretary did not happen to know Mr. Bloot.

After the blank that he had drawn, Mr. Privett tried the cafes on the front. But he could tell at once that he was simply wasting his time there. They weren't in Mr. Bloot's class at all. Something quieter would be more in his line.

The sensible thing, of course, would have been to call it a day. Simply go straight back home. But having come so far it seemed a pity not to have one last look round. And Mr. Privett tried one of the side turnings leading off the front. Then he really got lost. He'd only been to Brighton a couple of times before. And then only straight down to the Aquarium. This was a different city. Mr.

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A dual treat for the girls

Entertainment

● Two heart-throbs of diverse looks and talents are due in Australia during the first week in February to brighten the lives of local feminine fans. From England comes rock-'n-roll idol Tommy Steele. From America comes handsome Hugh O'Brian, star of "The Life and Legend of Wyatt Earp," a TV series shown locally.



Britain's TOMMY STEELE

ENGLISH rock-'n-roll idol Tommy Steele, pictured playing a guitar to fans in Seville, Spain, during the filming of "Tommy the Toreador", will earn £100,000 sterling for his 14-weeks Australian season.

The season opens at Melbourne's Tivoli Theatre on February 12, and includes other capital cities.

The reward to the 22-year-old Tin Pan Alley phenomenon is said to be the largest paid any British artist visiting Australia.

All of which isn't bad for someone who, little more than three years ago, was an unknown ship's steward earning just £30 a month, plus tips.

Today, despite his amazing leap to fame, Tommy—the boy with the cheeky face and candy-floss hair—remains unspoiled.

He has a direct, natural, and easy personality. In fact, the only flamboyant thing about him is his hair.

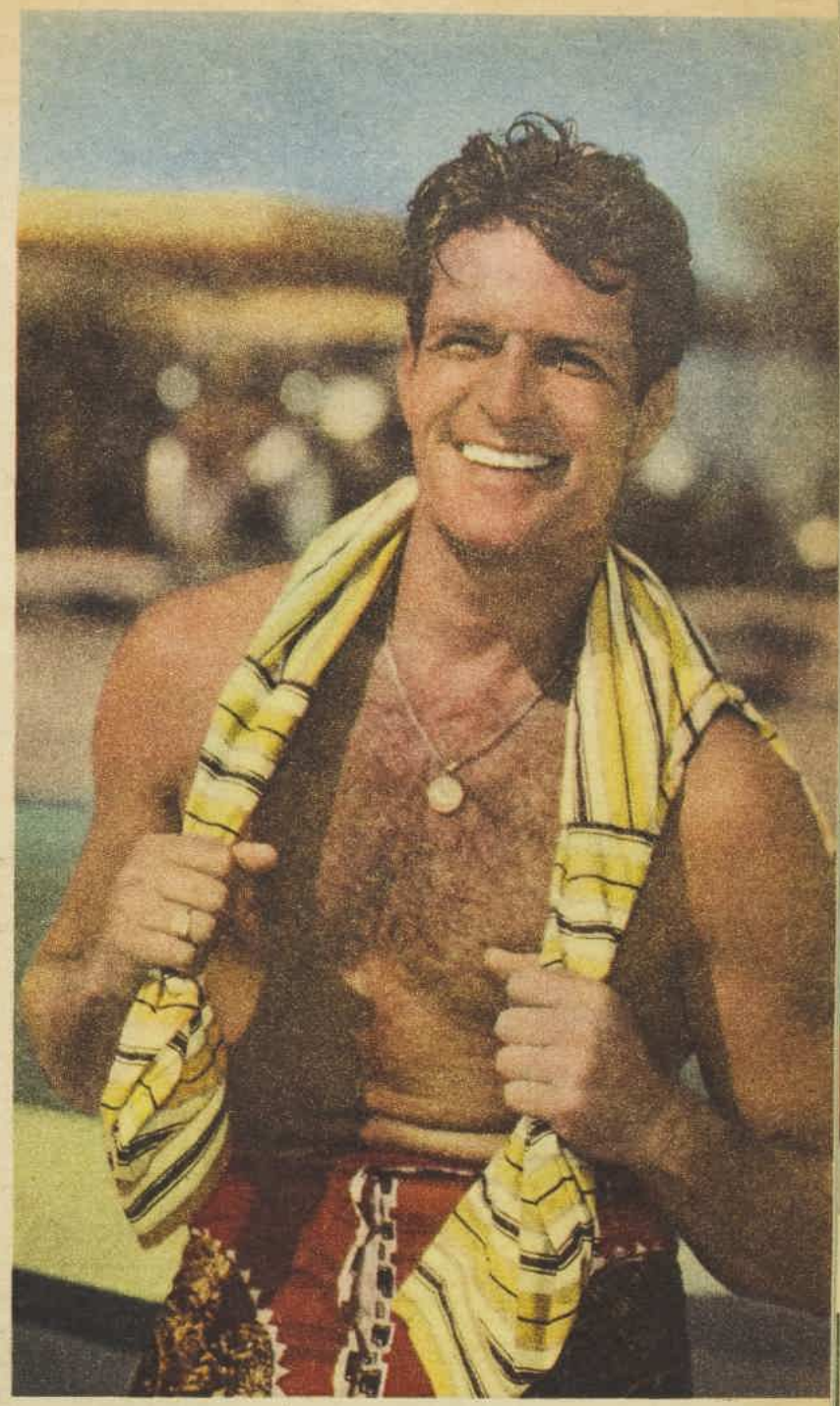
He drops his aitches, is unashamed of his working-class background, and lives pretty modestly for a boy earning his kind of money.

He's bought two sports cars and a station waggon, has moved his mother, father, brother (15), and sister (9) into a £9500 semi-detached house with a garden, and has made it possible for his father to concentrate on keeping chickens instead of book-making.

But most of his money goes into the bank, because, he says, "You never know when they might get sick of me."

Despite this caution, the future for the fabulous "Steele industry" looks really gold-plated.

And if his effect on Australian teenagers is anything like his effect on English teenagers, the alert should be sounded for a 14-week nation-wide swoon session.



America's HUGH O'BRIAN

TALL, dark, handsome bachelor Hugh O'Brian, one of Hollywood's most sophisticated and ambitious TV cowboys, is expected in Australia on February 4, to present a Western-style variety revue in Melbourne.

O'Brian (pictured above away from the boots-'n-saddle atmosphere) wants to meet as many Australians as he can during his month here.

Though Hollywood is packed with ambitious people, it's often said that Hugh O'Brian is the most ambitious of all.

He decided to become a movie star after getting out of the Marines at the end of World War II. And he got there—even though at first it meant acting for free in little-theatre plays by night and selling shirts and ties out of a suitcase by day.

Then he got in on the ground floor of TV when it paid poorly and was snubbed by most Hollywood stars.

Acting in TV and movies isn't by any means his only source of income.

He's set up a company which rents the guns used in TV and movie Westerns, another firm which sells the premiums given away by his TV sponsors, a publicity firm, a publishing house which prints programmes sold at his personal appearances, and a music-publishing outfit.

He's also branched out into TV production and is part-owner of a new plush hotel, The Whispering Waters, in Palm Springs.

And recently Hugh's mellow baritone voice began cutting semi-Western ballad discs and is fast establishing him as a popular vocalist.

Since he took over the lead role in the popular "Life and Legend of Wyatt Earp" TV series about four years ago, O'Brian has read everything he could find written about the Dodge City lawman.

"Wyatt was a fantastic individual, and in depicting him on TV I want to be just like him.

"It isn't enough just to walk and talk like him. I wanted to learn to draw a gun like him.

"I practised more than a thousand hours before I reached a decent speed."

Hugh lives alone—except for his pet collie dog, "Lady"—in his four-bedroom San Fernando Valley home. He loves music, and recently found time to become skilful with the bongo drums.

On his list of plans for the future is marriage. But he's in no great hurry.

Before he moved recently from an apartment into this home, he said: "I'm waiting till I get the right buy." Often he's described his bachelorhood in much the same terms.

But don't forget, girls—this is Leap Year!

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M143

New Films

Reviewed by Ainslie Baker

★★★ Excellent
★ Average
★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

★★★ LAST TRAIN FROM GUN HILL

Adult Western, with Kirk Douglas, Anthony Quinn, Carolyn Jones, Earl Holliman. In color. Prince Edward, Sydney.

DIRECTOR John Sturges has already proved himself to have a masterly touch with adult, suspenseful Westerns in films like "Bad Day At Black Rock" and "Gunfight at OK Corral."

Here, with excellent players at his disposal and a meaty, drama-charged story, he scores a notable success.

The theme is the classic Western one of retribution.

Tracking down two youths who have outraged and murdered his Indian wife, Douglas, a town marshal, finds that one of them (Holliman) is the son of an old friend (Quinn), who holds a neighboring town in his pocket.

Excellent dramatic use of the time element is made as, surrounded by waiting gunmen, Douglas keeps his old friend's son in an upstairs hotel room until it is time to take him to the train and a charge of murder.

Carolyn Jones does her best work to date as Quinn's mistress, the only person in the alien town who helps the marshal.

If this absorbing film has a weakness, it is lack of originality. But to offset this there is splendid photography, Western town sets that are far above the average, and two fine, controlled and mature performances from its senior male stars.

In a word . . . WINNER.

★ IT STARTED WITH A KISS

Romantic comedy, with Glenn Ford, Debbie Reynolds, Eva Gabor. In color. St. James, Sydney.

SOMEWHERE in this shallow and busily bright movie Debbie Reynolds accuses Ford of having only one thing on his mind.

So has the picture, and it's the same thing—sex.

An ambitious chorus girl lets a poor Air Force sergeant talk her into marrying him, and then regrets it.

The rest of the story is taken up with the efforts of the sergeant (Ford) to win his wife.

Eva Gabor is painfully unreal as a party-throwing marquesa (Glenn gets posted to Spain), and there's a slight sub-plot about a huge car won in a raffle.

Take it or leave it.

In a word . . . BEDROOM



***HIGH-FASHION** Empire-style maternity gown is worn by lovely Dana Wynter, who in private life is Mrs. Greg Bautzer. She is pictured with dancer-actress Cyd Charisse (right) at a party given to honor the Henry Fords.*

WOMAN OBSESSED

Drama, with Susan Hayward, Stephen Boyd. In color. Century, Sydney.

TAKE away the color and the wide screen and this is for all the world like one of those backwoods dramas that were a staple in the screen diet of the early 'twenties.

There is hardly a scene that has not been used some time before, and the dialogue is of the elementary type ideal for captions in a pre-talkie era. ("Well, I'll be getting about mah chores.")

A Canadian backwoods widow (Hayward) engages a surly though rugged widower to help on the farm. That's O.K. with the widow's small son (Dennis Holmes) until his mother marries the hired hand.

The boy's no snob, it's just that he doesn't like having a new daddy, and almost succeeds in making his mama take the same view.

Acting is negligible.

But just to keep the record straight, the people sitting next to me loved it all, and frequently expressed their sentiments.

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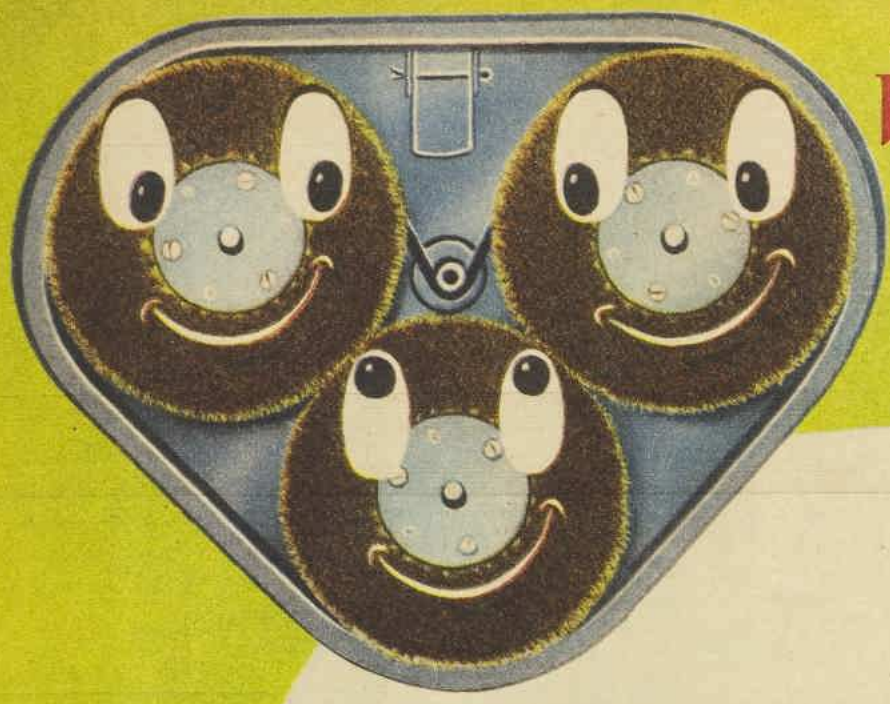


W156

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W4



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Cultured cowboy on way back

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Cultured cowboy Richard "Paladin" Boone is on his way back to town with the new series of "Have Gun—Will Travel." He'll hit your screen towards the end of the month at same place and time—Channel 9, Tuesdays at 9.30 p.m.

I'D had enough of Boone at the end of the last series—I was sick of his culture and sophistication. He was so good at everything, except riding that poor horse of his.

Now I'm looking forward to his return. He's a bright character, and doesn't conform to pattern like many of those big he-men of the TV West.

Boone went on record some years ago as saying there was no such thing as an adult Western. He said it was a nice phrase that didn't mean a thing.

With the new series of his show advertised all over the world as an adult Western, Boone was asked the other day whether he would like to withdraw this remark.

"Surely you were misquoted," an interviewer asked, handing him an easy way out.

"Not on your life," Boone came back. "I feel more strongly about it than ever.

"I think there are only good Westerns and bad Westerns.

"'Have Gun' happens to be a good one.

"I go along with that description of an adult Western that says they are Westerns with old cowboys.

"That's the perfect definition."

He has his own outlook about ratings, too. He says they are very fair when you've got a good one, a fraud when you haven't.

It's a brash outlook, but Boone sticks by it. And somehow he always manages to infuse some of his brashness into "Have Gun," which certainly helps to make it what he says it is—a good Western.

★ ★ ★

A PASSENGER in a lift, reviling the Weather Bureau the other day about a forecast southerly that didn't arrive, got an answer from the liftman that surprised me.

"They're no good at the Weather Bureau," he told the liftman, "no good at all. It's still hot."

"Arh," said the liftman, "take no notice of them at the Weather Bureau. Listen to Chuck Faulkner, he's much better."

★ ★ ★

WHO would ever think that being a high-ranking Army officer automatically means that you are almost certainly a first-class TV personality and entertainer?

That's the way it is, according to my experience.

First man to bring this home to me was Lieut.-General Sir Brian Horrocks, whose ABC-TV programme, "Epic Battles," in 1958, is one I have never forgotten.



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR BRIAN HORROCKS, who enjoys world-wide popularity as a TV personality, will be seen in a series called "Men Of Action" over ABC-TV, starting on February 21.



COLONEL "Scarface" Skorzeny, famous German commando, one of the first soldiers Sir Brian Horrocks will discuss in "Men of Action."

Field-Marshal Sir William Slim, Australia's retired Governor-General, was the next soldier-TV personality I met. He emerged as the star of a programme of telecasts by ABC-TV last year called "This Is Canberra."

His poise, his timing, urbanity, and wit in a long interview were lessons in TV ways that old TV pros could well have learned from.

A recent "Small World" (Channel 9, Sundays 10.00 p.m.), which brought three more soldiers together, finally proved the proposition for me.

The soldiers were Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, American General Mark Clark, and General Fridolin von Senger, one of Hitler's generals, who was in charge of a panzer division in Germany's Russian offensive, took part in the battle of Stalingrad and later in the Italian campaign.

It was absorbing to hear these three great soldiers discuss unemotionally the battles they had fought, and ask one another questions about things they had obviously wanted to know for years.

I hope Ed Murrow puts Sir William Slim on "Small World" some time soon. I'm sure this is something all Australians would like to see.

You'll get a chance to examine my proposition for yourself when Sir Brian Horrocks starts a new series called "Men of Action," on ABC-TV on February 21 at 7.30 p.m.

The men of action are famous soldiers. The first one in the series is Colonel David Stirling, who commanded Special Air Services, described by Sir Brian as "the toughest body of men on operations in the Middle East."

Other soldiers include Colonel Otto "Scarface" Skorzeny, a German commando whom Hitler chose to rescue Mussolini when Italian patriots imprisoned him in 1944, and Maj.-General Orde Charles Wingate, leader of the Chindits.

★ ★ ★

NOT so long ago, talking about Desmond Tester, I said he was as English as "jolly good" sounds. He is changing rapidly, getting more Australian every day.

He had a wonderful, mad Pets Contest the other day, a Christmas-holiday special.

The winner of the Shaggy Bird section was a little budgerigar, queerly feathered, and without a tail.

"He was a wonderful pet," Desmond said. "But born a bit crook."

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Continuing . . . BOND STREET STORY

from page 48

Privett not only felt lost, he was lost.

Mr. Privett knew when he was beaten.

"I'm giving up," he told himself. "It's no use. Mother'll only be worrying."

There was a small cul de sac on the right-hand side. And Mr. Privett decided to have one last, farewell look along it. The other little shops were all shut. But at the far end there was a window with a light still glowing. On an ornamental bracket outside hung the sign Peggoty's Pantry.

"Might as well make sure," Mr. Privett told himself. Then he made his way towards the little cafe.

The light in the interior did not look so bright as it had done from the far end of the alley. And the blind was half-down. Mr. Privett's heart sank, moreover, when he saw that the table in the window had two wicker chairs piled on top of it. Either Peggoty's Pantry was shut already or it was just shutting.

But Mr. Privett had come too far to turn back now. And when he pushed the door it opened all right. A chime-mechanism set high up under the rather fancy fanlight went ding-dong, and Mr. Privett was inside among the empty cake trays, the piled-up chairs, the dimness.

There was only one light on. And that was burning in a small alcove at the far end. Moth-like, Mr. Privett made his way towards it. He was already half-way there when a tired-looking woman in a gaily flowered over-all came round from behind the service screen.

"Oh, I'm afraid we're closed," she said.

But Mr. Privett was not listening. He scarcely saw her. All that he could see was a pair of feet. They were facing towards him, stuck out through the flimsy legs of the small wicker table with its orange tablecloth. Nothing else was visible. Because on the table stood a tall vase of Michaelmas daisies. And leaning against the flowers was a spread-out copy of "Fur and Feather."

Mr. Privett ignored the woman and went forward. At the sound of approaching footsteps, the "Fur and Feather" trembled. There were movements behind it. A moment later, a large, rather puffy hand reached out. It folded down one corner of the paper. And there, over the top of it, Mr. Privett's eye met Gus'.

It was a difficult reunion. What chiefly upset Mr. Privett was Mr. Bloot's apperance. Instead of the florid, slightly purplish complexion, Mr. Bloot's skin was a kind of dull elephant-grey. It sagged. There were pouches under his eyes that Mr. Privett had never noticed before. And the folds of his cheeks had grown looser as though he had been fasting for days. He no longer looked a large man. Only a large-boned one.

And Mr. Privett could see at once why the Brighton police had failed to pick him up. The description that he had unwittingly given was so entirely false. Mr. Bloot was in disguise. He was wearing a check over-coat on top of a red Harris tweed jacket. And in place of the usual cravat he had a yellow tie with a design of stars and anchors. The tie clashed violently with the pink sports shirt. Mr. Privett could not take his eyes off it.

Mr. Bloot saw him looking.

"She wouldn't let me have my other clothes," he said. "Not after I'd told her I was leaving her. I'd undressed by then."

He paused again as though reluctant to relive those moments of his sad past life. "These were all there were," he added. "In my suitcase in the hall. My honeymoon togs. It was Hetty who chose them."

Mr. Privett tried to bring the conversation round to the difficult bit.

"Why didn't you let us know where you were?" he asked.

Mr. Bloot shrugged his shoulders. "Too much on my mind," he replied. "I've had a sort of blackout, I suppose. Because of my budgies. You understand. The shock. Losing all of them. And Hetty."

MR. BLOOT snapped his fingers feebly in the air as he spoke.

"Poor old Gus," Mr. Privett said feelingly.

"I haven't eaten a thing just for thinking about it. Four days without a proper meal. Just hanging around waiting."

"What for?"

"To make my mind up," Mr. Bloot told him.

"Where . . . where have you been sleeping?" Mr. Privett asked.

As he put the question, he regretted it. He feared that the answer was going to be too heart-rending.

"I found a hotel," Mr. Bloot told him. "Very comfortable. No complaints on that score."

"You know the police are looking for you," Mr. Privett told him. "You've been reported officially as missing."

Mr. Bloot passed his hand across his forehead.

"I might have known it," he said. "That's what I was afraid of."

"It's a wonder they didn't spot your name. In the hotel register, I mean."

But there Mr. Bloot only shook his head.

"I didn't use it," he said. "I used Hettv's. I didn't want to be found."

"Don't . . . don't you wonder how I found you?" Mr. Privett asked.

He was a little hurt that Mr. Bloot had not been more openly astonished. Frankly incredulous.

Mr. Bloot did not reply immediately.

"It must have been Fate," he said at last. "Bringing you here like that. I was just leaving when . . ."

Mr. Bloot folded up his paper and got rather unsteadily on to his feet.

Once outside in the alleyway, Mr. Privett made a fresh attempt.

"Well, you can't stay in Brighton forever, can you?" he said.

"I've got nothing to go back for," Mr. Bloot replied. "Not now."

"There's Rammell's," Mr. Privett reminded him.

But Mr. Bloot did not seem so sure.

"I've blotted my copy book," he said. "That's what I've done."

"Well, what about coming back home with me?" Mr. Privett asked. "To Fewkes Road? Until it blows over."

"This will never blow over," Mr. Bloot told him. "This is it."

"But will you come?"

Mr. Bloot inclined his head courteously.

"If you insist," he said. "After I've paid my bill, of course. And get my bag."

They walked on in silence for a moment. Then Mr. Privett reverted to the secret of their miraculous meeting.

"It was all because of the bird show . . ." he began.

But Mr. Bloot stopped him.

"If Tiddleywinks had been there," he said, "it would have been a walk-over. That's what I can't *forgive*."

.

Mrs. Rammell had never seen anyone look so utterly ill as her own husband. He was asleep when she went in to him. And more than asleep. Drugged and unconscious. Simply lying there, existing.

So small looking, too. Mrs. Rammell felt a pang pass through her as she realised what a little man he was. Scarcely larger than a child. And no longer young. Definitely ageing, in fact. It was pathetic the way, now that he was defenceless, all the secrets about him were suddenly being exposed.

And about her, too, she supposed. She was only eighteen months younger than Mr. Rammell.

If he was breaking up at that rate, showing all the signs of time, so must she be underneath it all. It was only that she always took such care. Studied herself. Never allowed things to go too far.

And she had been more than ever careful since the episode of that dreadful Marcia woman. She had deliberately remade herself. Spent hours in the hands of a masseuse, the hairdresser, the chiropodist. Literally hours. That was the dreadful part of it. Soon it would be very nearly a full-time job just going on being Mrs. Rammell.

The sudden rediscovery of their joint ages brought a lump into her throat. She felt closer to him than she had done for years. She saw how silly all their bickering had been. How totally unimportant Marcia really was: a mere outsider who had tried, desperately no doubt, to invade this marriage that had outlasted her.

How unimportant, too—yes, that was the only word for it—her music was compared with her own husband's health and happiness. She was a woman of quick decisions. But also of immense resolution.

As she came out of that drowsy, ether-laden air her mind was made up. Her one duty was to get Mr. Rammell well again. That and nothing else. She was ready to give up everything for it.

But it was not only her husband who was in her mind by now. It was her son. Her Tony. She had the flight number scribbled on a piece of paper in her bag. And her secretary had telephoned the terminal before she had left.

In an hour — and she wanted to allow a full hour to make sure that she was there ready at the barrier when he arrived —she would have him in her arms again. It would set the seal on everything that she had decided about herself and Mr. Rammell.

The plane was on time. That was something. But the waiting was intolerable. Passports, currency exchange, Customs. How could they be so heartless? Mrs. Rammell wondered. She had been up to the policeman at the barrier three times already.

And heaven knows it would have been simple enough to allow Tony through first. Just this once. It wasn't favoritism that she was asking. Only ordinary decent feeling. She wouldn't have asked at all if it hadn't been urgent.

That was what made it all the stranger that, when she did see him, she did not recognise him. His back was towards her as he stood at the Customs counter. All that she could see was one of those long sacklike American sports coats with a camera strap slung over it and a pair of blue non-U trousers.

It wasn't until he turned that she saw that it really was Tony. And even then she could scarcely believe it. Because his hair was so entirely different. The long lock that fell across his forehead was the last thing that she remembered about him. She had fondly pushed it back when she had kissed him goodbye. Had told him to remember to get his hair cut when he got there.

But not like that. The result was appalling. Conscript stuff. He looked like some kind of awful college sportsman as he came towards her.



"It's always like this on the first few days of school."

ALL the same, it was still wonderful to have him in her arms again. It was the same Tony underneath. But was it? He seemed to have put on weight. Grown thicker all over. More muscular. She was still aching from the embrace that he had just given her.

". . . and how is he?" she heard him asking.

This was the moment on which everything depended. She must be reassuring. Must be strong.

"Thank heaven, it's nothing serious," she said, not believing a word that she was telling him. "But it's been a big operation. He's terribly weak. We must get him to go away somewhere. Just as soon as he can be moved. He mustn't think of going back to Bond Street."

She watched his face closely while she was speaking. It was her duty. She had to be quite sure that he really did believe her. That she had convinced him. It would have been criminal to leave him brooding, anxious, fearing the worst. His reply, however, surprised her.

"Pity it had to be an English surgeon," was what he said.

"Oh, but Mr. Huntley Cary . . ." she began.

"I'm afraid they've got us licked over there," Tony told her. "All the way along the line. If a second opinion's needed we'd better get one over. No point in taking chances."

The suggestion that they hadn't done everything was so hurtful — even though she knew that it was quite, quite unintentional—that she winced. And more than winced. She nearly wept. She had to keep on biting down hard on her lip so that Tony should never know that she was actually crying.

But already the dear boy was trying to make amends. Clumsily seeking to prove how much he really loved her.

"You poor old dear," he said. "You certainly have had a packet."

There had been something in Tony's voice that she had always loved. It was not in the least like either hers or Mr. Rammell's. And being called a "poor old dear" moved her strangely. Just when she had thought that she would really be able to stop crying, she found herself wanting to start all over again.

By the time they had got out of London Airport and the lamp-posts and the little villas of the Great West Road went sliding past them, Mrs. Rammell felt better. So much better that she felt that she could tackle him.

"Tony, darling," she said. "What have you done with your hair?"

He grinned. Rather self-consciously, she thought.

"Oh, that," he said. "That's because of squash. I've been playing rather a lot of squash."

Mrs. Rammell felt herself groping.

"But . . . but you don't like games," she reminded him.

"Had to do something," he replied. "And I've come on quite a lot." He paused. "Better keep it up, I suppose. If I don't, I'll go off again."

Mrs. Rammell glanced out of the car windows. More lamp-posts. More little villas. More Great West Road. But she did not want to say anything for a moment. This was not the son she knew who had just been speaking.

"What music did you hear?" she asked at last. "How was the Opera?"

This at least was something that they could share together. It had always been one of the strongest bonds between them, their deep love of music.

"Didn't get there," he told her. "Hadn't really got the time."

"No time?"

"That's right," Tony answered.

Mrs. Rammell turned and faced him.

"But whatever were you doing?" she asked bewilderedly.

"Oh, this and that, you know," he replied. "Seeing people mostly, I suppose."

"And have you made a lot of new friends?" she asked encouragingly. "You must keep in touch with them. Write to them as often as you can."

"Or telephone," Tony said briefly.

Mrs. Rammell looked away again. Same lamp-posts. Same villas. Same Great West Road. Same stranger sitting on the seat beside her. If it had been the moon and not merely Manhattan from which he had just returned he could not have seemed more foreign.

This time it was Tony who spoke.

"How's the Old Man?" he asked.

"Grandfather, you mean?"

Mrs. Rammell tried to speak easily, casually. Only by being quiet and civilised could she hope to break down this dreadful, artificial brashness that Tony had picked up on the other side.

"He's just the same," she went on. "Really wonderful. Quite wonderful. He was coming out to the airport tonight. But he changed his mind."

"Thank heaven for that."

"Now you're not to be naughty about him," she said. "You're not to be rude. You know he's very fond of you. And he only stayed behind because he had some business to do. He's seeing Mr. Preece."

"Whatever for?"

Mrs. Rammell paused. Inside her black suede gloves she drew her fingers together and pressed hard. Above all things, she and Tony mustn't quarrel. There mustn't be even the smallest hint how desperately vexed she was becoming.

"There must have been something he wanted to discuss with him," she replied. "Because . . . because your father's away, of course."

"Preece is all right in his own way," Tony said. "He's useful. But not big enough."

"Big enough for what?"

"To take over from father."

Mrs. Rammell jumped as he said it.

"Take over?" she repeated. "Whatever do you mean? There's no question of that. Nobody's suggesting it. Mr. Preece of all people? Besides, your father'll be back in a few weeks. If anybody takes over, it ought to be . . ."

Tony, however, had finished the sentence for her.

"Me, I suppose," he said.

Mrs. Rammell started forward to deny it. Contradict him. Put his anxious, schoolboy mind at rest. But she was too late.

"That's what I was coming to," he said. "Somebody's got to do something. It's not enough the way it is. We don't know it, but we're slipping."

It was as much as anything else the use of the word "we" that frightened her. She had never heard Tony use it in that way before. And she had to be certain that she had understood him.

"You . . . you mean the business?" she asked.

Tony nodded.

"Uhu," he said, using one of those maddening Americanisations that he had acquired since he had gone away. "We're behind the times. Archaic. We used not to be. The Old Man had all the right ideas. Before he went ga-ga, that is. Dad never really got to grips with it. They shouldn't have put him there. It isn't really his life."

There was a pause. An angry, hostile pause.

"I don't know what you're saying," Mrs. Rammell heard her own voice declaring. "I don't really. Your father's nearly killed himself" — her voice almost broke for a moment as she said the words— "working, working, working all the time. He's never spared himself for a single moment."

"But no new ideas," Tony told her. "Not one. They all come from the Old Man. They're barmy most of them. But he's right, you know. What a business like ours needs is some fresh thinking."

It was no use. Mrs. Rammell was crying openly by now. Not so that Tony could see, of course. She had turned her head away again.

"What do you intend to do?" she said at last.

She spoke slowly, carefully, separating the words to make sure that she would be able to say them.

"Talk to 'em about it, of course," he said. "Make 'em see sense. Get Dad to go to

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America. Brighten them up a bit. Think big."

It was the second time already he had used that vulgar word. And it made her forgive him everything. As she glanced down at him she could see how ridiculously young he really was.

Of course, a clever, impressionable boy was bound to have been affected by America. She had heard that the influence of New York on otherwise quite mature and steady people was really quite remarkable. It was one of the reasons why she hadn't wanted him to go there in the first place.

And they were holding hands by now. He had reached out and found hers. That showed how much of a grown man he was. It showed that he still needed her. Felt the want of security that she alone could give. She clasped her fingers on his and sat there saying nothing.

As they drew up at the house, Mrs. Rammell felt quite different. Like herself again. It was wonderful. After the anxiety, the waiting, of the last twenty-four hours, she really could relax. Nothing was going to happen to Mr. Rammell. She felt sure of that now. And Tony really belonged to her again. She hadn't lost him as she had begun to fear she had.

"Now you go straight up and get into bed," she told him. "I've said you're not to be called. I want you to have your sleep out."

But Tony wouldn't hear of it.

"Not till I've been round to the nursing home," he said. "He may be wanting something. You know what those places are."

.

Mr. Privett's homecoming was a bit of an anti-climax. It seemed so normal, so ordinary, to be walking up Fewkes Road with Mr. Bloot there beside him. But Mrs. Privett seemed to think that the whole thing was a put-up job between the two of them.

"Good evening, Gus," she said coldly. "So he found you, did he?"

Mrs. Privett was so offhand, in fact, that Mr. Privett had to take her to one side and explain matters.

". . . and because of the shock, he's had a sort of breakdown," he said carefully. "He . . . he needs nursing and looking after."

"And you expect me to do it, I suppose."

"There's no one else," Mr. Privett told her. "Not now. Only me. I'll help, of course."

"I never heard anything so ridiculous," she said. "All because of a few budgies." She paused. "Oh, well, I suppose I'd better put a kettle on. You'll both be needing something."

"Thank you, Mother . . ." Mr. Privett began.

But Mrs. Privett turned on him.

"And now you both go round to the police station," she said. "He's caused quite enough trouble already. It's not fair letting them go on looking for him when he's just sitting here. They've got more important things to do."

By the time they got back from the police station Mrs. Privett had got a meal ready. And Mr. Bloot brightened up at the sight of it. Considering his ordeal, his appetite seemed remarkably healthy. He even recovered sufficiently to take an interest in other than his own affairs. Mr. Rammell's illness in particular distressed him.

"My, my," he said. "To think of it. Him and me. Both away together. I can't believe it."

The gravity of Rammell's predicament continued to impress him.

"If only I'd known," he kept saying, "I could have tried to oblige." He paused. "I wonder how they managed."

"He looked after it," Mrs. Privett told him pointedly.

"I know, I know," Mr. Bloot replied. "I'm sure they all did their best. But I'm all right again now."

There was a pause. Then he resumed. "I can just see Mr. Preece's face when I walk in. The look of relief on it."

Mr. Bloot asked Mrs Privett's permission, and poured himself another cup of tea.

"Of course," he said. "There's more to it than Mr. Preece. There's Hetty. That's going to be unpleasant. She'll be begging me to go back, I mean."

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MR PRIVETT started to say something and then stopped himself. Mr. Bloot, however, was ready to speak again.

"Mind you," he said. "I don't regret it. Marrying Hetty. She had something. I was very proud of Hetty when we went anywhere. Before she cooled off, that is."

But Mr. Bloot was tired by now. Tired, and obviously relaxed. He gave a long, luxurious sigh.

"Quite like old times," he said to nobody in particular. "Just the three of us."

.

Nowadays they never even mention Mr. Bloot at Rammell's. Not any longer. Too many other things have been happening. Too much going on in all departments. After all, three years is quite a time.

There are some assistants in Rammell's, with their probation period and two annual increments both behind them, who have never so much as heard of Mr. Bloot. Simply do not know that he ever existed. Sounds incredible. But it's true.

You see, the management didn't feel that they could have Mr. Bloot back. Not after those newspaper paragraphs. His unexplained absence was too unsatisfactory. When Mr. Bloot did turn up in Bond Street on the next day, Mr. Preece sent him away again. Told him to take extended sick leave. Said that he would be hearing from them.

Mr Bloot heard all right. The letter said that the firm had decided to retire him. And in recognition of his long service they were going to pay him a pension of three pounds a week.

It was Mr. Bloot's day of gloom when he received the letter. And the gloom came a good forty-eight hours too late. He had failed to notify the staff supervisor that he was staying with the Privetts. And Hetty in her present mood wasn't forwarding anything.

Naturally, Mr. Privett wanted Mr. Bloot to go on living with them. Make Fewkes Road his headquarters. Look on it as home. But here some latent instinct of reserve asserted itself. He refused. And he was adamant. Less than six weeks after he had moved in he moved out again.

Just in time, too, for his presence to be remembered as a tender incident. And not as a major imposition. Another fortnight—another week, even another twenty-four hours—and so far as Mrs. Privett was concerned the charm of Mr. Bloot's presence might easily have evaporated.

Sorry as she was for him and deliberately making herself remember poor Emmie, she still didn't see why she should be expected to spend the rest of her life boiling kettles, cutting cake, spreading bread and butter, making pastry, peeling things, washing up so that their visitor would feel strong enough to take a little stroll with Mr. Privett in the evenings.

The only surprise came with Mr. Bloot's choice of residence. Not that it was really surprising when you came to remember the long, quiet history of his domestic background before Hetty came into the picture. He went to the only address that he knew. Back to Tetsbury Road. To the Gurneys.

And they simply couldn't have been nicer. The sight of Mr. Bloot, fresh and pink from the effort of walking, standing there in her own porchway was enough for Mrs. Gurney. She took it as a vast, unspoken apology. Forgave him instantly.

Of course, it required a bit of arranging to fit him in again. It wasn't his old rooms that he got back. That would have been too much to hope for. But when the Gurneys offered him the first floor back instead of the second floor front Mr. Bloot accepted.

What's more, it was a turning point. With good luck waiting round the corner. He got his old dining-table back and the small bamboo piece on which he had always put his watch at night. But that wasn't all.

Discarded by Rammell's, he suddenly found himself sought-after elsewhere. There was a new bird food that had just come on to the market. And the manufacturers asked Mr. Bloot if he would like to represent it.

Asked him very tactfully, too. Explained that they needed someone of his standing, his professional record to introduce the product. Otherwise, of course, Mr. Bloot wouldn't have considered it.

As it is, he is doing very nicely. A good five pounds' commission most weeks. And there is a big future in it.

More hungry little budgies being hatched out every day. More packets of bird food disappearing from the shelves.

The firm is so pleased, in fact, that they've offered Mr. Bloot the South of England. The whole of it. And a car. But only on condition that he can drive. And that looks like being a stumbling block. He's been taking lessons at a driving school. But the instructor isn't hopeful. Mr. Bloot isn't by any means a natural.

The Privetts don't see very much of Mr. Bloot nowadays. Except at weekends, of course. Not with selling bird food by day. After driving lessons in the evenings.

And Fewkes Road tends to be a bit quiet and lifeless now that Irene is married.

Mr. Privett has got his promotion. He is permanently in Mr. Bloot's shoes now. Main vestibule. New frock-coat. Cut to measure. Dress allowance to cover things like shirts and ties. And another two pounds a week.

For the first few weeks Mr. Privett felt too guilty to enjoy it. As though by accepting he had somehow been disloyal to Gus. But he's got over the feeling now. Too many other things on his mind. Too much responsibility.

And the sense of supreme command certainly leaves its mark on a man. Mr. Privett has taken to wearing a buttonhole. And he can afford to. He no longer has to queue up with the rest of them on Fridays for his pay envelope. He's monthly-salaried now. He's senior.

And successful. The Dianthe has proved a real winner now that she's been back to Mr. Lumley to have half an inch and half an ounce taken off her keel.

Mr. Bloot turns up regularly to see her sail. And he's looking more imposing than ever. New hat. New overcoat. New shoes. So imposing, in fact, that the rumor has got about that Mr. Bloot is the real owner of the Dianthe, and simply allows Mr. Privett to do the sailing. Not that Mr. Privett minds. He's happy enough just seeing Mr. Bloot and the Dianthe both up there.

But even though Mr. Privett's Sundays may seem full again, there is still something missing. Irene. That is because she and Ted chose Wembley of all places to live in when they got married. Why? It was simply that they went there on Saturday afternoon merely for the bus ride—and the nesting instinct caught them unawares.

Nice little flat, though. With telephone. And constant hot water. And a very good-sounding address.

IRENE isn't in Rammell's any longer. Not properly, that is. You can't look after a baby and be a career girl, too. Not at the same time. And when it came to it Irene put the baby first. He's over eight months old already. And it's a full-time job just coping with him.

Even so Irene hasn't cut adrift from Rammell's completely. She's been at the annual staff dances. And, of course, she goes along to the sports club. Because Ted is secretary now. There is his position to be kept up.

Of course, Irene is missing Bond Street. No good pretending she isn't. Even though she knows she's doing the right thing staying by Junior she feels out of it somehow.

That's why she looks forward so much to Christmas. She's on Rammell's temporary list, of course. One of the permanent contemporaries, so to speak. Good assistants aren't three a penny. And she can go back whenever she wants to.

Last Christmas, for example, was heavenly. The same rush in the morning. Standing up in the train. Worked off her feet as soon as she got there. Only half an hour for lunch because there were all things to put straight again. Ten minutes for tea. A splitting headache by five-thirty. And the glorious sense of being in the swim again.

It was during one of the Christmas periods that she saw Tony. Irene was back in gowns and young Tony—Mr. Rammell by now to the staff—came through the department. Their eyes met. And he came over and talked to her. Asked about the baby. And about where she was living. Stayed there beside her for a good two or three minutes. And it didn't mean a thing to either of them.

Funny when you come to think of it. At one time he couldn't get that gleaming, dark head of Irene's out of his mind. And she had felt strangely disturbed, as though all her bones had turned to jelly, if she even caught sight of him. And now there was just nothing there. No flame at all. Not even a flicker.

Some of Tony's American ideas have caught on. Not all. But some. Particularly on the accounting side. There's been nothing less than a revolution up there.

There was an article on Rammell's in "Business Efficiency" only the other month. And all Tony's doing. Not that he has become managing director in the meantime. Nothing like that. You can't expect to spend a few months in the States enjoying yourself and then shoot up like a rocket the moment you return. He's on the board all right. But that's as far as it goes.

It is Mr. Preece who is managing director. But he has only just moved into Mr. Rammell's old room. Still feels a bit awkward about being there. But he's happy all right. Oh, so happy. He's got where he meant to be.

And, in consequence, Mrs. Preece is happy, too. They've just moved into a larger house. Farther from the station. Not because the old one wasn't big enough. Simply because they both felt that, with Mr. Preece's position, they ought to have something a bit more secluded. Gates and a drive, you know. Well, they've got it.

And, as a result, Mrs. Preece is nearly dead with fatigue.

She's having servant trouble. And local labor won't come out so far. But it's worth it.

As for Mr. Rammell himself, he's given up caring. After the operation he made a thoroughly good recovery. Even a lightning one. He was back on the job again inside six weeks. Six weeks too soon as it turned out. Because all the old trouble started up again.

For the next twelve months he was hanging over the office rather than actually a part of it. And after the last bout Mr. Huntley Cary advised him to throw his hand in for good. Cut clear and go off somewhere. Put Rammell's right behind him. Regard himself as having had it. Said that otherwise he wouldn't accept any further responsibility.

Pretty cool, when you come to think of it. After all those fees. And pooh-poohing everything. All the professional soft talk, in fact. But just like Mr. Huntley Cary. And very good advice all the same.

Because Mr. Rammell is much better now. He's put on weight. And cut down his smoking. And he's sleeping eight hours every night. With a cat-nap in the afternoons as well most days. But that's probably the sea air. He spends most of his time on cruises nowadays. He's been to all the places he ever wanted to visit.

And one thing that he didn't ever imagine. Mrs. Rammell. Because she insisted on coming, too. At the first hint she dropped everything. Resigned from her committees right, left, and centre. Closed the house up. And moved into the double stateroom alongside her husband.

Just so that she could be there to look after him, she said. Not that it worked out quite that way. She was a terrible sailor. Even the gentlest of swells upset her. The stewardess alone could not cope.

Mr. Rammell had to act as sick-nurse as well. It was a bit of a strain, naturally, coming so soon on top of his own illness. But it certainly helped to keep his mind occupied.

Mrs. Rammell's own thoughts are not so restful. But then they never were. And there is one thing in particular that keeps coming back into her mind.

She will never be Lady Rammell now. Doesn't see how she can be. Not now that poor dear Eric, bless him, of course, is so much of a back number.

There is another reason, too. But Mrs. Rammell has taught herself not to think of that one. Has closed her mind to it entirely. It's connected with Marcia, you see.

Marcia was too much dazed when she first arrived in Bermuda to do anything very much. Just sat about in the sun, reminding herself that this was where she had always wanted to be, and wondering vaguely about the future. Not worrying. Just wondering.

It was certainly a delightful hotel. She had noticed the names of two peers in the register when she signed in.

And Sir Harry could not have been more generous. Everything paid for. And he'd opened an account for her just as he said he would. She'd never had more money in her life. More money. Or less to spend it on.

Naturally, she was grateful. That was why she sent him a postcard of the place. A color postcard, addressed in that rather strange, backward-sloping handwriting of hers. But Sir Harry was not interested in the handwriting. Didn't even notice it.

It was the color that hit him. Fierce Prussian-blue sky. Indigo sea. Mustard-yellow sand. Veridian palm trees. He realised instantly that red omnibuses here in London were no substitute.

And a plane did the rest. Forty-eight hours later he was out there beside her.

They're Sir Harry and Lady Rammell now. Special licence. Just like that. All on the spur

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ORCHID LOVES SHADE

BLETIA HYACINTHINA is a ground orchid that does well in shade. The corms resemble those of the gladiolus. They should be planted 2in. deep in very well-drained soil. The leaves are 2ft. tall, deeply veined, and similar in shape to an aspidistra. Liberally spotted purple bell flowers appear in spring. There is also a pure white variety.



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Continuing . . .

BOND STREET STORY

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of the moment. Entirely Sir Harry's idea. And, when he put it to her, she found it beyond herself to say "No."

In the circumstances, it would have seemed so ungrateful. So unfeeling. She's learning Scrabble and Canasta. Or, rather, trying to. Scrabble is way beyond her, because of the spelling. And Canasta is almost as difficult.

Naturally, it's simply heavenly being Lady Rammell. It's all she ever dreamed of. And so rich, too. Nor does the difference in their ages matter. Not in a place like Bermuda. The whole island is a love-nest for improbables.

But she's finding it a strain. Make no mistake about that. She's out on her heels already. Can't keep up with him. The late hours. And so much loving attention. And the drink. And the photography.

In all that sun she's stood up against balconies for hours, literally hours, while Sir Harry's been getting the shot right. Because he likes to have her in all the pictures. And she's only beginning to realise how much in the old days the professional in charge really helped.

HOWEVER, life for Marcia nowadays is both so tranquil and, at the same time, such a rush that she never remembers the other men who once shared it. Not even Mr. Bulping.

And that's fair enough. Mr. Bulping doesn't remember her. There's a marvellous little hostess, a widow, at a country club outside Wolverhampton. She's taking up all Mr. Bulping's spare time.

And that about accounts for all of them.

Except for Hetty, of course. But she was never really one of the Rammell family. Simply married into it. And when she broke with Mr. Bloot she broke with Rammell's, too. Mr. Bloot himself never so much as saw her again. And even when he wrote to her she did not answer.

Not that there were any charges of recriminations in the letter. Nothing emotional. Simply straightforward appeals for what were indubitably his.

When letters did begin to arrive, they were from her solicitor. All about desertion. And cruelty. And instituting divorce proceedings. They shook him up badly, those letters. Mr. Bloot had always strongly disapproved of divorce.

That was why, on Mr. Privett's advice, he went round and consulted Mr. Hamster. Naturally, Mr. Hamster was delighted.

Meanwhile Hetty and Chick are really getting along very well together. Obviously made for each other. And it has to be admitted that the flat is a happier place since Gus left it.

But there's too much going on to waste our sympathy on anyone like Hetty.

Take today, for instance. Mrs. Privett had laid the table the night before. And it was obvious that it was not by any means an ordinary Monday morning breakfast. Someone extra had been invited. Rather a special guest, too, from the look of things.

Mrs. Privett herself seemed clearly keyed up. And she was humming. Not any tune in particular. Merely a faint buzzing noise that indicated happiness, preoccupation and a sense of inner urgency.

Then, kettle in hand, she went quickly upstairs to the bathroom and then went through on tiptoe into Irene's old room.

Still on tiptoe, Mrs. Privett pulled back the curtains, closed the window, and went over to the bed. Only then did she allow herself to come down on to her heels and set about waking up the occupant.

Irene didn't want his regular habits, his routine, upset. She hadn't really wanted Mrs. Privett to have him at all. It was only because of Rammell's that she had even considered it.

The staff supervisor had phoned up personally. It was nothing less than an emergency it seemed. The flu epidemic had seen to that. Half the assistants away.

There's always something flattering about being rung up personally. It's nice to think that something enormous like Rammell's can't get along without you.

And it was certainly like being home again to find herself in Rammell's.

It was gowns that she was sent up to. And just as well. There were two assistants away and the beginner, a Miss Hammans, was already complaining of a headache and a sore throat.

In consequence, Irene might have been in charge of the place. It wasn't easy because she didn't know what stock they were carrying. But it wasn't really difficult because she was trained to it.

Not that Irene would even have considered it if it had been any other store that had asked her. She wasn't hireable. Not just like that. Loyalty came into it, too. And sentiment. And a bit of snobbery as well. After all, Rammell's was Rammell's.

Because of the rush, Irene hadn't seen Ted since she had left him that morning outside the staff cloakroom.

But it was quite understandable. He had his own world up there to look after. A world of catgut and rubber and stainless-steel shafts and pale willow. All marked down.

It was at lunchtime when Irene went up to see him. And it gave her a real pang of sudden happiness to be reminded of how important he was. If you're in the trade, you can tell at a glance when something's a success. And there was achievement written large over the whole department.

THERE was no time for the sort of lunch that husband and wife might have been expected to eat together. Nothing leisurely. No graceful living. Just a sandwich and a cup of coffee up in the canteen.

She was thinking of Junior. She was sure that he was all right, of course. Quite sure. With Mrs. Privett in charge nothing could possibly happen.

And it was funny somehow to see Mr. Privett standing there waiting for her at the bottom of the stairs by the staff entrance. He was standing in exactly the place where he always used to stand. It seemed as though she had never got married at all.

"I've just seen Ted," he told her. "He won't be a moment."

This rather relieved Irene. Not because she was worried about Ted. But because Mr. Privett himself did not seem to be worried. There had been that awkward period while she and Ted had been engaged.

But she wasn't really thinking of her father any longer. Or even of Ted. It was Junior who still filled her mind. And all the way back in the Underground she realised that she

To page 60

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For summer cottons and everything you wash with care by hand or machine . . .

LUX IS SO SAFE



Trust Lux Flakes for all fine things, from fleecy babywear to crisp cottons. Lux is all pure, baby-mild soap — contains no harsh particles to harden fabrics or irritate delicate skin.



Safer than washing powders for nylons, undies, all your nice things. And gentler than bar soap because you don't have to rub. That's why leading fashion makers say "Use only mild, creamy Lux".



Lux in your washing machine means downier blankets, longer, lovelier life for curtains, quilts, fine house linens. Soft, safe Lux lather protects everything you care for — your pretty hands, too.



FEEL THE SOFTNESS IN THE FLAKES
— SO SAFE AND GENTLE

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Sensational!

Sunsilk Shampoo in a new glamour tube!



Take it with you on your holidays!
What a clever idea — Sunsilk in a lightweight plastic pack that can't break, can't spill! Nice to handle. Nice to look at. A great traveller, too! Tucks away into any small corner of your case. You'll just love using golden Sunsilk from this new, transparent glamour tube!

ONLY **3/3**
(holds enough for 3 to 4 shampoos)



Only Sunsilk, with its one rich, gentle lather, gets hair really clean without overwashing . . . without washing away the natural oils that keep hair soft and easy to do. Try Sunsilk for your next shampoo — your hair will never look lovelier!

Also available in big money-saving bottle 5/6; smaller bottle 3/9; and in individual bubbles.

Only one lather Sunsilk gives you such gleaming manageable hair

SK.21.WW144g

Page 60

Continuing . . .

BOND STREET STORY

from page 58

could never be quite the perfect assistant again. Not single-minded, that is.

Anyhow, not until he was older. At school all day. And by then there might be another Junior. Someone who needed her even more than Rammell's did.

She and Ted had always told themselves that they were going to have more than one. An only child can be such a problem. In the meantime, all that she wanted was to get back to Fewkes Road and have Junior to herself at last.

But this was not so easy. It had been Nancy's day to go around there. And Mrs. Privett hadn't liked to put her off.

As it was, she had spent from four o'clock that afternoon practically flat on the hearthrug, piling up bricks, pushing toy motor-cars, giving her playmate things that he could bang, rolling balls at him, letting him pull her hair. Mrs. Privett had felt that she was rather overdoing it. And told her so.

In consequence, Nancy had sulked. Mrs. Privett had been forced to do something about it. Give way gracefully. That was why she had allowed Nancy to help in the bath-room. Sprinkle the powder, while Mrs. Privett patted it in.

But it was not Nancy's presence that was the trouble. It was Mr. Bloot's. He was there as well. In his reacquired bachelor state, he tended to come round to Fewkes Road rather a lot.

Usually at mealtimes. But not as a burden any longer. As a rather ostentatiously generous family friend. A bottle of port, or sherry, tucked under his arm.

That was because the bird-feed sales were doing so nicely. Fairly booming. And Mr. Bloot's commission more than doubling. Mr. Bloot, with only himself to care for, was in the thousand-a-year class now. And he was enjoying himself.

But suddenly seeing Nancy and Irene again proved too much for him. He became reminiscent. About Nancy herself as a girl. And about Irene as a baby. About how he and Emily had once been young.

It was Emily, not Hetty, who figured in all his stories.

And it was Rammell's that was continuous. Rammell's that was the full-scale documentary. How Sir Harry, as plain Mr. Rammell in those days, had once made everyone stay all night to prepare a new window display that had been the talk of London the next day.

And how Mr. Preece had started at fifteen shillings a week in dispatch—and look at him now. And how Mr. Rammell, the present one, had always been a bit afraid of his father. And what a surprise it was that young Mr. Tony looked like settling down at last.

And how Mr. Bloot, not as blind as some others he could mention, had always known that Marcia was not better than she should be. And how he didn't envy Sir Harry having to keep an eye on her out there with all those bathing beaches and cocktail bars and American playboys around.

Mr. Bloot was in a particularly frank and expansive mood this evening. Rammell's, in his opinion, was in the wrong hands at the moment. But would weather it. Real commerce, he believed, had a big future. Bond Street had come to stay. There would always be a Rammell's. And it would take more than a little pip-squeak like Mr. Preece to bring it down.

But there was more than past bitterness in Mr. Bloot tonight. He moved irresistibly forward. Spanned generations. And it was on Junior that he fastened. There was a new life. And it was, he insisted, up to them to make sure that the best was made of it.

No wrong moves. No false steps. Outside representation on the road, was all right, he explained, for someone of his standing, his experience. But not for a young man.

No, all in all — financial reward included — he'd advise them to put Junior into Rammell's. Get him started there. And even though he might not cut much ice himself with Mr. Preece at the moment he still had good friends in high places and when the time came would be ready to put in a word or two in the right quarter.

When Nancy said at last that she really had to go or her landlady would be wondering whatever had become of her, Mr. Bloot said that he'd better go along, too.

He had his own commitments. A new pair. Blue and white. Championship stock with a whole row of first and second and honorable mentions on both sides. But for them he would have been ready to stay all night.

As it was, he left with the name of Rammell's still on his lips. Nattering on about openings. And chances.

Mr. Privett fell asleep as soon as he got to bed. Today had been something of a strain. And tomorrow was sure to be as bad. Sales took it out of him. He had to admit that. But then he wasn't as young as he used to be. And being at the top naturally had its responsibilities. Everything depended on him nowadays. Mr. Privett, in fact, was Rammell's.

(Copyright)

Our new serial is an exciting story of kidnapping

NEXT week we present the first long instalment of a two-part serial of chilling suspense, "THE NIGHT OF THE GOOD CHILDREN," by Marjorie Carleton.

Set in America, the author has created a story with a tense atmosphere right from the beginning when "the mob" turn on Fingel, who has botched his last kidnapping. Desperately in need of money and spurred on by determination to show the boys he can still do a good job, he sets out to kidnap David Benton, the baby son of a rich, young architect.

As chance has it, however, the night he plans to snatch the child, David is being looked after by a baby-sitter, pretty young Sally Gould, and three of her young friends are with her for company. Innocently, they are drawn into a nightmare chase, with luck on the side of the ruthless kidnapper.

Don't miss the first instalment of this most unusual and tense serial, which begins in next week's issue.

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Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Mail orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Syd. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send orders to Box 6148, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders will be accepted.

F5685. — A little girl's lace-trimmed party frock requires 2¾ to 3¼yds. 36in. material. Sizes for a 6, 8, and 10-year-old. Price 3/-.

F5687.—Young girl's skirt, blouse, and contrasting cummerbund requires 2 to 2½yds. 36in. material for skirt and 1¾ to 2yds. 36in. material for the blouse and 1yd. 36in. material for the cummerbund. Sizes for a 6, 8, 10, and 12-year-old. Price 3/6.

F5686.—Child's pleated skirt and overblouse requires 1¾ to 2½yds. 36in. material for skirt and 1¾ to 2yds. 36in. material for overblouse. Sizes for a 6, 8, 10, and 12-year-old. Price 3/6.

F5696.—Smart slacks and topper set for a little girl requires 3¼ to 4¼yds. 36in. material. Sizes for a 6, 8, 10, and 12-year-old. Price 3/3.

F5666.—Cute bib-front dress with a full skirt requires 2¼ to 3¼yds. 36in. material and ¼ to ⅜yd. 36in. contrast. Sizes for a 4, 6, 8, and 10-year-old. Price 3/-.

F5665. — Sophisticated chemise frock for a young girl requires 2¼ to 3¼yds. 36in. material. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12-year-old. Price 3/-.

F5673. — Girl's princess-line frock requires 2½ to 3¼yds. 36in. material and ¼yd. 36in. contrast material. Sizes for 4, 6, 8, 10-year-old. Price 3/-.



F5695.—Smart casual outfit for a little girl of Bermuda shorts and shirtmaker blouse requires 1 to 2yds. 36in. material for the shorts and 1⅛ to 1⅝yds. 36in. material for the blouse. Sizes for a 6, 8, 10, and 12-year-old. Price 3/3.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



No. 210 — MATERNITY SUIT
Simple maternity suit has stand-away collar and front-pleated straight skirt, is available cut out ready to sew in a crisp cotton hound's-tooth check in Swiss-blue, pale pink, green, red, and navy, all with white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 59/6; 36 and 38in. bust 61/6. Postage 2/9 extra.

No. 211. — WAIST APRON
Scalloped apron has big useful pockets and ties at the waist. Available cut out ready to sew in a floral cotton. Price 10/6. Postage 1/9 extra.

No. 212. — COVERALL APRON
A practical coverall apron with big pockets, available cut out ready to sew in a cotton floral. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 22/6; 36 and 38in. bust 24/6. Postage 1/6 extra.

No. 213. — MATRON'S FROCK AND JACKET
Cool sheath frock with a neat cover-up jacket is available cut out ready to sew in coin-spotted cotton in red, pale blue, Swiss-blue, and pink spot on a white background. Sizes 38 and 40in. bust 55/6; 42 and 44in. bust 57/6. Postage 3/- extra.







• *Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning February 8

ARIES
The Ram
MARCH 20 - APRIL 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in group activities.

★ You may be greeting friends you have not seen since the holidays. Groups with which you have been associated reassemble after a summer recess. If going back to school, different classes bring you new companions, studies, interests. A church or neighborhood club would become an important factor in your social life. Love affairs flourish.

TAURUS
The Bull
APRIL 21 - MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors white, blue. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck through authority.

★ If you know anyone with influence, cultivate him or her, whether for business or social reasons. You may ask a favor with a good chance of having your request granted. If you have dealings with the Government you are likely to get special consideration. Should you be preferred to others with whom you work, tact will be required.

GEMINI
The Twins
MAY 21 - JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy blue. Gambling colors, navy blue, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in a new venture.

★ For those going on holidays, travel is still a magnet, bringing new scenes, experiences, contacts. For those at home a new chapter is opening up. This can mean a new hobby or course of study, making life varied and colorful. You are determined to express your own personality in a new way. Beware of attempting several things at once.

CANCER
The Crab
JUNE 22 - JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in a savings campaign.

★ When ways and means to gratify a wish add up to present sacrifices, set to work with pencil and paper. Decide where little leaks can be stopped; put that piggy-bank in a prominent place. Don't make your schedule too tough, but stick to your plan. Results will be important when the time comes to make a major investment you will enjoy.

LEO
The Lion
JULY 23 - AUGUST 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors yellow, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat. Luck through a friend.

★ Your girl-friend may suggest a wonderful expedition; you have several adventures along the way. Your boy-friend may invite you to join a new circle with many good times in prospect, or introduce you to another boy destined to become your life partner. If looking for a job, a friend is likely to steer you in the right direction.

VIRGO
The Virgin
AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in ordinary routine.

★ It would be easy to fly off the handle this week, embark impulsively on a scheme which could be costly and disappointing. You might get tangled up with people who are unreliable or reckless extravagance could put you in the red. Play safe by seeing old friends, going about your duties. Avoid romantic adventures with a stranger.

LIBRA
The Balance
SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue Gambling colors, light blue, rose. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck in taking a chance.

★ Self-confidence, a bold attitude, will win the day. If you hesitate, dither around, the door of opportunity can swing shut as swiftly as it opened. The stars help those who help themselves this week. Plunge in, keep your eye on the goal, use your head and your heart; where you lead, others will follow. Lady Luck is with you.

SCORPIO
The Scorpion
OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Tuesday, Wed. Luck in the end of a cycle.

★ Perhaps summer activities have been pleasant and you are facing the end of that chapter. Look ahead to new developments. Some of you are on the eve of attaining an ambition, finding fresh scope for your abilities, profiting from past efforts. Don't look back; sum up future possibilities. Be ready to face new situations, a happier setup.

SAGITTARIUS
The Archer
NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, navy blue. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck at the end of a trip.

★ You may rush into town for bargains, or have an interview with a doctor or dentist, only to find things are better than expected. You may get advice from an expert along any line, and benefit accordingly. If hunting a job a surprise offer could bring many changes with it, or you could have an honor bestowed on you.

CAPRICORN
The Goat
DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 19
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in a business affair.

★ Whether you're buying a pair of gloves or a suburban property, you'll get value for your money. A few of you invest in company shares which will shortly be worth more than you paid. In some way you increase your assets. If married, you and the marriage partner agree on a proposition which should have a beneficial influence.

AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer
JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors mauve, silver. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck through merit.

★ You'll earn what you get but rewards should be heart-warming. Past efforts in connection with your job, paid or voluntary, are now going to be appreciated, and you may be given fresh and welcome responsibilities. If young in love, a distinction may be conferred on your beloved, increasing his prestige, perhaps his pay envelope.

PISCES
The Fish
FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, black. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck through helping others.

★ More concerned with the affairs of others than with your own, you may help out in an emergency, visit the sick, or make plans for a fund-raising scheme. Through this you make several new friends. At least one may grow increasingly important in your social life. Romance may arise with a person older than you, or of a different background.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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Summer CALLS FOR-





These delicious finger shaped wafers, filled with cream, are delightful to eat just as they are, add tremendously to the enjoyment of ice cream and most sweets.

Arnott's famous ADORA CREAM WAFER Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality

JACKY'S DIARY

by Jacky Mendelsohn Age 32½.



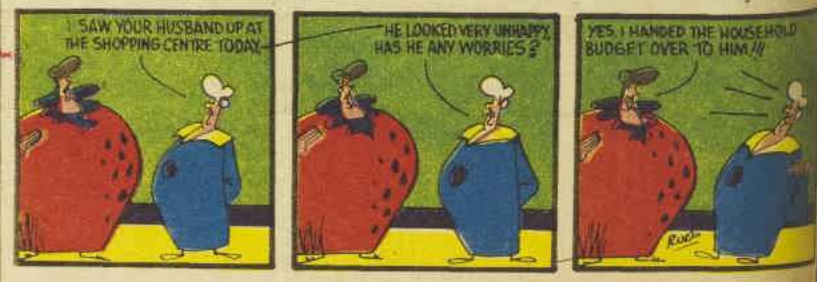








IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — By RUD



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happy feet happy days

You'll get greater comfort for those aching, tired feet if you use Zam-Buk nightly. Just bathe the feet in warm water, dry thoroughly and rub in Zam-Buk. The emollient, antiseptic and healing oils go deep into the skin to bring relief for sore, aching feet.

For promoting the healing of cuts, bruises, burns, insect bites, sunburn, heat rash, get Zam-Buk to-day.

ZAM-BUK MEDICINAL CREAM is a non-greasy treatment. Rub in as a massage for tired, aching feet and muscular pains. Z4

DEARBORN'S PURE MERCOLIZED WAX FACE CREAM



Look younger with a clear smooth and healthy complexion. Give your skin the best beauty treatment available today.

"The loveliest girls use it"

5/6

AT ALL CHEMISTS & STORES



OVALTINE RUSKS

—safest and best for your baby

★ Gently baked to crisp perfection
★ Specially shaped to build teeth and gums
★ Safer. Don't crumble or break off in lumps

ONLY 3/3 PKT. EVERYWHERE



GIVE YOUR BABY LOVELY CURLS

A proud mother praises Curlypet. Baby's hair used to be straight but after Curlypet she now has a healthy head of pretty curls. At Baby Shows judges always comment on her lovely curls.

Curlypet is good for cradlecap too, soothes scalp irritations and leaves baby's tender scalp clean, healthy and fragrant.

A weeks' treatment 6/10

Curlypet

Start the weekend well with

Weekend

★

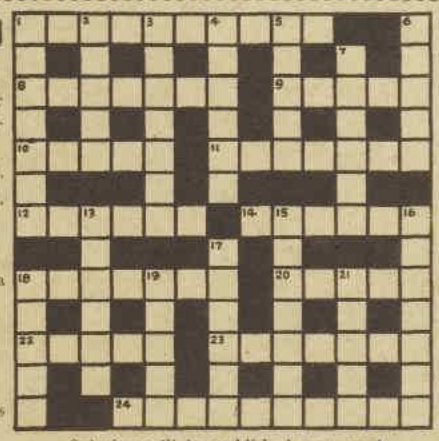
1/- from your newsagent

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, and the CHIEF OF POLICE are beginning a new case. A strange series of robberies has been reported. The victims claim to have been held up by a riderless, talking horse which ordered them to hand over their money. The horse had a gun strapped to its foreleg and was masked. The victims all tell the same story, but many do not report the theft for fear of being laughed at. NOW READ ON:



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. A mysterious infernal deity, whose dome is ruined and whose turned back prohibits alcoholic drinks (10).
8. They can be English, Irish, or bone (7).
9. Foreigner who has a deceiving heart (5).
10. Turn over a pet to us (5).
11. Pin shop (Anagr., 7).
12. White-flowered trees to be found in a senate (6).
14. No tram for the senior sister (6).
18. Evidence (7).
20. ABC is fundamental (5).
22. Dignified musical style, mostly a famous ship of 50 oars (5).
23. Lovable, i.e., a lamb (7).
24. Pray a ghost for a famous Greek philosopher (10).

DOWN

1. Heated contention should be put in a broken side (7).
2. Modest contributions indeed, each being worth half a farthing (5).
3. Get rare and bigger, too (7).
4. Successfully oppose a sister (6).
5. This animal has a correct head and a sanctimonious tail (5).
6. Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov (5).
7. Smile affectedly on a politician hidden by his sin (6).
13. Rested in a barren land (6).
15. A graduate precedes a fish when riding at an easy pace (7).
16. Atomic centre (7).
17. Unfasten and remove the cad (6).
18. Man servant mentioned in carnival etiquette (5).
19. White bony substance or ivy (5).
21. Quality supposed to be found in judges (5).

C	A	M	P	A	N	O	L	O	G	I	S	T		
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Solution of last week's crossword.

SLIM SANELY!

...WITH the HELP OF DAVIS GELATINE



Davis Gelatine is of great assistance in many types of reducing diets—with the fresh fruits and vegetables permitted and the milk and eggs prescribed, a variety of appetising and satisfying desserts, salads and savoury dishes are possible . . . the results are so pleasing that the reducing diet becomes an easily established routine with the aid of Davis Gelatine.

As an easy aid to reducing diets it is very useful to dull the appetite by dissolving ½ teaspoon of gelatine in a cup of tea or coffee and drinking this half an hour before a meal.

- If you would like a copy of "Slimming Sanely" send your name and address with 5d. stamp.
- Standard Recipe Book "Desserts, Salads and Savoury Dishes" also available for extra stamp.

DEPARTMENT W, DAVIS GELATINE

G.P.O. BOX 3583, **SYDNEY.** G.P.O. BOX 758K, **BRISBANE.**
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DAVIS GELATINE

Women like this easiness!

MARVEER

eliminates effort, saves time in really brilliant FURNITURE-POLISHING

Removes scratches and stains too!

So easy, so economical. A few drops of Marveer furniture polish not only clean and polish your furniture with the least possible effort, but also swiftly remove those tell-tale stains and scratches which can give away your furniture's age. So keep your furniture looking "well dressed" the easy way — the Marveer way. Marveer costs less and does more, and remember this . . . just a few drops of Marveer clean and polish with the absolute minimum of effort!

Marveer will bring back the sparkle and shine to all baked enamel and plastic surfaces. Your refrigerator, stove front, electric mixer, telephone, wireless cabinet, leatherette upholstery and children's toys can be cleaned and polished with Marveer. Household articles that once took hours of cleaning and polishing each week will now look brand spanking new with Magic Marveer, and it takes just a few seconds out of your day.

Obtainable from all good Furniture, Hardware and Grocery Stores.

Also available in 1 gallon cans for Hospitals, Institutional and Commercial Users.



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A product of Arthur Brunt Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 76, Brunswick, N10., Vic.

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Next time you 'change' baby...change to NYAL Baby Powder

Moisture-resistant powder keeps baby safe from chafe

Because it actually *resists* moisture, NYAL BABY POWDER forms a s-o-o-t-h-i-n-g film of protection between wet nappies and baby's tender skin. It gives safe, sure protection against irritation-causing moisture. A sprinkle of NYAL BABY POWDER at "change" time keeps baby cool, comfy and contented even through hot summer weather.

REGULAR USE STOPS CHAFING

Regular powdering with NYAL provides the important "in-between-change" protection so necessary to prevent chafing. Silky-soft NYAL BABY POWDER cannot "cake" – it *protects* and *refreshes* throughout day and night to *keep your baby comfy and contented.*

ENJOY BABY'S DAY-LONG DAINTINESS

Experience the refreshing, light, fragrant perfume of NYAL BABY POWDER . . . keeps baby's body fresh and sweet.

Made from the whitest, purest talc (specially processed and sifted through silk), NYAL BABY POWDER is beautifully fine to the touch. Two gentle antiseptics (boracic and alphozone) are carefully blended to give you a powder which is protective, too!

FOR ADULTS, TOO, NYAL BABY POWDER gives pleasant after-bath comfort – brings quick relief from heat rash and similar skin irritations.

Regular, 2/5; Giant Economy, 4/9.

SEEING IS BELIEVING!

Look how this droplet of water cannot penetrate the moisture-resistant barrier created by NYAL Baby Powder. The powder forms a film of protection which actually repels moisture. That's why NYAL Baby Powder helps keep baby safe from chafe.





PINK FOR GIRLS! BLUE FOR BOYS!

Silky-soft, moisture-resistant NYAL BABY POWDER and super-creamed, pure NYAL BABY SOAP are both now packed in this attractive colour-choice which every mother loves—pretty PINK for GIRLS, handsome BLUE for BOYS!

And here's a comforting thought for mothers of young "tin-nibblers" — NYAL BABY POWDER tins are printed with lead-free enamels—completely non-injurious.

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SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

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